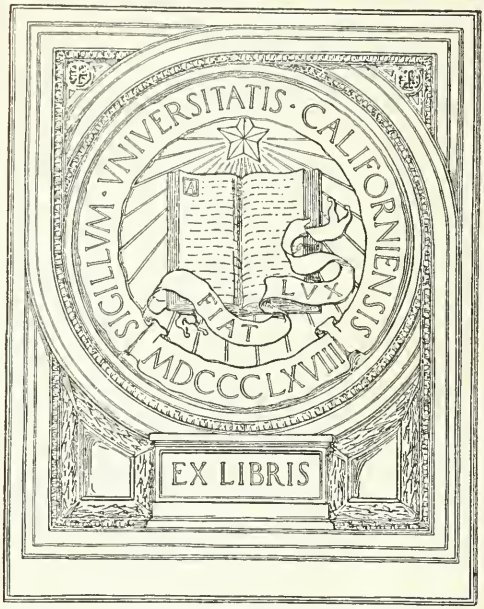
Isabella Graham Duffield Stewart.

In Christo.



ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

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Isabella G. D. Stewart

MEMORIAL

OF

Mrs. Morse Stewart.

EDITED BY HER HUSBAND,

Morse Stewart, A. M., M. D.

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me."—PSALM CXXXVIII: 8.
HER TEXT FOR THE YEAR 1888.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For presentation to old friends and colaborers in Christian Work. Some copies left at MACFARLANE'S for sale, the entire receipts to be paid into the Treasury of the Detroit Woman's Christian Association.

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THIS BOOK IS

DEDICATED TO MY CHILDREN,

FOR WHOM IT HAS BEEN SPECIALLY COMPILED, WITH THE HOPE THAT THE RECORD OF A NOBLE LIFE MAY INSPIRE THEM TO FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THEIR NOW SAINTED

MOTHER,

AND THAT BY THEM ALSO, THE HERITAGE OF PIOUS ANCESTRY MAY BE TRANSMITTED TO THE GENERATIONS FOLLOWING.

MORSE STEWART.

286180

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INTRODUCTION.

Introduction.

Mrs. Stewart died on the morning of the 27th of May, 1888, after three days' illness, at the "Oakland," St. Clair, Michigan, where she had gone two weeks before for the purpose of rest and recuperation of strength, which had been impaired by reason of the prolonged illness of two members of her family. Previous to the month of December, 1887, she had been in better health for a number of years than throughout all of her married life. Through her wonderful energy and by careful systemization of labor she made the most out of these years in religious and philanthropic work in which she delighted. Indeed, sickness seemed no impediment to her efforts in whatever direction turned, for much of all that she accomplished was through her pen; and this was ever available, even when confined to bed by illness.

She was active in all that concerned the moral and religious interests of society, and by many persons had come to be regarded a prime factor in giving the starting impetus to an enterprise, as well as the prolonged sustaining force necessary to carry it to a successful issue. And yet while thus occupied, the management of her large and somewhat bewildering household was in no way neglected. Indeed, the words of Solomon, "She looketh well to the ways of her household," are eminently appropriate of her.

In preparing a memorial of Mrs. Stewart, it is desirable to present as vividly as possible those personal characteristics which gave to her such a marked individuality; and it is believed that no better means can be used for this purpose than her writings, epistolary and miscellaneous. Letters to

her family and personal friends are especially suited to give the domestic and home side of her life. In order to show her vivid descriptive powers and fine appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art, her lively, vivacious humor, and her happy faculty of adapting herself to persons, places and circumstances, her miscellaneous writings, and especially letters of travel, are given, among which is a full text of California letters, written seventeen years ago.

Mrs. Stewart inherited among other gifts a rare poetic talent; she was, however, sharply critical, and would not venture upon this field of literature without more pains given to cultivation of style than her active life and daily routine of work allowed. Still, at times, the spirit of the muses found utterance as stirring occasions called it out. Her poetic imagination and vigor of expression are admirably shown in a "Song for the Union," written for a public meeting of the citizens of Detroit on the breaking out of our civil war; and the deep pathos, rising into exalted hope, of the poem entitled "A Requiem and a Welcome of the Old and the New Year," at the close of the war, gives evidence of no mean order of talent in poesy. Yet, when asked if she wrote poetry, her reply was, "I sometimes write *verses*."

If in any one quality of mind Mrs. Stewart excelled, it was that of courage, that "firmness of spirit and swell of soul" which knew no fear in the presence of danger; that intrepid firmness which boldly faced whatever obstacles lay in her pathway, and secured success to all her undertakings.

It is scarcely necessary to speak of her religious character in a community where she was so well known. That she was deeply imbued with the vital doctrines of Christianity, all know. The truth and consequent importance of these doctrines so impressed her that she sought by the use of all proper means to bring them to the apprehension of those who were ignorant of or indifferent towards them. She counted not her own ease and comfort when they conflicted

with what she felt to be the duty of every Christian in carrying to others the blessed messages of love and mercy from God to man. With her, religion was not a sentiment, but the highest principle; yet she was not narrow in her views, but broad enough to embrace in Christian love any one in whom the image of Christ was reflected.

If it were possible to present a view of the two well worn Bibles, her daily companions for the last seventeen years, with the inscriptions which cover the fly leaves, and the marginal references and commentaries on the text, a better idea might thereby be given of her close study of the Scriptures, and her deep religious experience, than by any other means.

From lack of space, but few of the many beautiful and touching letters of sympathy which have been received are printed here, the wish being rather to devote this book to her own writings.

M. S.

THE Following Biographical Sketch (supplemented by some additional facts) is taken by permission from the forthcoming edition of Farmer's History of Detroit and Michigan.

Mrs. Morse Stewart.

The history of the charities of Detroit may be appropriately concluded with a brief sketch of the life of Isabella Graham Duffield Stewart, only daughter of Rev. George Duffield, D. D., and Isabella Graham Bethune Duffield. Mrs. Stewart was notably prominent in the founding of several of the most successful of the city charities, and greatly influential in a variety of philanthropic enterprises.

Her father, for thirty years the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Detroit, was noted as a preacher, a man of deep and varied learning, and a liberal contributor to the religious literature of his day. He was especially interested in the educational development of his adopted State, above all in the Michigan University, of whose Board of Regents he was for many years an active and useful member.

His daughter Isabella was born in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, February 11, 1830. She was a woman of marked individuality of character, and many of her moral and mental traits may be traced to her ancestry upon both sides, which for generations included many names of high standing in church and state. The Duffields were originally of Huguenot origin, which is equivalent to saying that its members were earnest in the cause of civil

and religious liberty. Her paternal grandfather was chaplain to the first American Congress, and because of his staunch loyalty to the Union cause, was known as "the fighting parson."

Upon her mother's side she was the granddaughter of Divie Bethune, a leading merchant in the city of New York in the early part of this century. His intellectual ability, skill and energy, gave him a prominent place among the business men of his time, and though he died in the prime of life, he left a handsome estate to his family. Mrs. Stewart's great-grandmother was the Isabella Graham so well known for her benevolent and charitable work, and elevated religious character, who is enshrined in the memory of many now living as a type of that rare union of faith and works which designates the true follower of Christ, and is especially remembered as the founder of the first orphan asylum in the United States. In the philanthropy of Isabella Graham, in the ardor and energy of "the fighting parson," in the religious zeal and mental ability of her father, we can easily trace the same qualities which were so noticeably prominent in the life of Mrs. Stewart. She was accustomed to speak of her pious ancestry as her "glorious heritage," and her life made it evident that other things besides money are transmitted to a child, that the mysterious and infinitely more important inheritance called character, those tendencies for good or evil which influence future generations long after we are forgotten, are even more surely transmitted.

In the winter of 1838–9, when nine years of age, Mrs. Stewart came to Detroit, and this city was her home ever after. She was married on April 6, 1852, to Dr. Morse Stewart, and became the mother of six children, five of whom survive her. Although her married life was one of

great happiness, she was not exempt from the many cares and duties inseparable from the management of a large household, and the education of a family. She was an unusually devoted wife and mother, and in the sick room was a skillful, tender and unwearied nurse. Her charity truly "began at home," and all other work was set aside if husband or children needed her services. Her heart, however, was too large to be wholly confined to the domestic circle, or absorbed by the duties which with many women serve as an excuse for limited activity. She longed to comfort and help the sorrowful and unhappy outside of the sheltered and fortunate home Providence had given her.

Her work in connection with the public charities of Detroit began in 1860, with the organization of the Home of the Friendless. She was the first to propose the organization of this institution, always held a prominent place upon its Board, and for many years served as its president, and held that office at the time of her decease. In connection with this institution she established and for many years edited the "Home Messenger," and it subsequently became the organ of several of the Protestant charities of the city. It may be proper to mention in this connection "The Home Messenger Receipt Book," which was suggested and compiled by her, and has passed through three editions, each one of which was completed at an expenditure of no little time and painstaking, and all but a few of the last sold, the profits from the sales accruing to the benefit of the Home of the Friendless institution. The idea of an "Old Ladies' Home" was also first conceived by her, and carried out through the liberality of Mrs. Mary Thompson, who fully and completely equipped and endowed the commodious establishment known as "The Thompson Home for Old Ladies."

As is indicated elsewhere, the organization of the Detroit Association of Charities was also due to Mrs. Stewart's untiring labor. In 1875–6, while in Europe, she became interested in a similar system then existing in the city of London, and procured papers and descriptions of its methods of work, and upon her return home devised a plan for adapting it to Detroit. She then communicated with the mayor, asking him to call a meeting of citizens to consider the subject. The mayor responded promptly, a meeting was called at his office, and as a result the Association of Charities was organized, and has been in continued existence and working order since that time.

The last of Mrs. Stewart's many good works, and one which enlisted her warmest sympathies, was the establishing of the Woman's Christian Association. Her former work had been more for those who had become helpless and dependent, but it had been the desire of her life to see young women so trained to self-support and self-reliance that if reverses came they might be able to provide for themselves, and maintain the self-respect which comes from honest and independent labor; and as all good training must have a genuine religious basis, she wished the institution to partake of the nature of a Christian school and home. In order to meet these demands the Woman's Christian Assosociation was originated. Womanly sympathy, however, has enlarged the sphere of its benevolence, and the work has not been wholly confined to women; in several instances helpless boys and men, for whom no other refuge seemed open, have been aided and cared for. It was the ardent desire of Mrs. Stewart to see this organization established in a home of its own. The last effort in which she was engaged was for the accomplishment of this end, and in reply to an inquiry in regard to her hopes and expectations,

she said: "I have done what I could; my plans and methods may not prevail, but I have no concern about ultimate success; it is Christ's work, and He will take care of it." Her associate members on the Board were greatly affected by the death of their President, but feel as she did, that the work is "Christ's work," and that they are called upon to redouble their energy now that their strong adviser is taken away.*

In reviewing the long list of Mrs. Stewart's benevolent works, it may also be stated that Detroit owes Harper Hospital to a suggestion made by her. The facts are that when Mr. Harper decided to make his will, he sent for his old friend and pastor, Dr. Duffield, and told him that his design was to leave his large property to the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit. Dr. Duffield advised differently, but said if he wished to give his property for religious and charitable purposes, making the church his almoner, he would take the matter under consideration and advise with him further. Mr. Harper then gave him to understand that it was his intention to convey his property through him, as he had implicit confidence in his integrity. Subsequently Dr. Duffield brought up the subject in his own home, remarking that the church had no need of such a property, and that he was somewhat puzzled as to how to advise Mr. Harper. His daughter, who was present, then said: "Father, Dr. Stewart says the charity Detroit specially needs is a Protestant hospital." "That's true," was the reply, and as the result of this conversation Mr. Harper's gift was directed to the founding of the hospital which bears his name. Nancy Martin's contribution to the same object was also made out of her regard for, and confidence in, Dr. Duffield. Mrs. Stewart, who knew her well, had frequent conversations

*The following entry is found on a fly-leaf of her Bible: "Marching orders for the Woman's Christian Association received September 15, 1885, at 5 o'clock A. M. Go forward! Slack not!"

with her as to the disposal of her property in the line of the same charity upon which Mr. Harper had decided; and it may be proper to state that she always regretted that the contribution of the woman had not received the same recognition as that of the man. She felt that a maternity department in connection with the hospital should have commemorated the name of Mrs. Martin.

Among other works carried out by the wonderful energy and executive ability of Mrs. Stewart, was one of a patriotic character. During the dark days of our civil war, she opened a correspondence throughout the State, soliciting supplies for the soldiers, and tendering the use of her own residence as a place to receive, arrange, and ship them. Her suggestions brought a quick and generous response, and for weeks she worked almost single-handed, shipping supplies by rail and express to various points where Michigan soldiers were stationed, and when the work so enlarged as to require more help, she turned it over to an organization composed of representative ladies in the city and State.

In its early days, Mrs. Stewart was an active member of the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union."

It was while engaged in this work that she became impressed with the condition of a large class of young girls in our city who, for want of proper home training and restraint, were allowed to walk the streets, and were thus brought in contact with vicious people of both sexes, often to their ruin. To meet the wants of this class, she devised the project of a State institution for the religious and moral training of young girls found entering upon a vicious life. Time and thought were ungrudgingly given towards perfecting, and carrying into execution a plan for accomplishing this purpose. To this end she spent several days at Lansing, in the spring of 1879, during a session of the

Legislature of which our present U. S. Senator, Hon. T. W. Palmer, was a member, and his active sympathy and co-operation greatly facilitated her efforts, which resulted in the present Reformatory for Girls, located in Adrian, the bill for which was formulated by herself.

A little mission called the "Bethel," was for a long time with her a favorite place for Christian work. In it she met a class who gathered once or twice a week for bible readings, and no meetings were so well attended as those when she presided. She was a favorite teacher, always had a clear apprehension of her subject, and a happy and lucid manner of presenting her thoughts.

She was also active in two local organizations for charitable and religious work—the Detroit branch of the "McAll Mission" in Paris, France, and the "Woman's Indian Association." Of the latter she was vice-president up to the time of her death.

Interested in all objects for the elevation of society, Mrs. Stewart took a prominent part in organizing the Art Loan Exhibition of 1883, whose complete success paved the way for the present beautiful Museum of Art, of which Detroit is justly proud. Those who worked with her for this object, will remember days of discouragement, when but for her energy the work might have been abandoned.

From long observation in the Home of the Friendless work, she had come to feel deeply the need of some means of correcting a crying evil in the ill usage of children, and the adoption of stringent measures for protection against unnatural parents and inhuman guardians. Within the last year of her life she had been in correspondence with organizations in other States, having for their object this purpose, and had gathered material in the form of papers, pamphlets, etc., descriptive of their methods of work, with a view, it

is believed, of establishing similar efforts in Detroit. But this must remain among the unfinished things which her ever active mind was continually devising for the relief of suffering humanity.

Among Mrs. Stewart's miscellaneous writings, a paper will be found, published some years ago, which shows how for a long time this subject had occupied her mind.

When, in 1862, she first established her summer home in Grosse Pointe, on the shore of the beautiful Lake St. Clair, she found there a considerable Protestant community, with no church or Sunday school in the neighborhood. Having secured the co-operation of the city residents, she promptly set herself to the task of organizing a Sunday school in the township school house. Not content with this, she invited the pastors of city churches to go there and preach on Sunday afternoons, the results of which were so promising that she found it a comparatively easy thing to secure money sufficient for the erection of a house of worship. It was then what was known as an omnibus church; clergymen from the different pulpits of the city conducted the simple service of this truly primitive church. Now it is well organized and thriving, with a clergyman of its own, over forty communicants, and a large attendance both winter and summer.

This brief outline of a life work filled with a noble benevolence, gives but a faint idea of her striking character. She possessed a fine personal presence, and a dignified bearing, a brilliant mind, strongly tending to intellectual pursuits, with social gifts, and a charm of manner which made her remarkable in any circle. She willingly put aside all personal indulgence, gave up study in which she delighted, and society of which she was an ornament, to work for others. It mattered not who they were, the

soldier, the orphan, the old, the young, helpless childhood or more helpless age, the honest and self-respecting poor, or the fallen and degraded, all alike came under her ministry. As none were beneath the compassion of her Divine Master, so none were beyond the pale of her sympathy and aid. The inspiration to such a life must always be love to God, which finds its expression in love to man; but to accomplish her work other qualities were necessary, and these she possessed in abundance. She had a clear mind, great power of organization, a serene cheerfulness which never faltered, and the facile and ready use of her pen. These were among the gifts which enabled her to do so much, but greater than all was the unwavering faith that Divine assistance would certainly be given to all earnest Christian endeavors.

All her work seemed cumulative in character; it was continually being amplified and rounded out into greater usefulness and perfection. But in the midst of it all, her beautiful life came to a close, and rarely has such a bereavement fallen upon the city as came upon Detroit, on the morning of May 27, 1888, when the announcement was made of her sudden decease. Stricken down in the prime of a noble life of active benevolence, the cause of Christian philanthropy lost in her one of its most able supporters. It is, however, a useful lesson to other lives to learn how much good can be accomplished, how many charitable enterprises established, by the enthusiasm and devotion of one large-hearted and high-minded woman. The benefit of such a life is not ended in the grave, for the remembrance of her untiring labor for the destitute and the unfortunate must stimulate others to follow in the same path.

Funeral Address.

REV. A. H. KELLOGG, D. D.

There are many things that come to mind to say as we stand here to-day, but there is not time to say them all as we would like.

Mrs. Stewart was so well-known in this community, and so thoroughly understood, that it would be a work of supererogation indeed to attempt a portraiture; but there are certain traits that I desire to emphasize.

(1) Were she able to speak, I'm sure she would herself emphasize the fact that *she came of a pious ancestry.* In this land of ours we entertain no such foolish notions respecting nobility, I am glad to say, as they cherish across the sea. We do not refer now to mere heredity. But there is a magnificent and glorious heritage coming out of the past, when that past has been in the line of God's covenant. God has a covenant people on the earth still. The promise that embraces "thousands" of generations of them that love Him is surely a thing of priceless value. This is sometimes misunderstood, and men, misunderstanding, presume upon it. It is said of Aaron Burr, scapegrace though he was, that he believed in his ultimate salvation, simply because he was a covenant-child. But grace does not run in the blood in any such sense. A covenant is based on an explicit understanding, and in the 89th psalm we are taught that the "everlasting" covenant God made with David, did not propose to overlook any violation of its provisions on the part of His children. While, therefore, there is scarcely anything so precious as such an heritage,

there is no folly so great as to presume upon it, just as there is no sin so great as contempt for it or the bartering of it away. When a covenant-child opens its heart to the Divine overtures, then is learned the wealth of blessing secured by it. It was in this that Mrs. Stewart rejoiced. It might well inspire her with that self-respect and honest pride that distinguished her, when she remembered how father and grandfather, and great-grandfather had been loyal and faithful sons of God—servants of God upon whom a covenant God had bestowed abundant honor.

(2) "*The grace of God bestowed upon her was not in vain.*" I hold in my hands her bible. It is a sort of reflex of her character. There is scarcely a page of it that she has not by markings, dates, comments, connected with her daily life and inner experiences. She has herself in this way marked the passage (Acts 26:19) where St. Paul, telling to King Agrippa the story of his conversion and of the Divine call that came to him on the way to Damascus, avows, "whereupon, Oh, King Agrippa, *I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.*" Mrs. Stewart very early discovered her mission in like manner, we may say, indeed, *inherited* it, at least found an inspiration for it in the example of the noble woman, her great-grandmother whose name she bore. I am told that wherever she went even in those last days at the "Oakland," the well-thumbed memoir of Isabella Graham was taken along. Yonder corridor is adorned with a portrait of that noble woman, who was such a worker for the Master in those early days. And we can well believe, that as she went out and came into this home of hers, the sight of the portrait, and the traditions that clustered around it, often nerved herself for some arduous toil.

Is there any society for distinctively Christian work, or any association in this city for the improvement of the condition of the deserving poor, or for the relief of the unfortunate, or for the protection of the weak and the defenseless, that ever appealed to her in vain?

Nay, of how many societies in Detroit had she the direction and the shaping?

Did ever woman devote herself and her influence more unreservedly, more unselfishly, more untiringly, to the betterment of society?

The presence here to-day of representatives of almost every charitable society in this charitable city, will attest her all-embracing charity. And methinks there are many more who would like to be here, who have been the recipients of her bounty, who, were they here, would be sure to repeat the story told in the Acts (9:39), of Dorcas, "that woman who was full of good works and alms deeds, which she did," who sickened and died, and who, when Peter came to bury her, was surrounded by the "widows weeping and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." Yes! our beloved sister caught the spirit of the Master, and understood what he meant by His call to her, "Follow me." She was not "*disobedient unto the heavenly vision.*" "The grace of God bestowed upon her was not in vain."

(3) We must not forget in this connection to emphasize the fact, that Mrs. Stewart was a founder and an originator in the field of Christian work. She was not content merely to follow in the beaten tracks of charity. She was fertile in devising new forms of work. She was the founder, in Detroit at least, of several societies that have already developed into important institutions—notably, the "Home of the Friendless," of which for twenty-five years she was

the honored president. She was also the main inspiration in such institutions as the "Thompson Home," the "Woman's Christian Association," and in such movements as work among working girls.

It is surely something in this busy age, and at a period when the activities of the church seem to have occupied every department of Christian labor, to have had the foresight, and the courage, and the perseverance, requisite to introduce something new. She was ever "devising liberal things," occupying every open door, following providential indications, and stimulating others to do likewise.

Surely it must have been a source of gratitude, as of joy unutterable in reviewing life, as St. Paul felt, to perceive that she had "not lived in vain," that her "profiting had appeared to all," that she had infused into many an association something of her own spirit and energy, that she had laid the foundation of many noble charities, that "the grace of God bestowed upon her had not been in vain."

As we again open her much-marked bible and turn to its last page, we find she has written there, as though she desired it to be her own commentary on a life busy and abundant in labors, "Yet not I, but *the grace of God*."

(4) We must not forget, moreover, in this review of Mrs. Stewart's life-story, to emphasize *the Christian character she maintained in social life*. She was no recluse. Providence had endowed her with more than ordinary intellectual and social gifts. He had given her a social position in the community which none more clearly recognized than herself. And she accepted all, with a sense of her opportunities and her grave responsibilities.

She was readily and universally, as I understand, accorded the place of a leader in Detroit society. She brought to

her position a marked individuality. All felt instinctively the strength of her character and the influence of that personality into which she early developed.

How did she fulfill, we may inquire, those important functions that attach to a lady of position and culture and influence?

We all know what an instinctive hatred of "shams" she manifested, as also of the hollow, meaningless ceremonials, and of the insincerities in friendships, that mark a mere wordly society.

It was with such feelings that she set herself the task, with that force of character and untiring energy that was undaunted by difficulties, to elevate the tone of society in which she was a leader, to counteract its selfishness, to permeate it with something like principle, to mould it to usefulness. And I presume there is no one here but will acknowledge the purity of her purpose, and that her Christian character was in no other direction shown so conspicuously as in the way in which she endeavored to mould the circle of society in which she found herself by birth and education.

She could glory in an honorable ancestry; she came of a covenanted stock; she was endowed with marked mental gifts and aptitudes for social life; she moved in the inner circle of society. She might have been content with all this —might have settled down to a life of ignoble ease and mere self-gratification—proud with a foolish pride of family and position. But, no! She heard the Divine call, she was obedient to the heavenly vision, she acknowledged the Master's right to her gifts and influence, she was ever ready to confess her faith in Jesus among rich and poor.

Like her Master, she "went about doing good," and what

she did, she did with heartiness and with an energy that was infectious. To the last she spared not her strength, and died with many noble schemes yet unfinished.

Ah! who among you here to-day that can command time and means will take up these unfinished plans and bring them to perfection?

She died, as I can believe she would have chosen to die, in the midst of her labors. It is not given to any of us to choose the time nor yet the manner of our departure, but who is there here that can fail to see how peculiarly gracious God was to this child of His, in this very respect. She was summoned, not when her day of usefulness was a thing of the past and long since forgotten, but in the midst of it, when companions in labor will sadly miss her, when the character of the work she was doing stands out in clearest outline, and when others will be aroused to take up her work and finish it. Rest assured God knows when to call to Himself His children and faithful servants. Such is the view heaven takes of life and death. "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

To us who merely look at such a departure from our earthly standpoint, the removal of so useful a Christian seems deplorable. To the church it is a bereavement. To sister Christian workers it is the loss of a sympathetic nature, full of experience, wise in counsel, so capable, so energetic, so helpful.

It does seem a robbing of earth to enrich heaven. But up yonder, where all things are looked at in their general bearing on the gracious purpose of God, there is the language of gratulation only, "blessed." It is not only an

angel's way of looking at it. It is the dictum of the ever blessed Spirit, "yea, saith the Spirit."

They "rest from their labors and *their works do follow them.*" That is the ground of the Spirit's judgment. The influence started by the saint gathered to rest still abides and develops in the church and in society. "Their works do follow them."

Moreover, there is such a thing as being "baptized for the dead" (1 Cor. 15 : 29). The mantle of an Elijah falls on an Elisha. A Christian mother leaves to her sons and daughters, not only an honorable name and a love that is imperishable, but a new motive for life and an inspiration to consecration to the same or similar ministries.

What a different view, then, from ours does heaven take of the death of a saint. To the view of men, "one event happeneth to all," for the righteous die equally with the wicked, but in very truth, how wide the difference! God is near his child, supporting, noticing all, using invisible ministries, and these carry her away singing the harvest-home. The Redeemer is "glorified in them." Even their dust is precious in his eyes, for some day by his mighty power it is to be recalled to an immortal life, with a beauty and a glory all its own.

Weep not, then, for the departed one. She has entered into rest. The battle has been fought, the victory won. Her influence here will widen yet more and more with abundant benediction.

Follow her faith. Imitate her intimate acquaintance with the word of God. Gather from her example, a Divine call to thyself, oh, woman, whosoever thou art, to do what thy hands find to do with thy might.

God grant that even her death may prove to some here a veritable resurrection unto life.

Resolutions.

WESTERN SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Western Seamen's Friend Society, Detroit Branch, held at the Bethel building June 4, 1888, it was unanimously

Resolved, 1. That this Board deeply laments the death of Mrs. Isabella G. D. Stewart, an honorary member of this body, and offers most heartfelt sympathy to the husband and family, the friends, community, church, and philanthropic societies that have been thus bereaved.

2. That her active interest and participation in the affairs of the Bethel, from the date of its foundation; her wise and practical suggestions for its management; her pecuniary and other contributions to its prosperity and success; her remarkably able, energetic, and devoted conduct of its religious meetings from time to time; and the inspiration given to the Board by her occasional presence and counsel, entitle her memory to be held in most grateful remembrance by this society.

3. That in the judgment of the Board, a public memorial meeting should be held at an early convenient date, at which may be represented all the local charities and religious bodies with which her activities were associated; and that the Executive Committee of the Board, of which she was also a member, is hereby authorized and instructed to take such steps to that end as they may deem advisable.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of our deceased sister and co-worker.

(A true copy.) HENRY A. FORD,

Detroit, June 5, 1888. *Secretary.*

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Woman's Christian Association, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has seemed best to our Heavenly Father to remove from earth in the prime of life our much loved friend and President, Mrs. Isabella G. D. Stewart, we deem it not only fit but desirable on our part to pay a tribute of respect to her memory; therefore

Resolved, That with no common formal sorrow we publish to each other and this community the expression of our high regard and love for our departed friend and fellow-worker, our attachment to her as a friend, our admiration of her as a Christian worker.

Resolved, That we do most heartily bear record to the uniform courtesy that characterized all her intercourse with us, and her interest in the prosperity of this association.

Resolved, That the character of Mrs. Stewart for unswerving integrity and earnestness, challenges our admiration, and will remain a monument to her memory more enduring than marble.

Resolved, That while we sincerely sympathize with the whole community in the loss of one so dear to many of them, more kindly and tenderly still, would we join with the afflicted family in mourning her loss, and we would herewith tender them our sympathy and condolence in this their great affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed upon the records of this association and that they be published in the journals of this city, and a copy of the same be sent to the family.

THE COMMITTEE.

THOMPSON HOME FOR OLD LADIES.

Whereas, Mrs. Isabella Graham Duffield Stewart, after a brief illness, passed to her heavenly rest, on Sabbath, May 27, 1888, therefore we, the Managers of the Thompson Home for Old Ladies, in which she was from the first deeply interested, do

Resolve, That in the removal of Mrs. Stewart from the scene of her earthly labors, not this Home only, but the whole charitable work of the city and the entire community suffer a great and grievous loss.

Of a stately and commanding presence, dignified, refined and cultivated, possessing a strongly marked individuality, no ordinary executive ability, untiring energy, tenacity of purpose and zeal in a good cause which no combination of adverse circumstances could daunt or discourage, she devoted her rare and remarkable abilities to the service of God, in the constant endeavor to relieve human suffering and ameliorate the condition of the needy.

The poor, the weak, the defenseless, the orphan, the forsaken and the outcast found in her a friend, whose heart was rich in sympathy, whose head was fertile in device, and whose hand was swift and sure in carrying her measures of help and healing, into execution.

Her life, though ended all too soon, was crowded and crowned with works of faith and labors of love.

Whilst we know that we shall surely miss the inspiration of her wise counsel and dauntless courage, we bow our heads, assured that He who forgets not even the cup of cold water, given in His name, hath welcomed her as a "good and faithful servant" into the joy of her Lord.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. Stewart and the family of our deceased sister, as an expression of our deep sympathy with them in the loss they have sustained.

MARY THOMPSON,
President.

MRS. D. W. BROOKS,
Secretary pro tem.

WOMAN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

Dr. Morse Stewart and Family:

It is with deep sorrow that the "Woman's Indian Association" records the death of its honored and beloved Vice-President, Mrs. I. G. D. Stewart, and desires to place on record the following:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove suddenly from this mortal life, our wise and zealous associate, Mrs. Stewart,

Resolved, That we bow with submission to the will of an All-wise Providence, and tender to her bereaved family our sympathy in their irreparable loss. Her uncommon abilities, consecreted to the betterment of this community, morally, socially and intellectually, her Christian faith constantly exemplified in her life, her inspiring presence, will afford an example worthy of emulation to the women of Detroit. Her death, to our Association a loss—to herself an endless gain.

Respectfully, with sincerest sympathy.

MRS. E. B. COOLIDGE,
President.

MRS. ALBERT MILLER,
Corresponding Secretary.

Detroit, June 1st, 1888.

HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Board of the "Home of the Friendless" held June 5th, 1888, the enclosed resolutions were adopted.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom, has removed our much beloved President, Mrs. Morse Stewart, from her active usefulness as a member of this Board, and has left vacant a chair which the deceased has worthily filled for a period of twenty-five years, and

Whereas, By such removal our hearts are filled with sorrow and grief; and while we bow submissive to His will we would give some suitable expression to our sadness, and pay fitting tribute to the memory of one possessing so many qualities of head and heart, which have ever commanded our respect and admiration; therefore,

Resolved, That in the sudden decease of our friend and co-worker, this institution has lost one of its earliest and most earnest advocates, one of its most zealous, wise and effective workers. That in the meeting of her duties and responsibilities here and elsewhere, no labor seemed to weary her, no threatened danger caused her to falter, and no case so desperate could arise that was not overcome by her rare gifts of intellect, her fertility in expedients, her invariable courtesy, all subordinate as they were to an earnest love for humanity and an abiding faith in the goodness of God.

Resolved, That this Board tender its words of condolence to our sister Boards of this city; for there are no organized efforts for the care of the aged and infirm, for the reformation of the profligate and vicious, for the guiding of the fallen and abandoned, for the care and training of innocent

children, where her head, hand and heart were not at the front; so that all may say of her, "She hath done what she could."

Resolved, That we would hereby extend to the family of the deceased, our heartfelt sympathy in this, their great bereavement; for a most devoted and faithful wife, a gifted and affectionate sister, a kind, indulgent and loving mother, has been taken away; but the memory of her is an inheritance which will be cherished while life shall last.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Board, and a copy thereof be sent to the family of the deceased.

MRS. W. C. DUNCAN,
Recording Secretary.

PRESS NOTICES.

[From the Detroit Free Press, May 28, 1888.]

Mrs. Isabella G. D. Stewart, the only daughter in a family which has always been prominent in Detroit, and herself distinguished by a life devoted to high purposes in the interest of the public good, died after a brief illness yesterday morning at the Oakland house, St. Clair. The announcement of her sudden death will prove a startling blow not only to the inner circle of those who came into close relationship with the personality around which were thrown the charms of brilliant natural gifts, broadened by a great work in humanity's behalf, but hundreds of Detroit households where her character and example have been a potent influence, and where her memory will long be cherished.

A record of Mrs. Stewart's charitable and philanthropic work would form a history of almost every enterprise in

the city by which results in these directions have been sought.

Gifted with the intellectuality that distinguishes the other members of the family, and a forcible writer, Mrs. Stewart was an effective advocate for the many humanitarian enterprises for which she labored. She worked disinterestedly and from a love for the cause, but there is perhaps no lady in the West who is entitled to greater recognition for the good works which, though under difficulties, she has accomplished.

[From the Detroit Tribune.]

Mrs. Stewart was a woman who had a marked individuality, and who united in herself the brilliancy and peculiarities of two distinguished lines of ancestry. She was the daughter of the Rev. George Duffield, long the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit, and he was one of the most profound and learned of a race of noted divines, patriots and soldiers. Her maternal great-grandmother, Mrs. Isabella Graham, for whom she was named, was one of the most notable women of her day, and her grandmother, Mrs. Bethune, was also a woman of mark, being one of the founders, and, with Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, one of the first directors of the first orphan asylum ever organized in New York, and also the mother of Rev. George W. Bethune, who was one of the most distinguished of American clergymen.

Mrs. Stewart was born at Carlisle, Pa., February 11th, 1830, was brought to Detroit by her parents in 1838, and has resided here ever since. She has always occupied a prominent position, and undoubtedly was more widely known than any other lady in Detroit. Her patriotism

was with her a religion, and at the breaking out of the war she identified herself with every effort to encourage and aid the Union soldiers. She and her noble mother were the first in Detroit to obtain and forward hospital supplies, and she was the founder and first President of the Ladies' Soldiers Aid Society, which was formed November 6, 1861, and was the first organization of the kind in the country.

Her influence was felt in almost every effort made to assist the weak, the poor and the oppressed. In social matters Mrs. Stewart was a leader, and her culture and wonderful natural ability made her prominent in literary and art circles. She was a member of the Executive Committee of the great Art Loan of 1883, and one of the original subscribers to and directors of the Detroit Museum of Art, the building for which is now nearly completed. As would naturally be inferred from the foregoing sketch, Mrs. Stewart was a woman of great decision of character and of strong contrasts. Deeply religious, she was entirely free from cant or superstition; positive in everything, she was always ready to listen to an argument and to confess herself wrong if shown to be so; so determined as to be almost audacious, she was devoid of undue aggressiveness; stern and uncompromising in her condemnation of what was wrong, she had that charity for the erring which pardoned a multitude of sins. She was universally respected, and was beloved by all who knew her well, and her loss will be lamented not only by her relatives and friends, but by the sick and needy, to whom she was a comforter and gracious almoner.

[From the Carlisle Daily Herald, Carlisle, Pa., Mrs. Stewart's native city.]

When the family removed to Detroit, the daughter was only nine years old, and was a resident of that city for

nearly fifty years, where she became eminently distinguished by a life consecrated to high purposes in the interest of humanity and the public well-being. It has been honorably said of her, that a record of her charitable and philanthropic work would form a history of almost every enterprise in that city by which results in these directions have been sought. A devoted Christian woman, who worked disinterestedly and from a love of the cause, and widespread and lasting has been her influence for good. Her taste or talent for such work may have been largely occasioned by her illustrious great-grandmother, after whom she was named, and who founded in New York the first orphan asylum established there, and whose admirable life and writings have, through so many years, greatly contributed to encourage and sustain faith and love and devotion in Christian well-living and well-doing.

Letters of Condolence.

FROM HER BROTHER, REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D. D.

[Since deceased.]

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., May 30, 1888.

MY DEAR BROTHER—Of all the shocks which I have thus far experienced in the way of bereavement, the death of Belle has been the most sudden, and that which I have been the least able to bear. I can only say, God help and pity you if it has been equally a surprise to yourself. I know how much you loved her as a wife, and, in general, what you said of her to father at the golden wedding. I know how much she thought of you as a beloved husband, and in no place have I heard her speak more affectionately of you than in the "Oakland" two years since. "I think I could make up my mind to any sorrow easier than to go before my husband." And now what she feared has come upon her. It seems, somehow, as if it would relieve both me and you to let you know how dreadfully sudden it was, even if I do so by the hand of an amanuensis, as I am utterly unable to use my own for this purpose. Only last week I received a letter from the "Oakland," in which my sister wrote :

"This heading tells its own story of where I am and what I am doing. The old scenes of our stay here two years ago come back, and are soon set aside by all the sequences of that moment of rest we had together. I no longer dare look back. The past seven months have

tried bone and muscle to the quick—but they have had their happiness —'the Lord stood with me.'

"It is a great thing to know that each day brings us near that perfect abiding in Him that we can only know in part here, but in the 'most fair city' we 'rest in the long release' from sin and sorrow.

"I have felt the loss of my dear S. W. D. each month more and more; it was he alone that linked me to the generation to whom I am fast becoming an aged woman.

"This winter I have read with infinite comfort, and, I trust, benefit, three little books by the Rev. Andrew Murray, of Wellington, Cape of Good Hope, entitled 'Abide in Christ,' 'Like Christ,' and 'With Christ in the School of Prayer.' His opening of the word is simple, strong and clear—it is advanced—and yet he eschews mysticism, sentiment, feeling, and brings you down to a few intensely practical foundation principles of 'faith and practice'—do you remember how father always used those two words together—they go together.

"What are your plans? I have none at present, and am enjoying to-day with a keen sense of its perfection. Belle and her two children, and even Dr. Stewart, are up here for a few days. Write and tell me what you would like to do. I have not a wish beyond to-day except that I may serve God according to his will, which is like the salt to the bread, and goes without saying."

I said I am not able to write; much less am I able to go where my heart would prompt, and be with you in the hour of your sorrow. My trouble is weakness of heart, want of breath, and general giving way of the nervous system. At quarter past three this morning I registered in my little diary, "My strength is failing, and I have not the third of my respiration." I had almost said my soul is weary of life for decreasing breath, but in the "most fair city," where "we rest in the long release," it is not so. May we all meet there, father, mother and children, and children's children, and our joy be the joy of our Lord.

O what a change does one death make in a family to one and all. I felt almost certain that I would have been the first of the children to go, but the very last has been taken

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that I expected. Poor Robbie! Remember Hattie and me to him. Remember us to all, and especially to yourself, my own dear and much afflicted brother.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

FROM REV. GEO. D. BAKER, D. D., A FORMER PASTOR.

PHILADELPHIA, June 2, 1888.

MY DEAR DR. STEWART—You must permit me to mingle my sincere sympathy with the tide that has gone out to you from many hearts in this time of your great sorrow. Please say to your children, one and all, that my thought and my prayer have been much with them in this new and saddest experience of their lives. But God spared her to you and to them until she had wrought within you all a work which is as indestructible as it is beautiful. May God comfort you.

Sincerely your friend,

GEORGE D. BAKER.

FROM RT. REV. W. E. McLAREN, D. D., BISHOP OF ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO, May 31, 1888.

MY DEAR DR. STEWART—We are deeply pained to hear of the sad event which has fallen so suddenly upon your home. Our hearts go out in sympathy towards you. She was such a queenly woman, so strong, and yet so gentle; so gifted, so loving and beloved—one cannot think of her death as other than an irreparable loss to everyone but to herself. I have always regarded her as one of the noblest women it has been my privilege to know. May God help you and all to bear the burden which He has placed upon you. With tenderest sympathy,

Sincerely yours,

W. E. McLAREN.

FROM A FORMER PASTOR.

YONKERS, N. Y., August 13, 1888.

MY DEAR DR. STEWART—On my arrival from Europe a few days ago I was shocked to hear for the first time of the death of your wife. I was the more startled because at the time of my leaving Detroit, if there was any woman who, under all ordinary contingencies, had the assurance of a long life, I supposed it was she. But oh, as we go on through life, how are we made to realize more and more that truly we "know not the day nor the hour." I remember the last time I sat at your table, and we were talking together in regard to death. Dr. George Duffield quoted a clause from a sermon which he had heard from Dr. Kellogg, in which the latter said there was no death to be apprehended by the Christian, since he had died already, and I remember how Mrs. Stewart seemed to rejoice in the sentiment; and certainly we can rest in the assurance that death was not death for her; that it was simply the portal through which she passed to join that blessed company among which we shall all be numbered soon. * * * That God may richly bless and comfort you all, giving to you light in darkness, is the prayer of

Your sincere friend,

W. A. BARR.

DETROIT, September 18, 1888.

HON. D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD:

DEAR SIR—Upon my return from my European trip, I found your letter inviting me to assist in the funeral services of your dear and lamented sister. The letter came from the Dead Letter office, and so never reached me. * * * * It is very pleasant to know that I was remem-

bered on this occasion. She never knew how the manifestation of her sympathy touched me on the occasion of my son's death. I never expect to see *her* place filled in this community. She was a *power*. * * * And so, one by one, we are rapidly passing into our rest—our *blessed* rest.

As ever, yours, D. M. COOPER.

A LIFE-LONG FRIEND FROM CHILDHOOD UP.

EAUX BONNES, BASSE PYRINEES, June 18, 1888.

DEAR DR. STEWART—The very sad intelligence of dear Belle's sudden death, which has reached me here, has so shocked me that I cannot refrain from sharing the regret which must be so keenly felt by you and her children. Dear, dear Belle, the companion of my girlhood, the sincere, staunch friend of after years—none can replace you in the heart of her who has so loved you. I had looked forward to many pleasant hours with her in the coming opening of the Art Museum, when lo! everything seems changed to me; the friend of my youth has gone, and with her the "light of many days." I cannot express to you how keenly I feel her going, and but for the glorious hope of a happy hereafter for her, we should indeed mourn without comfort. She goes not empty-handed to her Maker and loving Father, and in that we may try to feel comforted. That she has left a worthy and noble example to us all, who can doubt? I grieve with you most sincerely in the loss of your companion, your brave, loyal and loving spouse.

* * * * * * * *

Very sincerely, your friend, A. M. W.

DR MORSE STEWART,
Jefferson Ave., Detroit Michigan.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 10, 1888.

DR. MORSE STEWART:

MY DEAR SIR—Through a Detroit newspaper I have received the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Stewart. Hardly anything could have surprised or shocked me more. I never thought that I should survive her. It seemed to me that she had a physical strength and mental vigor which would certainly carry her to a good old age. In the great sorrow which has fallen upon you and your children, I can say nothing which can console your grief or theirs, but I beg to assure you and them of my tender and deep sympathy. I grieve for you all, and I grieve that I have lost a friend who, when I was a stranger in Detroit, took me to her home and made me welcome there. I have ever felt under obligations to her for the courtesy and kindness with which she treated me. She was a noble woman, and I am better for having known her. But vain will seem to you any words that I can write. Please remember me kindly to your children, and accept for yourself the respect and esteem of

CYRUS WOODMAN.

FROM A PERSONAL FRIEND, AND LONG AN ASSOCIATE IN CHARITABLE WORK.

PARIS, June 9, 1888.

DEAR DR. STEWART—The sad news has just reached me that my dear Mrs. Stewart has been called to her heavenly home. Oh! how can we live without her? What a strange Providence to take away one who to us seems so necessary. In all our meetings your dear wife was the one upon whom we all leaned, and it seems as though this was a sorrow that touched thousands of hearts. Truly, if sympathy will soothe, you and your family will be comforted. Her

work is finished, and she has gone to receive the reward of "well done good and faithful servant," and we can but be trustful enough to feel that all is ordered for some wise purpose, though it is hard from a human standpoint to accept our sorrow submissively. Please extend my deepest sympathy to all of your household in this great bereavement, and believe me

Sorrowfully yours, H. H. N.

Salem, Oregon, June 5, 1888.

My Dear Doctor—We have just received a paper containing the news of your great loss. It came to us as a terrible shock, bringing a sense of sore personal bereavement. Outside of my own personal circle of father, sisters, and children, I do not think I have any one whom I love as I love her, or who seems so near of kin as she has always seemed. She has lived a grand and useful life—always in the forefront of every good, Christian enterprise—strong and uncompromising in character, intrepid and forceful in expression, as she was noble and commanding in personal presence. The very sight of her was, to me, always inspiring, and at the same time calming. It is a great blow to me. How often have I looked forward to meeting her again, and talking freely with her over many things in which I longed to have her sympathy or her judgment. I can hardly realize that that is gone from my reach now. I feel sore with the loss. And you, my dear Doctor, what a loss to you. I dare not let myself think of it. You know how long and how dearly both Will and I have loved you and yours. You know how acutely we can enter into your loss and sympathize with you. We are not friends of yesterday, but received our friendship for you and yours as a

heritage from those who have gone before us. I need not say one word of Christian consolation. You are fitted to be a teacher in that yourself. I can only write a few broken words—(for this has fallen upon me so suddenly)—a few broken words of my intense, loving admiration of her noble and gifted nature—(she was just enough my elder to inspire me with enthusiasm)—and to tell you how both Will and I sorrow with you. Detroit will hardly seem like Detroit to me any longer. I can hardly think of it without her. Will joins me in loving messages of sympathy to every one of your dear family. There is not one of them that does not seem to be of our own closest kith and kin. Good-bye, my dear Doctor and friend. God bless and keep and comfort and strengthen you until you meet again her who has so long walked life's paths with you—a true and noble helpmeet. The lives you have both lived in our beautiful city of Detroit are known to all—a blessing to the city. Truly, many, very many, rise up on all sides to call you blessed.

Your loving and sympathizing friend, M. S. L.

"Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not."

Her grandfather, Robert Stuart, of glorious memory, was an elder in Dr. Duffield's Detroit church, and his fast friend through life. The friendship extended to the families, and has passed down through three generations to the present time.

Extracts from Family Letters.

April 25th, 1872.

My own Dear Husband—I seize a moment, while we wait for a freight train, in which to tell you that we are almost at Omaha; have had neither trouble nor detention, and am already feeling better than I have for many a long day—hungry for my breakfast and ready for my dinner. The dining car where I am now waiting for my breakfast is tidy and well served. The cook has made me a cup of lovely chocolate, and peace and comfort reign. Thus far I have got on so nicely that I anticipate no trouble, but will be taken care of by *machinery*, as Mrs. Farnsworth knows. Dearest love to all at home, and a special kiss for Robert. It was mighty sensible to give me those photographs.

Ever, my dearest, your own

BELLE.

May 7th, 1872.

I wrote you yesterday, but as my plans had taken no definite shape then, I think you will not object to receive, and I certainly do not to send, more definite news of my trip. * * * I laughed at your anxiety about my extra baggage. That I *had* it I have no sort of doubt, but I did not have to pay a penny. Why, I cannot tell, except because of my unfailing habit of falling on my feet. * * * May 11th.—I can give you no idea of those wonderful and mysterious things, the Geysers. I did so wish you and Duff were with me. Perhaps when I see you face to face

I can say much that pen refuses to write. * * * May 17th.—I had anticipated a rough passage by sea, and sure enough as we went through the Golden Gate and struck "the bar," it, as Mr. Wood said, "floored people as a bar almost always does." The morning we started, I received your Sabbath letter, inclosing Belle's and Mamie's, and I do not think I ever enjoyed anything more than that amount and variety of home news—to hear that Robbin enjoyed his play in the open air, to know that Mamie "went to bed at 8 o'clock because Aunt Sarah said she must;" to realize that "Miss Brunson" was the "head of the home and family just as if she had been born to the situation; that the servants were doing well and the house running smoothly," was inexpressible comfort. So when we went over "the bar" I told Mr. Wood I was feeling very sleepy (poor fellow, he will never get over laughing about it), and he conducted me to my state room, where I seized a bowl and deposited my breakfast outside of my stomach without further preliminary remark, and retired to my berth for thirty-six hours. I was not very sick, and "took my gruel regular." * * I begin to feel uneasy about D.'s studies. It will give me great pain to see him abandon the full education we had desired for him. Dear me, our children are reaching that point where they need *our best* judgment. God help us to judge wisely for their future. * * May 28th (Black's Hotel).—The Yosemite Falls are thundering in my very face just opposite the windows. I cannot express to you my sensations on viewing this extraordinary and overwhelming scenery. It's all one can do to hold one's heart still. How I long to see you and *tell* you all I have seen and heard and thought since we have been separated. Dearest, you cannot think how all this beautiful nature—all these hearty, whole-

souled people, all this fresh, new world, has refreshed mind and soul as well as body. * * * June 4th.—I was dreadfully sorry to hear such an account of Dr. W——. Whatever he may have been as a man in times past, he is *now* a patient, hard-working, clear-sighted, well read and cultivated practitioner, weary with but not of his work. He reminded me a little of yourself. I offered him a fee, of course, and was disappointed when he declined it, and said to him frankly, "I should feel more at liberty to consult you, Doctor, if I had the same privilege of compensation." He was kind and polite as a hurried man can be. * * * I trust I shall have learned, or partially learned, one thing by this journey, *i. e.*, neither to look forward or backward. "In all my Lord's appointed ways my journey I'll pursue." I have stood face to face with a death of horror, and the trial was removed. I will no more vex my soul with the future. * * * June 6th.—Nobody else could drift through the world always with some ready hand to take care of me—a born Micawber—and yet I shall be very glad to get back to my rightful protector. How thankful I shall be to have you at the "Pointe," for that is a very divided existence, living alone as we do, and sometimes I fear I grow morbid. But will not the eighteen miles a day be hard upon you? Of course not much harder than the unsatisfactory way we see you three times a week. * * * June 9th.—Your letter acknowledging the receipt of the photographs reached me yesterday. Of course, my darling, they were all for you, if you fancied them. I thought them better than anything I ever had taken. Gen. Wilcox told me that the atmosphere was so perfect in San Francisco that the photographs were inevitably good, and advised me to sit for one. I am so glad now that I did so. * * * June 17th (St. Louis).—I

hoped to get here and be able to rest, but Mrs. K——, the housekeeper of the hotel, and a thorough lady, insisted that I should have a physician. I had a fat, simple soul at Kansas City, who said I was safe to come on here, and it's only a wonder I am not dead; so I was shy of a doctor, but Mrs. K—— sent for Dr. Bower, who presented himself promptly, and talked like a Dutchman—asked my troubles, was I married, etc., etc., and when I said yes, my husband is Dr. Morse Stewart, of Detroit, he jumped up, shook hands with me, expressed his admiration for you, "He is an elegant man," etc., etc., promised to cure me in three days, show me the elephant of St. Louis, and send me home to you this week. He said if I had been a horse I would probably have died of such journeying and sickness, but a woman is a different thing. Mrs. K—— has sent in a woman, who has rubbed me with alcohol. Dr. Bower's medicine has come, and I have taken a dose. You might come on here after me. If ever a woman longed for her husband, it was your wife, my dearest. I can write no more, I am so tired. Your St. Louis letters were like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Thanks for your faithfulness.

Ever your own poor wife, your own

BELLE.

Williamsburg, Pa., June 15, 1879.

My Dear Husband—As we have a few minutes before dinner, I avail myself of them to answer your letter of the 13th, received just as I was going to bed. The mail comes in at 9.30 P. M., so you see what odd hours we have for everything. I am just home from church (Presbyterian), where there were gathered about two hundred—respectable in appearance and conduct, and with rather

more than the average mental endowment of a village in a mountainous country—(this is a high valley). The pastor is quite an aged man, whose only memory of me was when I was a three-year old child in old Carlisle. I have not heard "real old-fashioned preaching" before in a very long time, but notwithstanding all that is said against it, as being dry and doctrinal, I was glad when Mr. White took the text, "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels," etc., and divided his subject into two heads, each with three divisions, and followed out systematically God's plan for his own glory. Every assumption he made, he proved from God's word; and when I came away from the church, I brought something with me. I was not stuffed with Sunday school saw-dust, but fed as by an under shepherd, albeit he is past seventy, and looks as if he might break up any moment. Not that he is thin and scrawny, but he has a tremendous struggle to get his voice when he once loses it. He told Mrs. Roller that my resemblance to my mother was something most extraordinary. I was out when he called.

The blessed quiet of this place sinks deeper and deeper into my soul, and they tell me I look better than when I came. It does not weary me. I do not care what they eat or drink or wear. I do not even read and study, or think or plan, but sit in the shadow or the sunshine, and see and hear the water of the spring or the Juniata, and feel the fresh breeze that comes down from the hillsides (one of them is almost like Heidelberg), and think—well, of mere physical existence. Yet I do not dare recommend any one else to come here—people view things so differently. They might not think Mrs. R.'s tin coffee pot just the thing, or feel happy because the dessert is served while the meat is on the table. But as I could eat off her

kitchen floor or table, and as I never tasted better bread in my life, and as I have butter and buttermilk that appeal to my tenderest sensibilities, I do not think it well to be more nice than wise.

Last Friday I took a drive. Oh, how beautiful the scenery is! But driving seems to give me a definite knowledge of every joint in the spine of my back, and I will not go again very soon. I wonder if Robbie is out at the Pointe? Trusting you are all well, and sending love to the family "individually and collectively," as father use to say,

I am ever your affectionate wife,

BELLE D. S.

To Her Son, M., Jr.:

"On my return from ——, I found a despatch awaiting me announcing the death of my dear nephew, S. W. D. He has had a very long illness, great suffering, the agony ending in mortification, which set in on Monday. Oh! I am glad the struggle is over, thankful that his poor tortured body is at rest, rejoicing that at last he is 'with Christ, which is far better.' One of the glorious hopes of Heaven is that the inhabitants nevermore say 'I am sick.' Your father has not felt well enough to leave home, and I do not mean to leave him even to accept your invitation. But we wish very much to see you."

In another letter she writes:

"The remains of your cousin S. W. D. reached here and were met at the train by——. We went at once to Elmwood, and laid the mortal remains of a brave, good, brilliant and learned man to rest until the resurrection."

Three days later she writes of the death of another cousin:

"I would have closed her eyes in death; but ten min-

utes later I performed that last sad office—which ought to have been done earlier—then, draping about the poor little thing's dead face an exquisite bit of lace, I laid some lilies of the valley near her cheek, and she looked the little gentlewoman that she was—all the pain, no, not all, but very much of the pain and sorrow and anguish of her life had passed from her face, and she looked young and sweet and pretty."

"I dread the summer. It seems full of yawning graves. To think that in less than four months I have laid away so many.

"I fear your birthday gift will come too late; but remember, my dear son, my heart and mind and soul, with all its spiritual powers, will be fixed upon you all that day. May God bless you and keep you, drawing you ever by His own Holy Spirit, nearer and nearer the great loving heart of Christ our Lord.

"D.'s entering actively into politics was a great pain and distress to us, as we had suffered enough from its contaminating influences. I would be delighted to go to R. to see you, for my heart aches and breaks for the sight of my son; but the serious condition of your father's strength prevents it. * * * For a time I have been fearing you were ill, perhaps it is the mother's instinct told the story. * * * Ever since your cousin S. W. D.'s death I have felt so unsafe and unsettled. In the general order of nature, he ought to have outlived me long, and now there is no sense of certainty as to the younger ones. * * * Your father has brought in your last letter. I do not like the idea of your postponing your visit home so long, or until after Belle may visit you, and I hope you will arrange to come at once, for before the 1st of September many will be preparing to flee. People tell me I am looking very

well, but I feel awfully spent all the time. It is now nearly two years since I have seen you, my own son, and the mother's heart within me aches and breaks to gather you with your brothers and sisters, once more a whole family united. * * * I was glad to see you remembered your father's birthday, albeit it makes me sad to see how fast he is drifting into old age. I think you will find the traces of time's chisel very marked when you next meet him. But his resolute, indomitable spirit keeps him at his work, and his ripe wisdom causes him to have more than enough to do. If you only come home to us and make a visit, that will comfort your father's heart, I shall praise God and rejoice. As for myself, I have a heart hunger for the sight of your face that is not to be expressed. When H. P. told me how well you looked, and what a pleasant call he had with you, he little knew the good news he was telling. To think that I will have you all about me at the "Pointe" is almost too good news to be true. * * * I send you a picture of the dear little boy on whose grave is written the record, 'Morse Stewart Lothrop, born October 4, 1886; died January 25, 1887.' Your sister has had a sore trial that still weighs heavily on her, and, indeed, will for all her life. * * * My time is the football of every one's whims, and is interrupted to such a degree that many a letter grows old and stale before it is ever posted. * * * When we came here all the householders in the square were living, all old friends; and now Gov. McClelland has passed away, leaving your father the only surviving one. I think he was the youngest of them all. * * * Our prayers are continually for you, and that a covenant-keeping God may bring you to Himself. My only wish for my children is that they may be mete for the heavenly inheritance. * * * Your letter of a promised visit reached

us while D. was still hanging between life and death, and I dared not look ahead as far as Christmas—nay, not as far as the morrow. It was an awful sight to see that huge man, the very embodiment of physical strength and vigor, in such a plight; for days he was speechless, and for days his effort to subdue the cough was a long manifestation of patient courage, which in the end saved his life. I was then suffering greatly from rheumatism, and used *salol*, a new remedy, and, thank God, it gave me strength and relief to get through my great task. * * * May God in His infinite loving kindness show you the right path, and your own free will lead you to walk therein.

"Do you dream, my son, you cannot be missed, and think it is a light trial for us to have you away from home at such a season? Do you suppose that there is ever a day or an hour that you are not in our hearts and thoughts? I have loved my son, my first-born, truly and faithfully and sadly, as ever a mother did or could. I cannot bear to see any one in your place at table. You are a very capable man, well educated, quick witted, and you ought to be honored. I love you, and think of you day and night. Oh! if I could only see you accept Jesus as your Saviour, I would have nothing more to ask for you. Life and fame and earthly treasure are such poor things in comparison with that blessed hope of immortal joy."

To I. G. B. S.: April 16, 1880.

My Dear Child—After the Stewart family have had a tempest in a teapot that has blown the cover off, things subside quicker and milder and more moderately than with other folk. Friday, Mary was quite sick. Sunday, I went to church to hear Dr. McCosh. On Monday my arrange-

ments were made for house-cleaning and dressmaking. Monday morning your father, not liking John Burgess' tone, dismissed him on the spot. D——'s five dogs attacked Knapp, the cleaner, tore her clothes off her back, frightened her to that degree and made her so *mad;* besides that, my house cleaning was against wind and tide. Just then your letter came, making a little home-sick plaint (No. 2), and as your father was taking an airing in the "Valley of Decision," he wrote you to come home at once. I was too mixed up to interfere, for I had no laundress, an obstreperous man servant and rampant cleaner, and my face was puffed and swelled till I was almost blind, due largely to the exposure in Ann Arbor. I had struck with Jepkins, the carpet-layer; W. D. came to ask a room while F——'s chamber was occupied; M——'s throat broke out with diphtheria; the room to be cleaned was emptied into the hall; and anything more thoroughly at sixes and sevens than were this family does not often occur. I had a very quiet but mighty decided understanding with D. about the dogs, and I should have *dog-buttoned* them in forty-eight hours if something had not been done. * * * To-day your letter of answer has come—just about what I have expected, and the response to it the usual back-down of your indulgent parent. * * * To-day things begin to take shape. John Neff is here *pro tem.* Your room is cleaned. I have engaged a laundress. The dresses are finishing off—in other words, "the old woman expects to get home before dark." Love to all.

MOTHER.

February 12, 1884.

My Dear Child—I scarcely know where this letter will find you, as I thought you might feel it your duty to go

back to P——. Now, my advice to you is to take a week or two at Atlantic City before you go back. After your father received your last letter he sat right down and wrote you an epistle as long as a sermon, saying nothing to me till his letter was finished. My own impulse, and, indeed, my long desire, is that you should come home, but your father said we must consider "what is for the best in the long run," and whether you will be better at home or abroad I can not take it upon myself to decide. I so often think that your father and you understand each other so much better, that his judgment is far preferable to mine. Still four people in one room is too maddening to be thought of. Some human natures are blood suckers, *i. e.*, draw on your vitality till your nervous strength is exhausted. The myth of the vampire has a foundation of fact in nervous disorders. Now, understand, I believe you have strength of character enough to hold in abeyance hysterics (which are a safety valve). St. Vitus' dance is an irrepressible fandango that I hope you may never have to add to your *repertoire.* Then there are all sorts of combinations of nerves and muscles that are in the main unpleasant. So, on general principles, I would say take a room by yourself, say your prayers, and mean them, comfort and calm your heart with the words of God, rest in your Saviour's love, and walk as you may be led and guided of His holy Spirit, then, let what will, come. Do you remember how many times He counseled and encouraged quiet—the quiet and rest of nature? In the 23d Psalm David literally tells how he through the still waters and green pastures restored his soul, and after that, came the paths of righteousness. Go somewhere by the sea for a week or fortnight—say fortnight to begin with—and just drink in a long, deep draught of nature. I need such a refreshing, and so must

you, for you are an odd mixture of Stewart and Bethune. You will save time and money, health and usefulness—I do not say life, for you are of strong vital fibre. * * * * * * * May 15, 1884.—Now, young woman, if you practice on me this summer, you must go to old Stornay at Hazeltine's and select one or two of those copies or photographs of Denner's old women (he had several here, but I did not get any), and just study them, till you get the theory of *age* well grounded. Age means goodness or badness, love or hate, rest or unrest, patience or impatience, faith or doubt, hope or despair. It means the patience of a blessed hope or the philosophy of fatalism. If you can paint the inside of me on the outside of me, well and good, but the "Sairy Gamps" you usually produce are a libel on a respectable mother, and as to your poor father, such roués and venerable dudes and helpless inebriates as you make of him, are too much altogether. * * * * * I do not wonder that your concert opened the flood-gates. I never heard any great thing of Wagner's but the "Flying Dutchman," which was none too well put on the stage or accompanied, and yet I did not sleep for two nights afterwards. His music is, as you once said of Carl Marr's drawing, "tight," a certain *perfection* that is too perfect for this out-of-joint world.

The family are all talking about the failure, and the statement that all F——'s money and her father's too have been swept away. Fine relations may be very fine, but when they ruin one altogether it's paying too dear for finery. Well, in my half century of life I have seen as many people come down like sticks as I have seen go up like rockets. Those that stay up are the exceptions. * * * Your Uncle D. says when you are through practicing on me you

may try him. If you do as well as you do for your father, you will make a water tramp of D——.

Ever your loving

MOTHER.

To M. B. S.: January 15, 1884.

Keep your manners and cultivate your mind and your heart. Especially try to attain sincerity; that alone will give true dignity. Truth is force. I used to think that a rush was the most prevailing force, but I have changed my mind. A steady pressure is the strongest power, after all, and the truth is always that. * * * March 26, 1884. —The Thompson Home is hurrying on to completion, and it will be a noble monument. Poor dear Mrs. Thompson prayed—or rather gave thanks in her prayer—"that, one to whose heart this work was so dear was seeing the desire of her eyes." Was it not sweet in her to be glad for *me*. My present hope is for a mission house on Franklin street. Our school does so well that the influence of the teaching is being felt all through the neighborhood, and even recognized. * * April 8, 1884 (Wedding Anniversary) —Your sweet little letter came to-day, and your father and I read it with a pang of blessed self-reproach, for we, poor people, had been unobservant of the day. The truth is, I was really sick in bed with a hard influenza. It struck me like a blow. All last week I had been hard at work cleaning closets, writing an important report, changing my laundress, attending board meetings (two, no, three, in one day, and the first two hours long), and every day I was saying to myself, "Mamie has not had her letter yet." I hope you do not think that, because your father and I neglected to keep our wedding day, we are people of no sentiment—*au contraire*, it was more honored in the breach

than in the observance. We have gone through life not always patient, but always faithful. The other day I read "Mr. Isaacs," a very queer novel by Marion Crawford. In that, there was the deepest, truest estimate of love that I almost ever saw. Here are we, with faded hair and wrinkled faces, holding hands sometimes—not because of love as a sentiment, but because of love as a principle. * * * December 12, 1884 (Birthday Letter).—It is quite a number of years ago that you made your small mark on the family register, and Duff was called in with the rest to see the new sister. His generous impulses were all alive, also his spendthrift tendencies, and Belle and he rushed to the market, ere you could have been said to have taken a breathing spell, and having broken their bank to accomplish it, the two bought you a dancing bear and any amount of candy—on which, later in the day, they surfeited themselves. There have been birthdays and birthdays, but none more distinguished than that celebrated by the dancing bear. Considering how you and Duff have continued your warfare, he certainly did his best to watch over the first month of your life. Every morning at 5 o'clock his little fat feet would carry him straight to your cradle, to make sure you were there; and a certain day when you had been taken under my wing, and Duff found your shell empty, he gave one look of misery at what he knew was the realization of his worst fears, that I shall never forget. Certainly you were a funny baby, and a brilliant one, but *not* a beauty. Once when you were a year old Dr. Stebbins went up to your cradle, and viewing your exceptionally long head, remarked, "You don't expect to raise *that* baby?" She was, however, just the one I did expect to raise. * * * * * * * * January 29, 1885.—My next move is to address an open letter to the Board of

Education, asking that sewing be taught in the public schools, but I need to gather my wits together before I write it. * * * February 14, 1885.—I think it will be only when personal responsibility presses upon her that she will awake to see deeper and think deeper of the every-day things of life; and it is after all the every-day things that tell in a life. To be sure, they are stupid and trifling and belittling to your mind, but they are duty, and mean self-sacrifice for you and comfort for those you love. The older I grow the less I think of doing some *great* thing. If you notice, the Gospels all tell the story of our Lord's helpfulness to those who needed Him by the words, "While he was in the way." * * * Feb. 24, 1885.—Oh, my child, take my word for it, the book of God is the open door to a new and progressive life that is so far beyond simple mental development that I look with a sad pity upon those whose minds have been stultified by an unregenerate heart. I have been reading George Eliot's Life. How this shows the hollow emptiness of mere intellect! At one time she had an intense religious fervor; but fervor and feeling and sentiment are not enough—unless these are built upon the strong and sure foundation of the Word of God as a lamp to our path. And what is the word of God? It is the principle of faith as the fundamental mainspring of every action of our lives, given us in such words as the Holy Spirit can alone interpret. How wonderfully clear Dr. Pentecost made this to me! I sometimes look back over all the crookedness and crossness of a day that I have lived in my own strength, and am filled with shame. * * * March 19, 1885.—Lent has set in, and the services go on very frequently. One thing I like greatly in the Episcopal church—it recognizes the types of Christ and the doctrines, and Miss Smiley teaches them with great

fidelity. I never before wished that I had my life to live over again, but I do now, for if I had filled it full of the joy of the knowledge of the Word of God, I would have had no reason to say with the preacher, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Oh, my child, study your Bible, that you may be able to see God's great plan of love to us. It seems to me the only worthy study of life. * * *

May 22, 1888.—I felt as if I had deserted you, dear, yesterday, but I wanted to do what was best. As my father used to say, "*Deo volente*," we will do some more work—and, God willing, it will be better done than before. May He who never slumbers nor sleeps have you ever, poor lonely child, in His tenderest keeping. Claim your rights to all he promised you.

Always your loving

MOTHER.

To R. S. S.: November 1, 1886.

My Own Dear Son—Monday morning seems to come around oftener than once a week, but it is always a day for beginning a letter to you. We were greatly pleased with your last epistle, and like your idea of making a memorandum of what you wish to tell or say. To write a good letter is an art that, like all arts, improves under cultivation. There are various kinds of letters—in some you exchange family news; in others, gossip; in others, a detail of your everyday life, what you do; in others, what you think. Perhaps these and letters of feeling are the highest type of writing. One grows away from what one says or feels or thinks, but a boy's ("man's!") everyday doings are very dear to his mother's heart. We were so pleased with your description of the fall coloring of the trees that you saw on that long walk. Nature has always a new page for

one who loves her. She enters into my own soul and speaks to it with the voice of God. The world of nature, the fields, the sky, the water, the hills, the mountains, rest me as the green pastures and still waters did the Psalmist, the Lord, through them, *restoring* my soul, and then comes the paths of righteousness. * * * * * I hope P. will send me his *Exonian*. Put my name or yours down as a subscriber. It is in P.'s blood to edit a paper—indeed, I have *always* thought he would take to journalism; but I would warn him against beginning too early. Let him get his good scholarly foundations under him, for they are what he is to build his life on. Of course, I mean his mental life. His moral and spiritual life must be laid stone by stone, with those sure principles that are founded upon the Rock of Ages, and so be a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, who forever cries in our hearts to draw us nigh unto God our Father through Jesus Christ our elder brother. * * * * * Harry gave a very pleasant account of your brilliant color and hearty appearance, and your "exceedingly pleasant rooms." I pray God, my own dear boy, that I have done the right thing for you in sending you away. I am lonely enough without you. If you but live near the dear loving heart of our Saviour and Redeemer, and plead with Him His exceeding rich and precious promises, He will hold you in the hollow of His hand and guard you as the apple of His eye. No harm will come nigh you. The evil which is in the world cannot separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. Oh, if you might be granted to tell in your generation the old, old story, I would unceasingly thank God. * * * * * I need not tell you how hard it was for me to part with you, my youngest and my dearest child; but the more I thought of your life and its

necessary development, the more I became convinced that it was the right thing to do. I knew you would go where you would see sin, and it may be crime, for young men too often sow the wind and, alas! how many reap the whirlwind? But I know you have chosen the good part; and that prayer which our Lord prayed for "His own" is mine also for my own. "I ask not that they be taken out of the world, but that they be kept from the evil that is in the world." There is every kind of sin, but if you ask Him who has chosen you for His friend to aid you and keep you, He will send His own Holy Spirit to warn you of a subtle sly evil. And, oh! heed the slightest whisper of that still small voice, and turn away quickly; do not stop one second. Gross things, such as drink and debauchery of every kind, will and must offend you. You cannot regard them with anything but disgust. Set your face like a flint against them for yourself and for others; for "he who knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Those poor wretches who inherit depraved appetites, and have had no other teachings than a bad example, have some excuse, but any excuse is a poor thing at best. Oh, day and night I commend you to Him who is able to keep you from falling. Study the word of God; make it the man of your counsels; attend church and prayer meetings; join a Bible class, and "*pray* without ceasing." On Friday you will be seventeen years old, and from this on you will come rapidly to man's estate. You must take care of yourself. You must be responsible for yourself to God and man. Your mother and father can no longer shield you. * * * * * * * * I wonder if I have made the best choice for you in your school. Charles says that Philips Exeter is a great place for *rich men's sons*. I have lived so long in the world and seen the evil influence of wealth

upon both old and young, that I would not choose the "rich" as the best associates for my children. They are too often "bumptious" or ungovernable, defiant of the very restraints that are for their best good, and unsatisfactory generally. I trust that in your experience you will not meet many such among your classmates. Under all circumstances remember that "worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;" and remember also, that in the providence of God your forefathers have always been of God's nobility, the excellent of the earth, enjoying a certain station in life as people of education and refinement. Not many of them have been very rich, but all have had enough, and to spare. I do not think money should be the first or greatest pursuit. If we seek the best things spiritual, God adds all these things, food, raiment, shelter, unto them. * * * May 6, 1887.—About your suggestion of a bicycle or a canoe—dear me! choose the one you will die by easiest. * * * May 11.—I shared your letter with the family. Every one expressed approbation of a bicycle. Duff inquired of Charles why he did not get one, and thought a physician "like me" should have one for night work. As he weighs over two hundred pounds, I do not think he had better indulge in anything but a tricycle. Fancy *him* "riding afoot," as the Irishman said. *Apropos* of bicycles, your father and I have been noticing the bicycle accidents. E. P. nearly killed himself by riding down Fort Hill at Mackinac, on a bicycle, etc. Mary says if she had a brother "loon" enough to undertake such an enterprise he had better finish his career early. * * * June 20, 1887.—And now, my dear boy, I commend you to God and our Saviour Jesus Christ (who is the God of Providence), and pray that you may be led of the Spirit and kept from all evil; that all your scholarship may be

used for His honor and glory; that *He* who is the all in all may so fill your heart with courage and rest and peace in Him that you will know all the joys and blessings of a son of God. I often think of the hour when we rowed over that stormy water two years ago. We were certainly very near death and in imminent danger, but while we feared and expected a watery grave, we had no fears beyond that we might have gone to Heaven by water. Now, I expect the same courage and dependence on your part that there was then.

Ever your loving mother,

ISABELLA G. D. STEWART.

The following letter to her brother, "gone to the war," from its graphic description of home scenes and the quiet playfulness and humor which pervades the whole, is so characteristic that no apology is needed for reproducing it here. It will be seen by the preface that its publication in the *Messenger* occurred many years after it was written.

Dear Messenger—During a recent visit to Grosse Pointe we chanced to discover an old letter, describing the early experiences of a pioneer among the residents of that now popular summer resort. Thinking that the account of a state of things so different from the present may interest our readers, we have obtained permission to publish it.

* *

"Rest Cottage," Grosse Pointe,
July 18, 1863.

* * * If I had not promised to tell you when and how we came to the Pointe, I fear this letter would remain unwritten, for if truth is stranger than fiction, so are facts than fancy. Look up to the pleasant name mother gave my humble little house, that is as "snug as a bug in a rug." "Snug" sounds very pretty, but for a person of my feet

and inches it is not always so handy. At all events, I am extremely comfortable, now that I am here; but the getting here—that was the rub!

My lord and master has no "natural faculty" for anything below the practice of medicine, and yet I cannot help going to him with my small worries. I may be disappointed seventy times seven, and yet, in spite of every experience, I will insist upon leaning upon him, though half the time he is a broken reed and the other half a sharp stick in the way of assistance, and after each failure on his part I find myself making every possible excuse for him and endless reflections upon myself for my own absurdity. As usual, I talked over with this chief counselor my plans for moving upon the following Monday and Tuesday—explained how I would have my washing done in town on Monday, because "at the Pointe there was no water in the cistern," but would like a couple of men and a team to take out bedsteads, bureaus, trunks and the first thousand and one accessories to a family, and settle them in the house, while *la vieille Madame* and the children would come out on Tuesday by *a hack*, on which day the team and men could bring out all the thousand and two matters remaining—such as cooking stoves, tubs, pails, etc. Of course there is *everything* to remember, and *everything* means to a housekeeper a great deal more than you dream of in your philosophy.

Saturday at tea no engagement of the men had been made, and as men are at a premium this year, I began to grow uneasy, but in the evening my helpmeet saw Monderie, and came home with the pleasant assurance that all would be right for the move on Monday morning; so I sought to fit myself by a Sabbath's quiet for all the work that was to be crowded into the coming week. It was

after seven o'clock Monday morning that I was awakened from a most sound and delightful sleep by the voice of Kate, the housemaid, saying, "Mrs. S——! Mrs. S——! there are *five* men and two teams, and they want to know if you are all ready to load up." Load up, indeed! With what? A red-hot cooking stove and a steaming boiler? I rushed to the Doctor for an explanation, but he looked vague and uncertain. Then I called a council of war, and Monderie assured me that he had informed the Doctor that two teams were *better* than one, that he could have the two this day, but that he could not get them again for a long time—that as the Doctor said "Very well," he supposed that would do. Here was a clincher, and the Doctor being thoroughly cornered, took the offensive and declared that for his part he could not see any particular difference between two men and one team two days and five men and two teams one day, except the extra man. The obviousness of this remark was almost too much for me, though I had presence of mind enough to reply that "to climb out of a window and to be pitched out were similar, in so far that one got out of the window." Whereupon the Doctor turned helpless, and left me to do as I pleased in the premises, but to my mind there was no alternative. With such an army of men to be had or lost—"it might be for days and it might be forever,"—there was nothing for me but to go forward, which I did with a will, and by three o'clock I was at the Pointe with all my effects *but those I left behind me.*

The children and Madame came up in a hack. I sprang into the buggy, and drawing a tight rein over old Maje, reached the cottage in time to superintend the loads I had sent three hours before. While driving up the gravel road it flashed across my mind, "If those carpenters have got

through their work, locked up the house and gone to town, will not that be a state of things for consideration?" And true enough, the cottage and its down-south kitchen were both locked as tight as locksmiths could do it. This difficulty was soon surmounted by Fritz effecting an entrance through a pane of glass, and I had my loads of miscellaneous household property nearly put in place, when I saw the Doctor with the fiery black Jack sweeping up the road like a hurricane. The two red spots in the horse's nostrils glowed like living coals, and he looked like the steed of the Prince of Darkness. In his hand the Doctor waved the missing keys, and seemed rather appalled at my unconventional entrance into the new home. Towards night I discovered I had a pin-cushion and no pins; an inkstand and no ink; foolish virgin-like, a lamp and no oil; and last and worst, a cooking stove and no cook. About three o'clock Peter Copper arrived with all the children and Madame, hungry, but inexpressibly happy to think that at last they were going to sleep at Grosse Pointe. The house was organized by putting up stoves and bedsteads, and at nine P. M. I laid my over-burdened head upon my bolster, inasmuch as my pillow was in town.

All that night my mind was hard at work, and I got so little sleep that we were all up by five o'clock, and commenced a canvass for breakfast. We had bread and cake, but no meat. M—— was dispatched to forage the country for eggs, and eventually returned with a couple of dozen. The meal well over, a general course of straightening up took place. Kate, the housemaid, was decidedly mulish because the cook had not come out when she did, but preferred (without consulting the mistress, of course) to accompany Fritz, when he brought out the missing links of the S—— household. Consequently I looked anxiously townward for

symptoms of the queen of the kitchen. The butcher came and brought us meat; the Bours sent vegetables and fruit. I hailed a load of wood and bought it, captured a man and had a load of water drawn, and then watched for Fritz and his co-laborer. Twelve o'clock came, then one, and no sign of extraneous aid. Three hungry children must be fed; we filled them full, and watched the lake shore road with an interest that began to be alarming. Could Maje, that brave old beast, have broken his leg? Maybe the Doctor was sick; some calamity might have overwhelmed mother and father. By five o'clock my heart was in my mouth. I would go to town if I went afoot; when just at the gate I saw a bustle and stir. It was Fritz, his *retroussé* Dutch nose flaring with indignation. He was on foot, his right hand holding the reins of that prince and paragon of four-footed animals, Maje, who came in his satin coat, as if to a festival, stepping off in his prompt, decisive way, like a steed of royal blood, and dragging after him, as if not aware of the incumbrance, a big lumber wagon, Fritz, a perverse and pugnacious cow, six barrels, two boxes, and a general stock of indiscriminate litter. When I flew to the rescue I found that the cook had been too genteel to ride out in such a vehicle; that the cow turned rebellious, and backed and balked in the most aggravating manner. The rest of the story must be told in Fritz's own English (or Dutch), as he stood dirty, tired, indignant and short of language, still holding the reins of the horse and the rope, and gesticulating as only an angry Dutchman could. I had asked him, perhaps forcibly, what had kept him so long. All at once he burst out:

"I nefer see such mens as te Doctor. He donno noddings! Ho he dinks I go mit a cow and a horse? Efery mens laughs at dot Dutchmans mit a horse dot pulls to dis

vay and a cow vot runs avay! I valks all de vay. I been comin' since tens o'clock. I shust so tired as I kain be. I nefer see such tings in all my life! I holds de horse, and I pulls de cow. Was fur he dells me put dot shtrap roundt de cow? Dree dimes she preak de shtrap and runs avay! How I pring Mary? She can no sit on *das*," and with a flourish of a very dirty hand, he indicated my side-saddle, which was perched on top of a barrel in the fore part of the wagon. "I been comin'—I mean, tens o'clock, and now I must been gone right pack again. I nefer had nodings to dinner—*nodings!* I valks all de vay! I holds de horse, I pulls de cow. I nefer see such mens as te Doctor—he don't know nodings at all!" And in his righteous indignation he flung loose the reins of the horse and the rope of the cow; then putting his dirty hands to his still dirtier face, he wept a pint of very dirty tears, and stamped his feet, and swore high Dutch with such genuine tragedy as would have made his fortune on any stage. Maje availed himself of his freedom to dash up to the house, while the cow, the festive cow, pranced through the open gate at a 2:40 pace townward, and waved her departing tail round the corner of the neighboring church. At this juncture Dutch oaths proved inadequate, and Fritz retired down the road with frantic speed, where he eventually recaptured that sweet and gentle animal, the cow, and returned exhausted. In the meantime I had followed Maje with his lumber wagon to the house, where, flinging myself on the steps of the piazza, I laughed till I cried.

When Fritz came back, cow in hand, to where I was sitting, I asked him, "What are in all your covered barrels?"

"Das!" he said; and he poured out a score or more of bantam chickens. "Das!" and out he jerked from the

second half a dozen ungainly Shanghai hens. "Das!" and out jumped a small dog. "Das!" and he lifted down the ice-cream pail, of which he carefully removed the cover, when out scrambled three cats without any tails.

"*Voilà le mènagerie!*" said Madame. I fed the poor hungry Dutchman, the result of which generous care being that we had no beefsteak for breakfast, and sent him off to town at once. Suddenly my attention was called to the fact that the Shanghai hens, the cats and the dog were regaling themselves out of the only pail of drinking water there was in the house; that a Brahma-Pootra chicken had expired; that while one bantam was engaged laying an egg in the water butt, the remainder had gone to roost on the stovepipe and pot handles; that Kate, the housemaid, was "hopping mad" because the cook did not come, and that the cow had broken through the fence and run away! On great occasions I come out. This was one, and I sailed elegantly through it, and went to bed to spend a sleepless night again. The fact is, every time I began to drop into a doze, the recollection of that unhappy Fritz came over me, and I laughed myself broad awake.

Wednesday at noon our cook came up with the horse, the pony and et ceteras enough to help us along considerably. In the afternoon of that day the poor Doctor also appeared, slightly crestfallen at Fritz's experience, and suggesting as an offset to Fritz's having taken seven hours, that *he* was only fifty minutes on the road. I could not forbear inquiring why he sent those tailless Manx cats up and received for reply: "If you had been forced to see those poor lonely wretches sit on the fence and wash their faces, you would not ask." * * *

Sabbath Noon, Oct. 31, 1886.

To the Rev. George Duffield:

My Dear Brother—We have just read your last letter to Mary D——. Did I not *know* that the Lord is good, I would be speechless. *He* orders aright. If it is life here with us, the world will be better and sweeter to us all, for my dear, dear boy's presence in it; if it is "length of days, even forever and ever," it will be heaven for him. * * * Nov. 11, 1886.—I care so little for the routine of life for myself, but am the veriest Martha for my family. I pray that you may all experience the power of Christ's love at this supreme hour, and that His strength and grace may supply *all* your needs, being able to say from the depths, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." * * * Nov. 18, 1886.—I am truly glad our dear boy's people are praying for him, and wait in hope. Of a surety we are come to a place where our faith cannot stand in the wisdom of men, but, blessed be His name, it *can* stand fast in the power of God; but before I ask Him to exert His special power, the pleading is that *His* will, His knowledge, His loving kindness may rule for us. It is such a comfort to know that his brave heart is willing to live against such physical odds. I am still planning to go to you. * * * May God in His mercy and loving kindness keep you all, the angel of the Covenant watch over your household until the morning breaks. * * * Nov. 20, 1886.—I have received your last letter to Mary, saying that S. W. D. has had a change for the better. As I understand his case, all reason is against his being healed, but all revelation makes it the possible of God, and I stand crying as did that poor afflicted father whose confession has rung through the ages, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Whatever the event of all our anxiety may be, of one thing I am

sure, our poor boy's trial of faith and patience will make a profound impression for good; nay, more, for the *highest* spiritual good. * * * Feb. 12, 1887.—My poor sister H—— is rapidly passing away, and—. Oh, George, I have not much courage left. Thank God, to-day I have been able to cry—to realize and accept it all, and pour out the tears of submission. "Shall not the Lord of all the earth do right," and is He not my Father, and ought we not to be —nay, *are* we not glad to know they are, or soon will be, beyond the power of sin and suffering, and knowing the joy of rest from the weary strife of flesh and spirit, in that blessed land where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick." Yesterday was my birthday; to-day I feel old, and drag my burden, tiring not of spirit, God be praised, but, oh, our sorrow is from sin, and I am weary of *its* power in the world.

Your loving sister

BELLE.

Letters to S. W. D.: February 12, 1887.

My Own Dear Boy—It makes so little difference whether this world's battle goes for or against us, if in the end we win immortal life. Oh! I can't say it. At all events I shall think of you and your joy if you leave us, and be glad the dear Lord has you safe and close and comforted in his sure arms, and *know* that sin nor sorrow nor struggle nor strain can ever break your dear grand heart. Oh, my boy, I love you so. I have whispered to myself, "Do not fear, always hope," but I have held your life with a light hand, that is, I have thought so; but now I want to get to my knees and pray that if I *must*, I may be able to let you go and wish you joy. Ever since your letter and George's that gave us such a gleam of hope, I have been

incapable of writing, and I feared I might say some wrong word. Over and over, that line of your sparrow song came into my mind, "Full of all weary weakness," and has wrung my heart. I know what it is to come back with every nerve bare to the cold and heat and dampness and the dryness, and I know, too, how awfully the mind is colored and discolored by the body, and so I have prayed that you might have *strength* for your day and hour; that you might, by one supreme effort, lay *all* before the Great Physician, and *on* Him who says "*cast* thy burden;" and have almost seen your quick, imperious spirit *fling* the crushing thing off, not with impatience, but the joy of rescue and relief, the joy of faith. My heart aches so, and my eyes are so blind with distress, that—(See Habakuk 2:1). * * * * * * March 2 and 3, 1887.—I cannot tell you why my hand has been holden and I have not written to you, for you are never out of my thoughts and prayers. I am at this moment at my dear —— house. Her children are with her at this writing, but within an hour or two at the furthest I must close her eyes in death. She goes home to her Father's house, to a mansion prepared for her. I am very fond of her, so fond that I would not hold her back. Her children are deeply devoted to her. Through all the long hours of the night that is passed I have had you always before me. Everything I did for —— has been in a figure for you. * * Thursday A. M.—It was just as I said above. Her children stood around her, while I prayed that she might find that Jesus could make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are. "The wrench that set her free" was but a slumbering over into a better home. I then did what I could for the dear children (they are all men and women). I had started the day with sorrow of heart for you all, and your

father and yourself and —— and her dear ones seemed a great many for the arms (poor, feeble things) of my faith; and then as a mercy, nay, as a blessing from Him who loves us, came your dear letter and Hattie's. Your uncle is answering it at this moment. Oh, my boy, I cannot bear to lose you. Oh, I pray my Heavenly Father that He will spare me a little that I may recover my strength ere I go hence. I do not understand it at all; but, as dear old Dr. Cooper said, "The Lord Jesus makes no mistakes." He knows—He knows—and round our ignorance is His knowledge. I must go now to ——. My eyes are blind with tears, my heart affrighted, my hands trembling, and I must seize a moment to stay my soul by looking unto Him who is the author and *finisher* (Oh, God be praised that my Saviour is responsible for the *finishing* of my faith), for it's the homestretch that tries the poor beast that runs to win. Love and thanks to dear Hattie. God ordered her letter to reach me just when it did. * * * Monday, March 7—10 A. M.—The darkest hour is always nearest dawn. To-day there is more brightness in life because of your words. Last week I felt as if I were to bury you all. I had a procession as long as a dinner list, and when it came to a crêpe bonnet and veil, it was the last ounce. I *would not* put on the latter. If I did not wear that thing I could look beyond the present, but with that dragging my head and heart back into the bitterness of it all—it was too much. * * * I am so glad you are looking into all the wonderful powers of body as well as soul that we possess in Christ Jesus. I am intensely conservative, and distrust upside down words, but I want *every* right I can claim in Christ. I propose to go in and possess that land, even if upside down people do jostle me. Do you notice how strong the trend of mind is in the channel of mystic

thought? Now, I am no mystic, and am afraid of too much quietism, even although I would be tempted to have my son lapped about and lulled by the down of their dreamy languor; but there is too much to do in speeding the Gospel—it is all significant of a great transition time.

Ever your loving AUNT BELLE.

To Mrs. S. W. D.: June 18, 1887.

* * * * * I often, nay, constantly, think of you and my brother, in your empty house, and how all real living must seem ended. I mean the living of feeling and sentiment. Of course this is not right. Life is not, and should not be, based upon feeling. How often I gird myself with those words—strong, imperious, helpful as none other—"*Leaving* the things that are behind, I press *forward.*" I promised you that when the grass was green above him we so dearly love, I would let you know. Last night I drove out to our "God's acre," and reached the spot just as heavy rain began to fall. It seemed to me I never saw so beautifully made a grave—like a great slab of turf from which every springing blade spoke to Him of him. How peaceful and restful and beautiful all was, and I thanked God there was such a home here for us all. * *

Always the loving AUNT BELLE.

The following letter, written shortly after the death of her father to a lady much her senior in age, explains itself. The date is not given.

My Dear Mrs. —— I left you in such haste to-night that I quite forgot to bring away the Unitarian book you offered me. I confess I would be glad to see it, and am sorry my mind cannot look into it to-night while our con-

versation is fresh. I send you a book that has given me great pleasure, and I have no doubt you will enjoy it also, "The Soul, Instinct and Life." It has always been my pleasure to believe that each human soul, each *immortal* soul, is as much the gift of God as was the first soul of mankind, even the soul of Adam. Nothing could have untied the knot that fastened it to the God-like body of our first Father in the flesh but sin; "*through sin came death.*" Dr. Payne does not venture into doctrines—they are not quite his province. But search with all the eyes science has, and she cannot find when the soul comes, how it goes. Therefore the revealed Word *must* be our guide. It comes, following all the laws of nature, all the orderings of Him who "orders all things from the beginning of the world," but it comes all the same *by the will of God*, just as it *goes by the will of God.* He works for every immortal being, the same great miracle he wrought for Adam. Our soul is God's special, personal, individual gift from Himself to each one of us. No materialism could change what is so thoroughly my faith, however specious it might be. Therefore, please send me the book, that I may see for myself, the confession of the poverty of knowledge of science of metaphysical research, *without* the aid and hope of revelation.

What unites the soul to the body? God's will. Speculation cannot get around that. Whence does it come? None but God knows.

Oh, as I saw how with a death grip the mechanism of his frail body held that immortal soul that took its flight ere the glory of the summer had come in, I realized, as never before, the utter poverty of philosophy—the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. When that fatal wrench came, that grand, brave head dropped forward, my heart

gave one great pang of joy; and amid the horror, the desolation, the wreck of my life, it cried out, "I give you joy, my darling!" What was my father's body? An ill-ordered thing at best; but his soul was past compare. It had been washed white in the blood of the Lamb. It shone through all the cumbering flesh with a lambent flame that showed the body was the temple of the Holy Ghost. No one could have called him possessed of any claim to beauty, no matter how slight, yet when we wrapped him in his winding sheet and laid him in his shroud, that poor, misshapen figure, that plain, plain face, took on it the glory of some grand old saint. What was it? Why was it? It was the impress that a purified soul had left upon that natural body, which I shall see no more either here or hereafter, for it will be raised a more glorious body; and the soul (that was my father to me) will have been one with Christ, ere He claims *it* as His own.

Oh, if I win Heaven at last, ere I see the King in His glory, I will hear my father say, "My child, my poor child!"

B. D. S.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER ON THE LOSS OF THE PROHIBITORY AMENDMENT.

* * I feel deeply the loss of the prohibitory amendment. It is not a question to be reasoned upon, it is a principle of dire necessity. We have fallen on times of *dire necessity*, upon times when men tell us they cannot resist their appetites. If they tell us the truth, then such poor weak things need protection; if they tell a falsehood, and can not resist their appetites because they *will not*, then decent people must protect themselves the best they can. It is all very well to say let men destroy themselves if they

want to do so. But a boy is not a man. A lunatic is a madman. A child born with the brand of a drunken father upon him, is the charge of the State or county after he has worn a good mother's life away. Oh, I cannot bear to talk about it. Liquor drives me to a frenzy. I went to see poor Mrs. —— the other day. Her son cannot live long. He is out of his head—in addition to his other troubles—which is sad for a mother to bear. I have watched poor mothers with their trials and cares, and I have groaned at the thought of the deadly inheritances poor fathers have left to their children—an insatiable appetite for strong drink and an unsettled brain.

Miscellaneous Writings.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE 12TH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMEN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE NORTHWEST PRESBYTERIANS.

LADIES—Nay more—let me say Friends and Co-workers in the cause represented here to-day: It is not only a duty imposed upon me, but a great pleasure, to welcome you to dear old Detroit—to offer you the best our hearts and hands can give, presenting you the freedom of our city, welcoming you to hearth and home and tabernacle of God, beautified for your coming by the loving hands of those who worship at its altar.

On this, the twelfth anniversary of our women's work, we are glad to say, come and be one with us—come and abide with us—let our homes be your homes during the brief space allotted for the consideration of the great problem before us, because one hope and purpose is in us all.

Need I define it? The world's statistics are large—alas, yet more are they heavy and disheartening. Let us eschew them numerically, and take on trust the little segment of the world that the charts mark with the white emblem of Christian purity. It is so *small* a portion that it illustrates even after all effort, that the *field* is the world.

The vastness of the field, and the magnitude of the labor would be appalling, had we not the prototype in the vision of the prophet Daniel.

"I saw and behold a tree in the midst of the earth, and the height thereof was great—the tree grew and was strong, and the height thereof reached unto Heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth; the leaves thereof were fair, and the fruit thereof much, *and in it was meat for all.* The beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of the heavens dwelt in the boughs thereof, and all flesh was fed of it!"

Our Lord himself gave the interpretation, when he said: "The kingdom of Heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field—which, indeed, is the least of all seeds—but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

God planted His mustard seed in human nature—in Jesus Christ—the Holy Spirit is ever planting and nourishing Jesus Christ and faith in His redeeming love in our hearts—and we need only to give it room to grow till the believing soul becomes a tree.

Has not he who of all sinful men, sounded the deepest depths of the deep things of God, told us "that the communication of thy faith may become effectual by the acknowledging of every good thing which is in you in Christ Jesus?"

To believe on the Lord Jesus Christ may look too little, but the least thread of truth is full of undreamed-of possibilities. If *we* have but the genuine love, and sow it here and there over the great field; if we hide the gospel in every kingdom of the earth, and pray that it have room and power to grow—the great branches of each believing life that has truly lived Christ's love will be a shelter, to which all world-wearied, sin-stained souls may fly for sympathy, help, teaching, guidance and strength. Sow, therefore, O

sower, with tears of thanksgiving for the seed itself; and wait that harvest where the blessed angels are the reapers.

Women have a rare right of service in this field, for the one-half of the field is made up of women—women like ourselves in all save the great fundamental principles of a soul's life and being—a soul's freedom—the free will of the knowledge of good and evil. We must ask of God and man that they have from henceforth the inalienable right of choice, and to cause them to become sowers in their turn. And it is curious to see amid all this unusual gathering how intuitively you—my sisters—my *Presbyterian* sisters—have recognized that in Christ there is liberty. The women of His Church have in this great transition time been quickened by a vital impulse of growth. The pulse of a new and better and deeper purpose of life throbs through your souls this day.

In a simple, womanly fashion you have come independently to believe that, when St. Paul said "Ye may *all* prophesy one by one—that all may be comforted;" the words limiting this permission, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," were but a command to be silent under special circumstances, and implied liberty to speak in others.

A precept to be silent *in the church* can by no ingenuity be made to *impose silence in the world*, from the hour, now well-nigh nineteen centuries ago, when the first Mary—blessed among women—with prophetic outcry proclaimed, "His mercy is on them that fear Him, from generation to generation," because of her coming Redeemer. Nor yet from the day when another Mary, with the foresight of faith, broke for His burial the box of precious ointment (ere His less discerning disciples had consented to believe that He could die), and later in His history went seeking

with wistful eyes to find at the sepulchre the key to the mystery of a conquered grave. Though she departed thence unsatisfied, did she not return again with the birth-pang of faith upon her, weeping sore with her pain, which indeed was but the travail of hope, until she heard the throb of the living child of her soul in that simple everyday word of her life, "Mary." What wonder she was swift to turn and answer, "Rabboni!" and would fain have clasped Him to her heart. Recall, oh my sisters, how Jesus said unto her, "*Touch* me not, but *go* and *say*."

This was not her commission alone, but ours through all the ages. To teach Christ, is more His will than to touch Him. She, a weak, but faithful woman, was the first messenger of the risen Lord; sent straight to the poor coward who had denied Him; sent with the words of his pardon and the good tidings of His near ascension "to my God and your God."

History repeats itself. This old world is well nigh at the end of its sixty centuries since God's Sabbath of rest from creation—and there are those who wait in hope for the long rest of Christ's glory and presence on earth, when the enemy will be shut and sealed away in the great pit. And those who watch, with lamps trimmed and burning, for the hour which no man knoweth—not even the angels of God—when the bridegroom cometh; whisper often in tones of assurance, "It can't be long now."

Thus, by some subtle impress of the Spirit, women begin to look for the thing spoken of by Joel, the prophet, and reiterated in that wondrous sermon of St. Peter to "the hundred and twenty believers" (of whom so large a portion were women), "who were with one accord in one place."

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I

will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," *i. e.*, understand and explain the mysterious, hidden sense of Scripture by an immediate illumination and motion of the Spirit."

With the simple dignity of their royal birth, Christian women have taken the right, the equal right, to be teachers and helpers of men. They have gone to the battle field, the camp, the hospital, to the drunkard and the drunkard's home, to the navies of England, to the slums of America. They have gathered the orphans, the friendless, the aged and the suffering children. They have taught in the prison and in the Sabbath schools; and in these later days they feel that all is not enough, that the shadow of a great destiny is coming upon them. And we hear of them taking counsel on every side, as you are this day, for the service of the King.

When of old you read: "The Lord gave the Word; great was the company of those who published it," *the words* seemed but the refrain of the psalmist's poetical thanksgiving. Now, with deeper insight, you know they are a prophecy of the last times, whose fulfillment is in the near future—that it means: "A great host of women who publish the glad tidings of Christ's love and mercy and kingly coming."

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him;" to know His covenant, His whole covenant, until He cometh in the glory of His Father, with the holy angels.

Let us walk equal to our privileges and worthy of our vocation; hastening that time; ranging ourselves in ranks as the reserved corps to be called to the front in the hour of the final struggle and triumph of our Redeemer's kingdom; knowing that before such "glory the kings of armies did flee, and she that tarried at home divided the spoil."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO A CONVENTION OF THE M. W. C. T. UNION, HELD IN DETROIT, DURING FEBRUARY, 1875.

Ladies—In behalf of a band of quiet but determined workers in the cause of temperance, I welcome you to-day. Our counsels and our deliberations may not be those of a mighty host, or have even the prestige of a strong hand, but "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong." We welcome you here this day, to record with us a protest against an evil that bids fair to sap the life-blood of this Nation, and we know that the protest of a minority that fears God and desires to obey the law is potent for good, for it finds an echo in the heart, the conscience, the observation, the common sense of every intelligent man, woman or child in this and all communities. The still small voice that cannot be utterly stifled responds to the truth and necessity of our declaration.

The living wrecks that founder in our streets, the best beloved, the brightest in the highest walks of life, show how the trail of the serpent has sapped their strength or marred their beauty. Even the dead speak for us. Their green graves on that hillside city which is all their own, warn those who thread the mazes of its silent labyrinths that there, too, sleep hundreds, aye, thousands, the victims of a monster whose corrupting breath adds horror and disquiet to death. From many pulpits have come spoken words to old and young, bold, clear, forceful notes of admonition. But, alas, there have been aching, silent voids even among these altars of hope—a silence that has been construed, nay, we believe, misconstrued, more than

once, into consent of wrong. Let us pray God that a clearer light may shine upon the pathway of all who lead us in the ways of righteousness.

We have cause to know that in this State the principles of total abstinence have fallen upon good ground, and will everywhere bring forth good fruit; but on the women of Michigan rests the burden of a duty imposed of God. Less than a year ago, moved by one mighty impulse of faith and consecration, they looked to an ever-present Saviour for help and guidance in this temperance work; and we have faith to believe that it is not in a woman's nature to yield a point of duty. Opposition but intensifies her intent. She may be wounded, she may be beaten, she may be slain, but she lives and dies unconquered, believing that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. She perseveres, for she knows that she—or her example—will breed up a generation that will carry forward to its fruition the purpose of her life. This is a great transition time in the history of temperance. Let us unitedly ally ourselves more firmly than ever to the cause, and the cause alone—and plead that God will give "Wisdom and a sound mind" to those who rule over us—that they may order all law for the best good of this people.

May a just and merciful God so order our counsels that from all quarters of this State we shall ask in His name our law givers and law makers to protect those who are indirectly the greatest sufferers from the demon of drink, the women and children.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. GILLMAN.

More than fifteen years ago, at the organization of the Ladies' Christian Union, a society designing to do Christian work—Mrs. E. M. Gillman was named Corresponding Secretary, but with the rare self-abnegation which characterized her whole life, she turned to Mrs. —— and said: "If you will only allow your name to go before the public, I will gladly do every line of the work." This proposal could not be accepted, but Mrs. Gillman became Recording Secretary and Mrs. —— the Correspondent of the society, and for eight years these two women wrought as with one impulse for the organization and perfecting of the Home of the Friendless. Its work was detailed, its business systematized, its large usefulness anticipated. The younger woman of the two, looking back as she does this day, to these small beginnings, realizes with more intenseness than ever before how the grand faith of her friend stimulated into positive work the energies of their little company.

Mrs. E. M. Gillman was born to wealth and station; was reared in luxury; was educated with scrupulous care; was married under the happiest auspices, and spent the first decade of young motherhood, with every surrounding her heart could desire; and then step by step came such sore trials, such weird and bitter tests of her intrinsic goodness and greatness, that we did homage to her as the greatest of those who were "Martyrs without the Crown and Palm." Her thorough education, her large nature, her great trials, rallied about her staunch and faithful friends. To rear her ten children, became the indomitable purpose of her life; and yet withal she found time to comfort those who were in affliction, to help the poor, to lay deep and wide the

foundations for aid to them, long after her willing hand was resting from its labors.

There was *heroic* greatness and goodness about this woman; a subtle strength that was like the aroma of flowers. She "took no moan upon her mouth" — "she let no tears run smooth" — she neither fainted nor faltered, and the larger the need of faith, the stronger became her faithfulness. Her rapidly failing health prevented her being present at the dedication of our new Home, but she was contented *not* to see the fruition of her plans.

> "'Tis somewhat to have known
> One woman in this sorrowful bad earth,
> Whose very loss can yet bequeath to pain
> New faith, new worth."

Looking back upon her life, and forward to her home on high, we remember how she "counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." The refiner's fire had but purified in the crucible of flesh the rare metal of her spirit, till it reflected the image of Him who was her "all in all." Life had been more bitter than death, and to-day we know she stands among those of whom the angels said: "These are they which come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in His temple."

Tenderly, on the 7th of December, did her six sons bear all that was mortal of Eleanor Gillman to the grave's mouth, and lay it to rest therein in the sure hope of a blessed Resurrection.

I. G. D. S.

MY FIRST SABBATH SCHOOL CLASS.

I was a girl of fourteen (but quite too tall for forty), when Mr. S. came to me and asked if I would take charge of a class in his Sabbath-school. After some urging I finally consented, not because I was in any way fitted for the situation, for I knew better than that. I was not a Christian, and there was nothing womanly about me save my extra feet and inches. I was a simple, honest, impulsive child, with no airs and graces, and this work had come to my hand to do. Therefore I promised that if Mr. S. would assume the responsibility of all future failure, I would do what I could.

On the next Sabbath, two o'clock found me at the —— African church, where, drifting with the tide of scholars and teachers, I entered a dirty, dark, long, low-ceilinged room (underneath the church), which was used during the week as a colored school; and from its general air, odor and untidiness, did not seem ever to have enjoyed ventilation or the benefits of a broom. The seats were hacked and bumped and broken—even the very floor was as full of ups and downs as some people's lives, and the walls a mystery that to this day I have not solved. Whether it was dampness, or dirt, or the contact of woolly heads, or a chronic kind of colored mouldiness, or a variety of shades of white, yellow or brown wash, I never knew. Suffice it that the whole place was inexpressibly dreary, forsaken and forlorn. In point of discipline, the school really did not seem to have any—everything went, in Yankee parlance, "higgledy-piggledy." There were complexions of every color, from a coal black to a morbid yellow, and all ages, from the old grandfather of eighty to the baby of a few

months. In the way of discipline, Brother M——, who was not only the clergyman on Sabbath, but the school-teacher during the week, would remorselessly kick the urchins' shins, or seize two woolly heads and bump them together or against the seats with a thundering thud, and no child ever cried or resented this extraordinary Sunday exercise. I saw in five minutes that I had put my hand to a plow whose furrows must go through stubborn, strong, uneven soil enough before I was done with it, yet it never occurred to me to flinch. I could not but regret the hasty step taken, but that was all there was of it. A conscript in "the army of the Lord," I must fight like the most earnest volunteer of them all.

A quarter of an hour I spent seated quietly on a side bench, watching Mr. S., the superintendent, and Brother M——, the colored preacher, trying to bring some sort of order out of the chaos that surrounded them, during which time a chapter was read, a prayer offered, and a hymn sung. Then my friend came to me with a word of most cordial welcome, expressing the hope that I was "pleased with the appearance of the school," and finished by leading me up and introducing me to what he smilingly called "your class."

Before me, on a straight-backed bench, sat six large, stout women, whose ages, as near as one could reckon (for colored people), ranged from forty-eight to eighteen years. My young heart rather sprang into my mouth at this sight, but I bowed as easily as I could and took the chair handed me by the superintendent. Before he left us I asked, "Who has been their teacher before?" and received the answer, "Well, sometimes one and sometimes another." After that I thought it would be quite as well to examine

the individual appearance of my class before making any further demonstration.

The first person on the bench was a very black, thick, rough-skinned woman, with a straight nose, yellow teeth, a cold, stern eye, the white of which was bloodshot, and not the ordinary African feature; strong, thin, bony hands, bleached by labor. She was from forty-five to forty-eight years old; her clothes were respectable and decent, her demeanor forbidding and repellant. She looked at me as much as to say, "See here, you young slip of a thing, if you are coming here to teach, teach you shall. My Sundays are my own, and if I choose to spend them learning to read, I will have no fooling. I will see to you, my young Miss, and keep you up to time, you may depend upon that." And I did depend upon that. I taught her patiently for almost two years, and never drew from her the slightest manifestation of approval. I cannot say I liked her, yet I could never say I disliked her. I feared her as one might some strong-willed Mentor, but I taught my best for her. I helped her to help herself through the puzzling words, and she was an apt and faithful scholar. I found her name was Jane, and that was enough to know. Her companion on the left was a perfect contrast to Jane, for she had a skin as soft and smooth as a baby's, and as bright and brown and shining as a coffee berry fresh from the burner. Her nose was broad and flat, and every trait of her face that of the pleasantest type of negroes. She was good natured and kindly, always had a smile for me, and her white teeth beamed out light from a dark cloud. She was not quick to learn, but her hearty, agreeable manner made her a pleasant pupil. Always before the lesson began she would perch an immense pair of silver-bowed spectacles upon the broad bridge of her nose, heave a great

sigh, give an encouraging little nod, and go at a word as if it was the purpose of her life to spell it right. I never knew this woman's name, and she was therefore distinguished as the woman with the silver spectacles.

Then there came two other indifferent sort of creatures that I never knew apart. They were seldom both present at one time, and I could not tell which was absent. They came because it was the fashion to come. They picked up a letter here and a word there, but I fancy they were rather negative characters. I did my best for them, but what it amounted to at this day I cannot say. The fifth and last in the class was a most beautiful girl of eighteen or twenty. Her complexion was that rich, creamy yellow, through which shone flashes of rosy color, as if some magic lamp made lambent this rare but exquisite tint. So nearly white was she that, with a girlish love of romance, I called her Rebecca (after the lovely Jewess in Ivanhoe), and she answered to the name as kindly as if it had been given to her by her sponsors in baptism. She was not intellectual (although the extreme beauty of her face led one to think and believe she must be so), and many a time I have heard her spell, "W-w-w-w-o-o-o-r-r-r-l-l-l-d-d-d, w-o-r-l-d—righteousness."

I could never begin to recall or recount the absurd errors and blunders of the sort that were perpetually taking place in the class. There is no royal road to learning, but I am afraid I conducted these poor souls over the hardest kind of corduroy with my primitive instructions. During all the term of my teaching them I never saw the slightest visible improvement, unless it was that they miscalled letters a little less often. A sharp attack of illness reduced me to that pass that I was obliged to resign my class, but I took care that it fell into good hands before I was sent away to

school at the sea-side, and for two years heard no more of my five scholars. The friend in whose charge I left them was taken sick, and she transferred them to her sister, who in the course of time made them over to some one who was a total stranger. The unanimous report was, we have done the best we could, and we cannot see that they have made the slightest advancement.

Years passed on. I married, and soon found my hands full of a different kind of teaching. As my children grew older, I often told them of the poor colored women, who were so anxious to learn when they were old, and it was so hard for them that I thought they never had learned.

It was full twenty years after I commenced my colored instructions, when one morning, in the absence of the housemaid, I was dusting the parlor, and flung up the window sash to shake out my dusty silk handkerchief and let the warmth of the fresh May morning into the room. The noise caused a woman passing to look up. "Why," said she, "good morning, Missis; how be you?" "Very well, I thank you; I hope you are enjoying the same blessing." "Well, yes," said she, "I'm pretty tough; workin' hard seems to agree with me. I guess, Missis, you've forgot who I be?" There was nothing left for me but to confess the fact. Where had I seen her and known her? "Why, law, you was my Sunday school teacher, when you was a young bit of a thing, and you taught me to read." I threw up my hands in astonishment, and begged her to come in and tell me something of my old class. She accepted the invitation and sat down, looking pleased and happy as her memory fled back over the twenty years that had passed. The first person I asked for was Jane, for the woman had a kind of fascination to me; where was she? "Oh sakes," said she, "Jane's dead; she's been dead this

tree year. She was an awful hard working woman, and she just worked herself clean to death. She always said she would give her children good educations, and she did ; she sent her daughter to Oberlin, and she's done fust rate. Oh," she went on, "Jane was most a beautiful reader—if you could a heard her read the Testament, you'd a been glad you teached her. When there was sickness and death 'round, Jane never spared herself, and she was powerful in prayer. I never see but just one such woman, and that was Jane. And oh, she died so peaceable and happy, it was a blessed thing to see her. So you never heered Jane was dead ? Why, Missis, we always knowed all about you ; we knowed who was a waitin' on you when you come to be a young lady, and when you got married. Jane said you'd married a first class gentleman. She know'd all his folks down in New York State, and all about them, and she tho't you'd done well. She said, she was real glad. There was one spell there when we used to see you out in the carriage with that oldest boy of yourn, and I felt sure you was a-goin' to die. So I says to Jane, 'Long ago she was a slim thing with a cough, and I guess she's gone into a declined now.' But Jane said, 'No, not a bit of it; her eyes look lively yit, and she always was mighty parseverin'; she'll get right along. She ain't one of the kind to die if she's got a baby to take care of; you see she'll stay and tend to that fust—I know her.' But the tears comed into Jane's eyes, and says she, 'May the Lord bless and keep her, and make her faithful to the end.' Jane wasn't much of a talker, but what she said she meant, and maybe a black woman's prayer is as good as a white one's. When we see the carriage a gettin' fuller and fuller of little children, I thought Jane was about right, and you wouldn't git

much of a chance to die at that rate; and, Missis, you be a real stoutish looking woman, now that's a fact."

I laughed, though my eyes were brimful, and acknowledged the compliment. And then went on to ask after Rebecca.

"Well, now," said she, "she went to the bad long ago; there was no stoppin' her. Jane and I, we went to see her, and Jane she talked to her, but it wa'nt no use; she'd made up her mind to go, and so Jane said, 'You'd just got to let her.' Two of her children died of watered brains, and she got consumpted and dropped right off. Missis, she wa'nt a good, healthy color, though we all knowed you thought her extra."

"And now," I said, "what ever became of the woman with the silver spectacles?"

"Who ever!" said she, and thrusting her hand in her pocket, drew out and mounted on her nose the identical silver bows. In an instant there she sat, not a day older than she had seemed a score of years before. "So you didn't know me. Well, well, that is funny." And she indulged in the heartiest laugh possible; the very baby that had crept into my lap during the conversation joined in it.

"Oh," I said, "I am so glad it is you. Now tell me about yourself. Did you ever learn to read?"

"Oh, of course I did; you taught me that, tho' I never was no sich reader as Jane. But I've read my Testament so that a good deal of it comes mighty easy now. Oh, nobody don't know what a comfort it is after you've done a hard day's washin', to sit down and read a half a dozen verses or a chapter. I thought I was a pretty old woman when I began to learn to read, and it took me a sight of time to find out when I was right or wrong in miscallin' a

word, but I know now. I can't read the papers so well as I can the Testament, and I don't try much; I've done a sight of work in my time, but," said she, dropping her voice, "Missis, I've got so I can write some."

"Have you, indeed!" I exclaimed. "I am very glad. Will you write something for me?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure." And then she told me of their church and of a festival it was to have, and a great deal more that I found myself very much interested in; and after she left me I went about my daily tasks with the fresh, sunny, hopeful vigor of twenty years before.

About a week after seeing my old friend in the silver spectacles, a couple of inch-wide slips of paper, rolled in little tight rolls, were handed in at the door, and on my return from a drive the servant brought them to me without a word of explanation or comment. I undid them, and found they were cut from the blank leaf of an old copy-book. On one was written, in a trembling, though plain, hand, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."

On the other:

"We ought always to labor and not faint."

And below:

"Ples excus fur I bin washin'. S. S."

The true reading of the verse is pray. But had not her daily toil been a perpetual prayer? Had not the incense of her patient, faithful service ascended to the throne of God? She had but scant time to frame elaborate petitions; enough for her that over her wash-tub her labor had been "as to the Lord," and that He who searcheth the heart knew better than she could tell Him how genuine were longings to be "instant, in season and out of season, serving the Lord."

Rich, faithful heart! warm, glowing soul! Poor, plodding creature though she seemed, she could read and write the blessed promises, and my spirit rose in thanksgiving to our heavenly Father for having let me see for myself the full blessedness of the command and promise which I wrote below the poor, or rather rich (for had she not the full assurance of faith?) washerwoman's name: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it will return to thee again."

WHO CAN PROTECT THE CHILDREN?

We answer, promptly, our legislators—*and they alone.* We wish the gentlemen who make our laws would sit through a single Reference Committee meeting with us. It may be, their conscience would waken a little from the hopeless lethargy into which they have fallen as regards their duty to the helpless children. The theory of life is that parents love their children, but when drink takes possession of man or woman, the victim, the innocent, helpless victim of the demon of intemperance is invariably his or her child. We have known babies starved to death by a drunken mother's feeding them with whisky till their poor little brains were burned up. Broken heads or legs, or arms, are an everyday occurrence; broken backs happen more frequently than people in general suppose. Sometimes a desperate woman in fear of being killed outright, and illustrating on her bruised and discolored face and person the force of Sam Slick's aphorism, "There is a sight of wear in human nature," presents herself at the Home, children and all. We take her in, of course—nurse her oftentimes through a run of fever consequent upon her bruises—and more than once have seen the father, better say the

master, of this miserable family march them back to the bare walls and broken old stove that constitutes their *home.* The Reference Committee have, at present, the two following cases before them, and we commend them to the perusal of every man who, by his presence or his vote, can influence the making or unmaking of a law.

Mrs. H——, a pretty-looking young woman, with her young babe in her arms, came to Detroit in 1866 ; said her husband was in the State Prison in Cleveland, and told a long story of destitution and wretchedness ; she had a mother and one or two young sisters. This woman was helped, as was her mother, by nearly every prominent church in the city, individuals innumerable aided her largely, the poormaster fairly kept her on his books to save the perpetual repetition of the story (that no one believed) of her wasteful extravagance in the use of food, wood, etc. In time her health failed and she was sent to Harper's Hospital, and this summer, within a few weeks past, died of consumption at St. Luke's. The husband served his time out in the Cleveland prison, came to Detroit, and is now sentenced for a term of years to the Michigan State Prison. This convict, this felon, this depraved and debauched creature now confides his two children to a young woman utterly unfitted by her past or present life to bring them up with any regard to principle, and we women who could put these little ones into good homes where they would be surrounded by good and wholesome influences, must stand still and see them grow to womanhood in the pestilent dens of the city because there is no law for such a case. "The law presupposes mutual affection and regard between parent and child." "The law considers that the parent has the first right to his child." Are not the laws of morality a thousand times higher than any claim based upon blood?

Because a man's wife has borne him a child does this fact alone endow him with the right to make the little creature his slave in perpetuity? Does it give him the right to breed up a wretched, debauched, depraved, distorted, demoralized troop of children that, because they are his, he can order according to his hideous will and make in the end but leprous blotches in the lowest stratum of the social world, contaminating, it may be, the children of good men and women?

We do not deny that there is crime enough, and to spare, in the world; but we deny the right of any man or woman to bring a child up to a life of crime; and we claim that our lawmakers owe it to society that *all* helpless human beings should be protected from the misrule of a flagrant criminal.

The second case is somewhat different, but far more common.

A woman with five children, the oldest but nine years of age. She is a respectable, industrious, broken-spirited creature who clings with desperation to her children and her home. The father drinks, drinks constantly, drinks till he is wild with the delirium tremens, and sells all he can lay his hands on, while they starve and perish with cold and hunger and dismay. The mother sees that living in this pandemonium will destroy the morals of her little family in a year or two more, and so she brings them to the Home, and there she sits in dumb despair and weeps and moans, and realizes every hour how helpless she is, how insufficient her scanty earnings are to gain them a roof and bread How quickly her husband would walk into any little resting place she might make for herself and claim his right to occupy and destroy it.

"Ginx's baby was not an ill-favored child. He had inherited his father's frame and strength; these helped him through the changes we are relating. What if these capacities had by simple, nourishing food, cleanly care-taking, and kindlier associations been trained into full working order? Left alone or ill tended they were daily dwindling, and the depression was going on, not solely at the expense of little Ginx, but of the whole community. To reduce his strength (moral or physical) one-half, was to reduce one-half his chances of independence, and *to multiply the prospect of his continuous application for* STATE AID.

"Every day through this wealthy country there are men and women busy marring the little images of God that are by-and-by to be part of its public, shadowing young spirits, repressing their energy, sapping their vigor, or, failing to make it up, corrupting their nature by foul associations, moral and physical. Some are doing it by special license of the devil, others by *act of Parliament.*"

Clear the board, gentlemen. (Amen! ! !) True regenerative legislation will begin by drawing away the rubbish. Reform, means more than repair. Mend, patch, take down a little here, prop up some tottering nuisance there, fill in gaping chinks with patent legislative cement, coat old façades with bright paint, hide decay beneath a gloss of novelty, decorate, furbish, and after all, your house is not a new one, but a whited sepulchre shaking to decay.

And REFORM we must have if the coming generation of the lower classes is not to be the direst curse to this free country.

DANGEROUS BOOKS.

It is safe to say that more than one-half of the volumes published in this, or any other country, are open to the charge of being "dangerous books," and we have, therefore, no thought of pointing out to our readers those that are erroneous in their philosophizing, sensational in their fancies, or heterodox in their teachings. We leave this work to older and wiser heads than our own. But it has come to pass within the last few years, that books claiming to be both "psychological and physiological" in their character have been written expressly for the perusal of women, or have been put forth as a mawkish and beggarly plea in her behalf. Two or three months ago we chanced to enter a physician's office just as a book peddler was leaving it. There was evident excitement and heat on the part of both, and words of contempt and disgust had been bestowed upon the unfortunate individual who had only expected encouragement and patronage in the sale of a book, the title of which we forbear to give here or elsewhere. We would not advertise, for any pecuniary compensation, anything of the kind, and we will not allow ourselves, in trying to point out its dangerous teachings, to even name it, although it is counted the very best of its kind. Suffice it to say, our medical friend handed us the advertisement of the work in question. We glanced over it, and saw a very fair and plausible statement of its necessity and desirability as a guide and counselor to both mother and daughter; that it was written with great care, and was thoroughly unobjectionable in all respects. This was followed by a series of letters from minister after minister, in this and other States, giving it their unqualified

support and recommendation. Foremost among these was a very reverend (perhaps it would be more truthful if we said a very irreverend) preacher in New York. Then came extracts from the comments of "the falsely so-called religious press;" and on the whole the showing was so enticing that we were tempted to say: "There are many books that find their way about among the very best of women, that are glossed over so as not to exhibit their real depravity, and are the work of designing and abominable men; now, if this really is what it claims, it may be just what is needed." "The table of contents was enough for me," was the sharp reply, "and no woman could be the better of the perusal of such sort of stuff; for a young girl it can be nothing less than demoralizing."

Some weeks later, the February number of the Louisville *Journal of Medicine* was put into our hands, and a caustic, but none the less just, criticism of this very volume pointed out. Premising that "if it be a fit work for the women of this country it ought to be generally and universally known, but if the contrary, surely the sooner it is understood the better will it be for the purity and welfare of American women. That the clergy should recommend this book is not surprising to any one even superficially conversant with the relations which the pulpit has long borne to legitimate medicine. It may well be said that the certificates of the clergy have long ceased to be worth the pen, ink and paper used in their preparation. The recommendations, then, of this work by the clergy, are as natural as they are worthless; but it is indeed surprising that medical men should have followed such an example, and should have given their testimonials with an equal readiness and precipitancy. There is but one way of accounting for their course, and this is by supposing, charitably, that like Charles Lamb,

they refused to read the work for fear of having their criticism in any measure blazed."

We have not come to think so little or so lightly of the judgment of a minister of the Gospel. He who breaks for us the bread of life—who is under-shepherd of our blessed Lord, and to whom we go for counsel in our extremity when the holy oracles of God are sealed to us—is not to be lightly esteemed; and though there are flagrant instances of ministers who have made their word and their calling a by-word and a reproach, we thank God that these are the exception and not the rule among our pastors.

Should one of these have thus abused our confidence and led us to put a volume so fraught with evil into our daughters' hands, we frankly confess, through God's grace alone could we have forgiven him, but trusted him again—never. Such fallibility leads us to see and know that women alone can judge for women; a mother's instincts are surer and truer, and more God-given than any mere opinion of man, no matter how conspicuous he may be for his liberal views or his literary attainments. In anything so delicate as the training of a young girl's mind, no stranger may intermeddle. Much has been said of what ought and what ought not to be told to girls, and much reasoning spent, upon a question that must in the end be resolved by the temperament, temptations and surroundings of each individual mother and daughter.

But we agree heartily with a medical writer who, in 1867, in opposition to the prevailing idea of teaching physiology to school girls, says: "This great mystery of womanhood which lies hidden deep in the heart of every fair 'girl graduate' among them, becomes besmirched by vulgar contact with the naked facts of her organization. Too often the pure, high, sensitive soul is shocked by this ruthless

tearing away of the veil which her own and her companions' ignorance and innocence has woven for her. She could have ridden naked as Godiva through the world, protected by the radiance born of modest ignorance, and been as pure as *she*, when 'clothed upon with chastity.' Yet, if her own rash curiosity has tempted her to take of that forbidden fruit 'whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe,' and she has learned with reckless daring the knowledge of good and evil, then she turns, not with modesty to hide herself from the eyes of man, but with that shame-facedness that springs from guilt, and finds she knows

> "Both good and evil; good lost and evil got;
> Bad fruit of knowledge."

There is tremendous pertinence in the question of the Lord God to her who was "the general mother of mankind," as she stood trembling before him in her garment of leaves: "Who toldest thee thou wert naked?" With this fatal knowledge came her curse: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception—in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." For full six thousand years has this relentless doom been the heritage of every daughter of Eve. The promise of Jesus, our blessed Lord, "They shall be saved in child-bearing if they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety," is the only mitigation of their misery. Who can account for the mental and spiritual blindness that has fallen upon the instructors of this land that they should be wiser than God? Since our first parents were beguiled from the purity of their first estate, by a craving for more knowledge than in the infinite wisdom of their Creator was deemed enough for their happiness and purity, there has been the same sad thirst for a knowledge of evil; and do our educators so entirely lack

common sense as to suppose they can say to the grasping, intelligent, youthful mind, craving to know all the mysteries of nature, and especially those of their own being, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther?"

They have indeed but fitted their pupils to be the ready prey of the traveling lecturer on "Physiology," and "The Laws of Health," with its separate classes for the sexes; sharpened their wits to appreciate the numerous and shameless advertisements contained in the daily gazettes or the books and pamphlets thrown broadcast over the land, under every specious pretext, yet all with selfish and sinister designs. Who will deny that all these contrivances to destroy the modesty, aye, the very virtue of our people, gotten up, as they too often are, under the guise of philanthropy, are but the outcroppings of a system of education which, however modestly conducted, has indirectly fostered the wicked purposes of bad men, who for greed defraud, deceive and demoralize those whom the system of instruction, approved and adopted among us, has educated to be their auditors."

If, then, a mother by her rare, pure, loving, yet watchful eyes, has won back for her child—for her daughter—something of the old sweet innocence of a lost Eden, let no ruthless tempter enter, with his promised gift of knowledge, the sacred precincts of a home or a chamber; let no book, though it be recommended by a hundred clergymen and fifty doctors, gain admission there. It was ever one of the wiles of the adversary "to steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in;" and the most adroit thieves are those whom we trust because they have a Rev. prefixed to their name.

"The girl of the period," we are thankful to say, is not the representative of more than her class, and up to this

day that class is small and despicable. Indeed, we have known the daughters of wicked, and even profligate women, whose social progress and position was both corrupt and corrupting, so guard their children as to keep them measurably free from the taint of impurity which had tarnished their own lives. Yet, we have known other mothers negatively good, but positively weak, vain, indolent, frivolous beings, who sought and desired for their daughters all the worldliness, the dress, the fashion, the ball, and last, but not least, the lascivious "round dances" that mark this present as a rapidly progressive period of evil. Such are the daughters who come to be the "girls of the period," who debase their sex; and the sweet and redolent aroma of youth, which is in itself a great beauty, becomes in them a thousand times more frightful (to thoughtful minds) than the deepest wrinkles of even worldly old age. Already the public dancing schools of this, as well as other cities, are disgraced by the most flagrant exhibitions of habits of intemperance, not confined, alas, to the use of intoxicating drinks. Young girls are sent to such places with no protector whatever, no chaperon; and the mothers, finding such hotbeds of vice have produced their legitimate effects, and are corrupting body as well as soul, turn to books like the one we have before us, to warn them of the dangers of the dance.

Faugh! all this is but adding fuel to the flame, and what is now a small but conspicuous class will recruit its ranks from the daughters of every household of the land ere another generation has passed away.

The Bible holds for us a whole compendium of "psychology and physiology," and the laws which were given by inspiration of God to Moses were, and are, sufficient for the whole human family, and need only the exponent of

common sense to furnish a woman with what knowledge may be good for her. It is possible there would be less suffering and death among our sex if those Old Testament laws were more rigidly observed.

Tennyson, in his Lucretius, points a moral the most willfully blind dare not overlook, and teaches us with gentle, yet persistent force, that the love worth having and worth holding can be held alone by pure and holy virtue, outside, above, beyond the flesh.

It is not good or seemly that a woman measure herself intellectually with a man. The late Mrs. Percy B. Shelley said, with a pathetic, yet proud, humility: "In short, my belief is, whether there be sex in souls or not, that the sex of our material mechanism makes us quite different creatures, better, though weaker, but wanting in the higher grades of intellect."

She knew, as we all ought to know, that a woman's power is her moral power in her family (and the family is but the integer of that society we call the world); she is a conservator; it is she who trains her sons to truth, integrity, courage, honor; her daughters to purity, self-abnegation, patience, stability, and holy living, and for this she is content with that simple way of God in which the simplest need not err. She needs no extraneous aids addressed specifically to her sex. We confess frankly we have not read the book upon which we feel free to comment so indignantly, but we have read, as far as we could with anything like toleration, the table and extracts given as samples of its contents. We have read this that we might warn first, those of our readers who are mothers, not to admit this pestiferously suggestive volume to their homes; and last, that we might say to the hundreds of fair

young girls who, we are told, seize the little *Messenger* and read it through and through the moment it is distributed in town or village—whose loving hearts and helpful hands are always ready to accept and aid our suffering children—look well, oh, young daughters! to your walk, conversation and reading; let the great mystery of womanhood be a sealed volume to you, remembering that some wily serpent of a book might tempt you to grow wise as Eve, and with such wisdom fall from your first estate of innocence. Be then ever on the watch to keep unspotted from the world, content to know and think less of yourselves than of others, not curious or prying, lest you lose the bloom of heart and soul that makes you fresh and fair to all the world, and all the world so fresh and fair to you.

An article published by Mrs. Stewart in the *Home Messenger* for April last, entitled "WHO ARE THE POOR OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST?" is so suggestive of the gentle delicacy with which she was wont to "investigate" individual cases of "the poor," and so Christ-like in the proposed method of dealing with such cases, that we are sure it may be read over again with profit.

When our Lord, who had taught His disciples by precept and example to have compassion on the poor, to feed the multitude, to show by their deeds the principles that influenced their walk, they were not (being men) broad enough to take in the act of worship that involved a lavish "waste" of money in the breaking of the alabaster box. There are times—and they come oftener than we are aware—when it is well "*not* to withhold thy hand." Nothing is so fatally narrowing to Christian love—nay, even Christian character—as "investigation," especially where it is made in the spirit of distrust. Not that we would counsel indis-

criminate charity, which usually gives its award to the most dramatic and unworthy, but ever let judgment lean to Mercy's side—"hope that a woman is reasonably innocent until the facts prove her guilty of something,"—and, even then, put yourself in her place and realize who it is that "maketh thee to differ." The old law of Moses, which was premised by a whereas, *i. e.*, "For the poor shall never cease out of the land, therefore, I command thee, open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor and to thy needy in the land." Does Moses say the good poor? Did Christ "investigate" the five thousand to see how many were "worthy?" The disciples and the Master knew that the loaves and fishes were a great attraction to these aimless, shiftless, floating folk; only one boy had even a lunch with him, but he had come provided "to follow Jesus;" perhaps to offer his simple portion to his Lord. The unwitting disciples began at once to count what it would cost to find enough for so many hungry folk to eat, but the Lord made the five loaves (*i. e.*, biscuits) and the two fishes (*i. e.*, herring) feed this goodly company and leave twelve baskets full ("one apiece for each reluctant disciple.") Some years ago our neighbor, an Episcopal clergyman, whose giving was wildly indiscriminate, was softly counseled by his warden to be more cautious. "No!" he burst out, "no, I will give first and examine afterwards. I will not be reasoned or juggled out of my Christian right and privilege. Christ said: 'Ye have the poor with you always,' and '*whensoever ye will* ye may do them good!' No, sir; I will not cross-question and wound and insult, by implication, if no other way, a poor creature who sees in me a follower of Christ."

"The true currency of beneficence, in which our debts to God's needy ones are to be paid, is not money, *but love.*

This is an old truth." And yet there are still some Christians who think to discharge their debts by gifts of money merely, and others who, because they can give no money, imagine that they have no debts to discharge. If the choice must be made, love without money would be a truer Christian gift than money without love.

Said a clergyman whose avenue church is very near a "Five Points" quarter of Detroit: "There must be something radically wrong with the church when the poor will not enter our doors. We must be too prosperous and critical, or they might trust us; we baptize their living and bury their dead, but they say: 'You don't want us;' and I fear we do not want them as we ought." "And they began to say unto him, one by one, Is it I; Lord, is it I?"

CHARLES DICKENS.

From the *Messenger* of July, 1870.

So much has been said in eulogy of Charles Dickens that it seems like presumption for this little sheet to utter a word more upon the genius of this great man, and yet it has not been our good fortune to see the key-note of his character as a writer fairly struck. Here and there it is hinted at, but what eulogist has yet told us that Charles Dickens had a far wider influence as a philanthropist than Howard? Who has said that after his first successful fiction, when he had gained the public heart and confidence, he spent the remainder of his life in setting before his readers the wrongs which abounded in cheap Yorkshire schools, English work-houses, debtors' prisons, the court of chancery, etc.? He made patent the hard, brave struggle of Trotty Veck, or Cratchit Senior, or the Pegottys, and a hundred more, to be honest, true, independent men and

women. He showed us what heroes there were among these "common people;" he forced us to say to our own hearts, "Would you have come through such fiery ordeals unscathed?" This man compelled us to give to every beggar in the street a chance to earn our respect. With Oliver Twist, and Smike, and poor Joe before us, which of us dared to call the veriest gamin common or unclean?

Thirty years ago we knew a wise, pure, high-toned gentleman—a minister of the gospel—who for a quarter of a century had set his face like a flint against fiction in all its seductive forms, take up Oliver Twist. Young as we were then we watched him, night after night, poring over the social wrongs of the poor—saw how humid grew the great brown eyes, that always had for us a fascination outside and beyond the love we bore him—knew from the drop of his head, the resting, to take in the full scope of the pitiful tale, that it was the truth of Charles Dickens' faithful pen that forced him, "*malgre lui*," to pause and ponder over wrongs and suffering which each and every one of us should strive to heal. Little child as the writer was, she nevertheless took up the volume and struggled through it patiently, perseveringly, and when it was laid down, carried its memories with her into the silent woods or by the swift-flowing river, until the suffering of the book became so tangible, and the principles of duty to our fellows so real, that from thenceforth we "did what we could" — very, very little it is true—one poor, forlorn talent bringing in its low rate of interest; but under God that interest was due to Charles Dickens. The pebble cast into the lake spreads ever a widening circle, and the first fruits of the efforts resulting from our reading Oliver Twist in 1840, came to us in a message from a poor young soldier, dying in hospital of consumption, resulting from exposure during the battles of 1864:

"Tell Mrs. —— that it's Pat —— whom she nursed through the measles and inflammation of the lungs twenty-four years ago, and he wants to get out of this and go home to his mother to die; and she'll git the lave, never fear." He was indeed the earliest patient that we ever had, and whether God and humanity would have led us to care for him, had not Charles Dickens pointed the way, we cannot say.

Since then book after book of his master mind has come from the press only to strengthen and deepen the impressions of our childhood, and hold us the more steadily to our vows. With all his persistent setting forth of the misery of the poor and downtrodden, his caustic pen never failed to point out how futile was all philanthropic effort without the balance-wheel of common sense. Mrs. Jelleby stands out as a warning to all women possessed of a misguided enthusiasm. After seeing Mr. Jelleby's head laid so pathetically against the cold, untidy wall, and hearing Peepie and her three brothers bump their way down those dirty stairs, and taking in the misery of that poor, neglected girl, who wrote the letters of invitation to the Booriboolagah sewing circle, what mother with a heart in her bosom could ever be "a society woman?" Or, emulate the example of that "I turn the crank of the universe" female, in Bleak House, who brought up her sons to "give to the missionaries" in a manner calculated to develop in those wretched little prigs the most contemptible form of purse-proud egotism and self-righteousness. No one so heartily detested shams as Charles Dickens. Selfishness and shams would make his pen fairly dance over the paper with contempt and disgust. We often wondered that his clergymen were such wretched caricatures, and why he never painted "a genuine minister of the gospel," and could only account

for it upon the supposition that the narrow sects and sectarian views of some clergymen alone furnished the models from which his too faithful pencil drew.

Mr. Dickens, we doubt not, was a power for helpful good to his fellow-creatures. It may be that few have traced back to its source the motive force that has actuated and stimulated their benevolence either in the active work of caring for the poor and suffering, or the more passive form of contributing money that others might extend their merciful ministrations over a wider field; but in our own case, and we doubt not we represent that of thousands and tens of thousands of others, it was Mr. Dickens' genuine love for humanity which so intensified and ennobled his genius.

In Mr. Dickens' death the poor have lost a friend, the oppressed a faithful defender; the struggling and laborious workman, an artist whose picture gave always a glow of honor to those unsung martyrs; the felon or the spendthrift, a forgiving and merciful creditor; the present generation, a "preacher who led them with goads and with nails;" all suffering humanity an advocate; all loving, single-minded souls, with self-abnegation enough to devote their lives to some tiny cripple or aged parent, a champion.

He was the intellectual Quixotte of this or any age. God grant that the English tongue may never lose this record of how poor dying Joe followed, word after word, of his friend's "'Our Father which art in Heaven'—'Is the light a comin', sir?' 'It is close at hand'—'Hallowed be Thy name'—'Hallowed be Thy'——.

"The light is come upon the dark benighted way—Dead.

"Dead, your majesty. Dead, my lord and gentleman. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts, AND DYING THUS AROUND US EVERY DAY."

The following correspondence of the Woman's Christian Association, taken from a paper prepared by Mrs. Stewart for the April number of the *Messenger*, 1888, is reproduced, for the word-painting so characteristic of her writings, as well as the touching pathos of the story it unfolds :

A LONELY OLD MAN.

Women's Christian Association Letters.

Detroit, October 18, 1884.

Dear Mrs. A——: * * * All our preparations are made for going South. It has seemed to me the way the Lord has opened for us, but I am very sorry to leave poor old Mr. C. He is a lone old gentleman who some years ago lost his fortune in Kansas City. He came to me as a boarder five years ago, but of late years has paid little, if anything. I do not know how he will get on without us. I am aware, dear Mrs. ——, that *your* hands are very full, but sometimes, perhaps, you can look after him a little, for he is "one of God's little ones."

E. P.

To Mrs. E. P.: November 1, 1884.

It's a comfort to believe poor old Mr. C. *is* one of God's little ones, for that insures his being taken care of—*but, not by me.* A host of neglected duties warn me that, as far as I am concerned, Mr. C. must be "a lost opportunity."

B. S.

To Mrs. B. S.: December 3d, 1884.

Dear Friend—I went to see how old Mr. C. was doing. It's bad enough. Don't you know some one near See street who could send him a dinner occasionally ?

Mary D.

Mrs. B. S. to Mrs. K. B., 74 See Street:

I know, dear Mrs. B., that you will waive ceremony—a call, and all that—and let me ask you by postal to pay a little visit to old Mr. F. C., who lives across the square from you, and send him a meal now and again. Mrs. D. will show you the place.

B. S.

To Mrs. B. S.: Detroit, March 3, 1885.

Dear Friend—Old Mr. C. went out to-day and fell down in a fit, and they brought him to my house. Now, I am "the Widow D.," and I won't have any policemen bringing *a man* in a fit to my house. Do please come over and do something about it, for he is here yet.

Mary D.

To Mrs. B. S.: March 4, 1885.

Dear Friend—After what you said to the police they took Mr. C. to St. Mary's. I have been to see him. He is in a very bad way.

Mary D.

To Mrs. B. S.: Detroit, April 1, 1885.

Dear Friend—The poormaster says he cannot keep Mr. C. any longer at the hospital; he *must* be sent to the County House. Sorry you are not at home; have left you a pile of old letters we found in his trunk. Now you write a letter to *every one of them;* maybe some one of them will help him. Mary D.

Mrs. B. S. to Mrs. Mary D.:

Dear Sister D.—I wrote fifteen letters—telling the old gentleman's story fifteen times (nothing monotonous in that); the seven hours had all the inspiration of a crazy quilt; his youngest epistle *was ten years old!* Think of drawing a bow at a venture and shooting fifteen venturesome arrows into the postoffice. *Now do not ask me to do another thing.*

B. S.

Sister D.—Those everlasting letters have been coming back with "No such person," "Dead," "Gone," "Uncalled for" on them, until I am ashamed to meet the postman, who looks at me as if I were on the verge of lunacy. I have worked! now you pray (!!) that something may happen. I had no idea that fifteen were so many; two precincts yet to hear from. B. S.

April 28, 1885.

Dear Sister D.—Eureka! One letter struck a cousin; a good man, too. Here is his answer, which is business like to the last degree. All the same I *have* thanked God for it, for I did not deserve this much. Now he must have a treasurer; I think Mrs. K. will undertake to look after his accounts and money. B. S.

Mrs. B. S.: Boston, April 25, 1885.

Madam—In reply to your letter of the 23d instant would say, that Mr. C. left this city 42 years ago and has been here but once since, and that was many years ago.

He has neither brother nor sister living. Will you kindly inform me if any provision can be made for him, where he can be made comfortable, in some institution in your city, and the expense per week, and oblige Yours respectfully, M. C. W., Boston.

Mrs. B. S.: BOSTON, May 6, 1885.

MADAM—Yours of the 2d inst. is received, and in reply would ask if you will kindly make such provision for Mr. C. at the St. Luke's Hospital and Home, or elsewhere, as you may be able, and for the present I will pay his board. I enclose draft on New York, payable to your order, for ($50) fifty dollars, and when this is expended please notify me. In the meantime, if you will please ascertain what the expense will be for a life membership in the Home, and notify me, I shall feel obliged, and shall be guided largely by what you may advise regarding future action. Should you receive any response from parties to whom you have written in New York, please accept whatever they may be disposed to send. Regarding your inquiry, would say that the last time I saw Mr. C—— was some thirty years ago or more, when he was passing through this city.

Yours Respectfully,

M. C. W.

Mr. M. C. W., Boston, Mass.: DETROIT, May 11, 1885.

DEAR SIR—At last we have found a poor widow—a good woman—who will take care of Mr. C. His troubles seem to overwhelm him at times, and then he grows demented. He falls down in the street, and a policeman takes him in hand and does not know what to do with him. There is no mistaking his being a gentleman (we keep him respectably clothed); he "does not drink," etc., etc., etc., and so he is an anomaly at the Central Station. I am waiting to get some answers to my application to St. Luke's and Harper Hospitals. Thanks for the cash enclosure; that simplifies the difficulty somewhat. We know nothing of his history. Mrs. P., with whom he lived five years, said he was "one of God's little ones;" this, together with my own conscience, and an importunate fellow worker's keeping it awake, makes me in earnest to do what I can.

B. S.

Mrs. B. S.: BOSTON, May 19, 1885.

DEAR MADAM—Replying to your letter of the 11th instant, would say, in reference to Mr. C., that when he was a resident of this city he was a member of the Baldwin Place Baptist Church and a teacher in the Sabbath School. He was intelligent, reliable, virtuous, and of a most amiable disposition. While a clerk in the dry goods business was very popular, and his popularity continued when engaged in business for himself. His uncles furnished him with capital, and after a few years he failed, but not on account of large personal expenses or of inattention to

business, as never did any man apply himself more closely than did he to his business. He left the city unexpectedly, and, it being learned that he was in Chicago, his creditors sent a friend of his there to try and prevail on him to return, and he was offered by them a position as clerk "at a good salary" in two or three first-class houses. But his inability to pay the creditors (who had been so kind to him) affected him so that he could not be persuaded to return. After a few years he established himself in business in K—— City, and I have been informed was as popular with the people there as here, and did a large business; but in the days of the rebellion (he was a Union man), having an extensive trade and many creditors outside of K—— City "in Rebeldom," who would not pay, he was again obliged to fail, and left there as he had previously left here.

Perhaps he may at times have been injudicious in his methods of business, but he was scrupulously honest, and confided in every one, and this latter quality may in a measure account for his want of success as a business man, and when disaster reached him he had not sufficient moral courage to face his creditors, and so left them, as stated above. Since, he has clerked it at Red Wing and Cincinnati, and then we heard that he was in Detroit. He has always been a single man. When in K—— City he had an opportunity to marry into a family of considerable wealth, but fear of embarrassment and consequent inability to support a wife in comfort prevented him.

Mr. C.'s relations are mostly dead, having only a few cousins left. His age must be about 68.

Referring to remittance to you, would say that your letters and interest manifested are sufficient warrant to any business man that it could not be in better hands than your own.

I would gratefully acknowledge your kindness, and that of your associates, and thank you most sincerely for the interest you have manifested and the efforts you have made in behalf of a poor stranger.

What would poor, suffering humanity do if it was not for woman? Our Lord, while on earth, honored woman above others, and I sometimes think, if there is any distinction made in heaven, woman should have the most exalted seat, as the sweetest of singers among the angelic host.

When I learn the cost of a life support from Mr. Eaton, I will write to parties in New York and see what they will do.

Once more expressing my thanks for your kindness, I remain

Yours respectfully, M. C. W.

Mrs. B. S. to Mr. M. C. W., Boston, Mass.: May 30, 1885.

DEAR SIR— * * * Pardon the long delay in answering your letter. Detroit has no old man's home; the State of Michigan has none. St. Luke's Hospital will agree to take him for $500, but they reserve to themselves the right to return him to us with that sum of money intact should he prove a *troublesome* patient. Harper Hospital will bind themselves to care for him for life if you pay $1,000 in advance. Mr. C. cries and moans, and resists an institution. Shall we go on?

B. S.

Mrs. B. S.: NEW YORK, June 1, 1885.

MADAM—I am in receipt of your favor of April 23d, forwarded me by Mr. M. C. W., of Boston. In regard to Mr. F. C., I am unable to advise what to do in his case, and have returned your letters to Boston. M. C. W. and H. H. are first cousins, while I am a distant relative. I think they will interest themselves in this matter. I have for years rendered assistance to Mr. C. At present, claims from those nearer me are so pressing I am unable to do what I could wish. Inclosed find my check for fifty dollars.

Respectfully yours,

M. C. W.

Mrs. B. S.: BOSTON, June 4, 1885.

DEAR MADAM—Since receiving your last letter I have written to New York, also sent your letters, and have also seen Mr. H. H. To the latter I gave your letters, and have received encouragement that he would do something for Mr. C. I should advise, however, that you do not write to him for the present. I received a letter yesterday from Mr. Morton C. W., of New York, in which he stated that himself and brother Dorman had forwarded to you the sum of fifty dollars.

At present it seems impossible to raise the amount required by the Harper Hospital, and although I regret placing so much care on yourself and your associates, if you can make permanent arrangements for one year, on terms that are satisfactory to yourself, I will raise or personally pay the amount necessary for his care for that time.

Replying to your correspondent, would say that Mr. C. has no living relations on his father's side, to my knowledge.

Yours respectfully,

M. C. W.

P. S.—There are but few of the C.'s that are able or willing to assist him at this time.

M. C. W.

To Mrs. B. S.: October 5, 1885.

DEAR FRIEND—I send you Mr. C.'s account, with vouchers. I must say I dread the winter for him. You say Dr. —— expressed the opinion that the extreme weather we have through January and February increases his malady. Now the P.'s have gone to St. Augustine, where they have a comfortable cottage, and as their daughter May is going back to them in November, do you not think it would be a good idea to send Mr. C. on to them? They are willing to take him, and the expense of the journey can be managed for thirty dollars. Could you not write and ask Mr. M. C. W. what he thinks about it? K. B.

Mrs. B. S. to Mrs. K. B.: DETROIT, October 19, 1885.

Well, my dear, here is your answer. It is reasonable enough. What next? B. S.

Mrs. B. S.: BOSTON, October 16, 1885.

DEAR MADAM—Replying to yours of the 12th instant, I inclose draft on New York for ($100) one hundred dollars (on the Fourth National Bank), payable to your order, and which amount you will please apply toward the support and care of Mr. C. Of the above amount I expect to receive ($25) twenty-five dollars only from Mr. —— on his return from Maine, and that amount, he says, is all he will contribute, either now or hereafter. The cousins in New York think that they have all they can attend to among their own families, and there are none other of his relatives who are able or willing to contribute a penny. I am willing to do what I can (as I have before written you) for Mr. C., but wish his expenses to be kept as small as possible, and in this connection let me say that I am not willing to pay the expenses of Mr. C.'s passage to Florida. I think the sum named by you ($30) can be better expended; and would, indeed, be quite a help toward supporting him if he remains in Detroit.

He could not be admitted to the "Old Man's Home," in this city, as the laws regarding this institution require a residence of ten years next preceding the application for admission, within the State or city.

Yourself and associates have been very kind in doing as you have for an entire stranger, but I feel I must trespass still further on your kindness, and request that you will try and secure some good place in your city where Mr. C. can be cared for at a reasonable expense, as heretofore.

Yours respectfully,

M. C. W.

To Mrs. B. S.:

DEAR FRIEND—I am sure, in spite of Mr. M. C. W.'s letter, that St. Augustine, with the P.'s, is the right place for Mr C., and I will undertake to raise the $30. What do you say? K. B.

To Mrs. K. B.: DETROIT, Nov. 12, 1885.

All right, my dear. If you "see your duty a dead sure thing," we will do it, for I know Mr. M. C. W. will agree with us afterwards.

B. S.

To Mrs. B. S.: December 8, 1885.

After getting their tickets (M—— paid for hers, but because of her care of our old gentleman I got both at half rates), and providing them a long lunch for their three days' journey, the old and young set off together. Rev. Dr. Henderson brought me from his church five dollars towards his journey. You know Mr. C. is a Baptist, and I felt at liberty to ask their assistance. A letter from May reports them safe at home at St. Augustine. She said Mr. C. made friends all along the way, and was like a timid child. I am glad we sent him. The P.'s have always been kind to him, and I am sure they will be now. I pay just the same board for him there that I did here, and send it every month.

K. B.

P. S.—He had a good outfit of clothes—*new* underwear, etc.—and I would have put more than a couple of dollars into his purse if I had not been afraid he would spend it on patent medicines, and make himself as ill with them as he did before. * * * * * *

Here the compiler says:

A file of Southern letters has been mislaid, but as they only told how our old gentleman enjoyed the quaint city, of how good every one was to him in his walks, of a queer old "Mrs. Nickelby" kind of widow, who nearly, if not quite, proposed to marry him "because she was so lonesome" and "he was such a gentleman," and "real gentlemen were scarce," etc., etc., their omission is of little moment. In 1886 he had a return of his head trouble and grew very odd in his ways, but the P.'s humored him as much as possible.

Letters from Mr. M. C. W. came two or three times a year, with remittances, and kind and pleasant words of thankfulness to us.

September 20, 1887, Mr. C. had a low fever set in, of which we notified Mr. M. C. W., and received the following reply:

Mrs. B. S.: BOSTON, October 1, 1887.

DEAR MADAM—Yours of the 21st ultimo was received in due time, and in reply I can only repeat what I have so often written before, viz.,

my thanks to you and your kind and faithful friends for the care shown Mr. C. in all the time he has been in your charge. I know that you have not done it for, or in the hope of reward, but I am equally sure that He who seeth all things, and understandeth all things, will, in His own good time, give you the reward that is reserved for the faithful.

You speak, or rather Miss Peckham speaks, of having engaged a young girl to help her in the care of Mr. C., and in this connection I would suggest that all reasonable expenses of this kind be charged in my account, when rendered.

Mr. H. died on August 9th, and I have secured a slip from the Boston *Herald* of the 10th, which I inclose, thinking it may interest you. I return the letter of Miss P., and, thanking you for the information I remain

Yours respectfully,

M. C. W.

Mr. C.'s illness terminated on October 12, 1887, in his release from suffering, and a happy entrance into the celestial city whose inhabitants never more say, "I am sick."

One of his kindest friends was a medical gentleman, whose service was "as unto the Lord."

From Miss M. P. to Mrs. B. S.:

Dear Mrs. S.—It is a hard thing to see even a good old man die, and I felt too worn out to write you much about Mr. C. at the time. We are such strangers, as yet, in St. Augustine, and mother and father being North, I was very thankful to Dr. ——, who has been his friend, as well as physician, for saying to the undertaker that he would see his bill paid; and settled the account last week. Did I tell you that Dr. —— is a very strong Roman Catholic? When I received your letter inclosing the draft from Mr. M. C. W., and his beautiful letter, Dr. —— read it over and over, and then laid it down, saying: "Now, that man is a Christian, and acts like one. When I go to Boston, next spring, I will call on him and tell him so." It was very kind in him to send me such a gift. Will you say to him I am very grateful. The house seems very empty without Mr. C., my old child.

May P.

THE LAST EPISTLE.

Mr. M. C. W.: December 18, 1887.

My Dear Sir—Inclosed please find receipts and vouchers for Mr. C.'s medicines and funeral charges. His doctor gave his services free and freely. The balance of the draft was presented to Miss P., in

accordance with your desire, and so this letter will be the last I shall address you. Mrs. K. B.'s accounts show that we have disbursed a trifle over $450 of your money. I was sorry Mr. H.'s heart did not go out to his old kinsman. Ere this they may have met.

After two years and a half of such pleasant correspondence I am reluctant to say good bye. We have never seen your face or heard your voice, and we might pass each other unwittingly in a Boston street, as folk who had nothing in common, but I am very sure when we stand in the presence of the King, where we know as we are known, I shall recognize "the old man's friend."

Yours, B. S.

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

Trip to California.

A LADY'S DIARY.

April 22, 1872.

My whole winter has been so full of sickness and sorrow, pain and death, that I have at last made up my mind to break away from the cares that here beset me (until body, mind and heart have got into a rut that is neither comfortable nor profitable), and hie me to that Golden Land that for twenty years has been so full of promise and adventure to hundreds and thousands of imaginations besides my own. But how to go *alone* is the grand and anxious question just now—for if I take my only natural protector, I carry the saddening assurance that five children will be left "*pro tem.*" fatherless as well as motherless. Then it is dreadfully unconventional for a woman to set off in this sort of fashion; but Bessie K. is wild to go and see her father and brother in San Francisco, and she says we can protect one another, so to-morrow I am off. April 23.—To-day Mr. D., a brother in fact as well as in law, says if I will wait a week he will go with me; but Bessie's heart is broken (and my trunk packed), our "sections" are secured, and one's hand is laid to the plow. Mr. D. may as well meet us a week hence in San Francisco. Two women knight errants need not the admonition of Hamlet, "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once." Therefore we start to-night, via the Michigan Central. April 24.—Yesterday evening, when we had got all our hand baggage (and it is unlimited)

in good order in the Pullman, we found our opposite neighbor was our dear old friend Fannie E., on her way alone to see and care for the ill and possibly dying child of Bishop A., of Milwaukee. Of course she was delighted to meet and join us, thus relieving us of a certain sense of loneliness and desolation. At the depot young Mr. H. met and took us to the Tremont House for breakfast, after which meal we had two or three hours to spare in driving about Chicago, seeing the desolation that had overtaken it, and realizing how powerless was man before the devastating force of any one of God's elements; seeing, too, that (Phœnix-like) the city was again rising from her ashes. At 10 A. M. we saw Fannie safely started for her short trip, and at 10.30 found ourselves comfortably settled in our sections. The conductor and porter were helpful, and both desirous and capable of aiding us on our way. We are to reach Omaha in twenty-four hours. Our passengers are a motley collection, one old gentleman from Los Angeles; an Irish M. D., who has "been home to the old country to get possession of a fortune" (and forty canes), whom we have dubbed Dr. Shillaly, and two Englishmen sitting behind us; one looks intelligent and agreeable, the other is too English for anything. I am afraid to speak to strangers, it is not safe, though there is a pleasant looking man near us that I shall apply to if I need assistance, for his is an unmistakably good face. I unlocked the wrong hand satchel to-day, and plunged into an elaborate dressing case and unlimited cigars. Bessie says that it belongs to the Englishman. I felt like a thief, and have looked out at Southern Illinois with great interest ever since (though there was very little to see). The windows are open, and the air balmy and delicious. April 25.—Slept after a fashion, and dressed at a disadvantage that no person half an inch shorter than I can ever appreci-

ate. Not being gregarious in my tastes and habits, the little wash I indulged in has been very unsatisfactory, but what can one do when there are a dozen round-eyed men on the alert in one's vicinity? Dr. Shillaly stood guard, and escorted us to the dining room car. I heard the pleasant faced man say that the Presbyterian minister at Salt Lake was his intimate friend. Bessie and he have had a common or uncommon meeting ground, for a poor unfortunate woman stumbled over the Englishman's hat box and lost her balance and back hair (she just missed breaking her neck). Bessie and the Presbyterian (I am sure he is a Presbyterian, his face shows it) rushed to the rescue, and there was quite a little excitement; the Johns Bull, or John Bulls, ignored the scene entirely. We reach Council Bluffs at 11 A. M., and there change cars to cross the Mississippi river. 4 P. M.—What a nuisance this crossing and changing cars is; everything is as disagreeable as possible; the train that we were obliged to enter was full to overflowing, and but for Dr. Shillaly we would have been obliged to stand up for an hour and a half. Tom (our Pullman porter), the Irish M. D., and the Presbyterian, saw us bag and baggage safe into the Omaha depot, and on board, and established in the nicest Pullman I ever saw, where there were sofas, and easy chairs, and ottomans, and comfort, together with a car full of agreeable, intelligent looking people. I went out and made my way through the waiting rooms and lunch room of the depot; it is quite wonderful to see the emigrants (the children absolutely swarm, and their shrieks were something indescribable); every one seemed good-tempered and hopeful. Poor souls, what they suffer for a home where "they will be de lords of de soil," as Dr. Van Raalte used to say. In the lunch room there is no end of cooked provisions—cold roast, chickens, boiled ham, legs of

mutton, and *miles* of bologna sausages. I saw a German man marching off with a *two-bushel basket full* of that kind of edibles and bread. I could have spent hours watching this curious, motley throng, but our baggage is all weighed at this point, and a charge of fifteen cents for every pound over one hundred is made. For some reason my trunk was passed without weighing, but when it came to Bessie's two a man shouted "scale," and that instrument developed the fact that the gun she was taking to her brother would cost her twelve dollars and more. In this room, also, one could study human nature profitably, if they were not obliged to go to the other end of the building to get their "receipts for extra weight" before they check. April 26.—How curious the life of the car is, and what a change the fact we are "in" for four days of each other's society does make; every one begins to converse with his or her neighbor. There are but few ladies on this car, and the gentlemen go about and make calls on them twice a day, till it is like a New Year's day. One shrewd, pleasant, plain old man, who told me he was Mr. M., of Salt Lake City, called to-day. Whether my face expressed the little chill I felt at this announcement, I cannot say, but he took pains to notify me that he was anything but a Mormon; in fact I had a long and very agreeable conversation with him on the subject of that disreputable people. He says some, indeed many, are honest, fair dealing men, who believe in their religion; but there is a large leaven amongst them of dishonest over-reaching, that in times past has led to theft and murder. The influx of "good people from the States" is making a great change, and is a visible restraint. As to the women, they are just as sincere in their faith and practice as it is possible for women to be; they are good, respectable, patient creatures, who dare not call their souls

their own (as a fractional husband is responsible for that); they are broken-spirited, hard-working, well-behaved mortals, deserving of the sympathy of every happier woman than themselves. In the judgment of Mr. M., "Folks that are pestered with a sour godliness have no call to come to Utah;" the Mormons must see the sweet and comforting side of one's faith in Christ alone, before they can be won to consider anything but the word and counsels of their own apostles and bishops. "Ah," said he, "Mrs. S., there are just two things that will ever uproot Mormonism—one is the love of God, and the other is the love of dress. If you have a dress with six skirts, wear it in Salt Lake City; put on all the finery that you can, but make yourself look genuinely tasty; let your silks drag, and your ruffles flirt, and your feathers and flowers flutter, and your ribbons fly; some woman who is one of seven wives will make it her business to get up just such a turn-out, cost what it may. She will coax and tease, and get the dress at any price, and then, you know how it is yourself; every woman has got to have something just as near like it as she can rake and scrape, and so it will go, for the discontent and the jealousy must be satisfied in some way; and so you will do more towards breaking up a miserable system than if you preached a thousand sermons. Tell all your friends to wear all their best clothes, and look as fine and happy as they can." This struck me as being shrewd common sense, and I grieved that the only ruffled gown I possessed had been checked through to San Francisco.

Mr. M. told me I must, by all means, go to the Tabernacle and the Theater; in the first place they are taught religion, in the second, "the manners of society."

April 27.—At Cheyenne, to-day, a number of pleasant people came on board. Was introduced by Dr. C. to Mr.

W., a young Philadelphian, who is traveling for his health. We have some celebrities with us, a minister plenipotentiary, also one of the present cabinet. The latter is an ill-looking man, with an under jaw like a bulldog. Is this "a great man?" Would I be willing to point him out to my children as "a great man?" If I had my choice I would rather "roar me a lion that is not Snug the joiner." All day long we have been crossing these weird, desolate plains, where "all is sage, and brush and alkali—alkali, brush and sage." The smooth, calm monotony of steady, slow going is not, after all, unpleasant; the endless reach of sand and sage, even the monotonous roll of low sand hills here and there, do not seem to vary the stereotyped look of the landscape. Bessie has read the guide-book for hours, but I utterly decline to do that. I will see this country with a mind and spirit fresh for the purpose; no groove of other travelers' thoughts shall trammel me in looking at either landscape or people. I have not read Bowles and Colfax, *et id omne genus*, nor do I mean to do so. Has not one eyes and intelligence wherewith to see and think for one's self? No description gives one a true idea of a region, unless I make honorable exception of Bret Harte, in Ciceley. That poem penetrates you with a true sense of an alkali region.

The long row of "towns" that dot the whole length of this railroad are to me the most sadly amusing of all. Three shanties and a roofless old shed barn is a town of some importance; twelve shanties and a "bakery" entitles the place to a mayor and common council. I have been foolish enough to wash often while crossing this portion of the plains, and the result is my lips are cut and inflamed to a most uncomfortable degree.

April 28.—We reach Ogden at 4:30 P. M. Quite a party

change cars there for Salt Lake City, ourselves among the number. Our friend of the goodly countenance turns out to be a Presbyterian *minister* (how true one's instincts are sometimes); he has kindly offered his services in our Salt Lake detour, as also Mr. W. and Mr. C.; this latter is a Bostonian, who came in last night to attend the concert. We have a melodeon on our car that wheezes and squeaks as if its lungs had been racked to pieces with much shaking; but we got up some first-rate singing. A big man who had played cards for the last forty-eight hours with the cabinet minister came to the front on this occasion and sang "Rock of Ages," with a pathos and enjoyment that quite inspired me. I said to Mr. M. that "it was a little surprising." "Not at all, not at all," he replied. "You see, Mrs. S., after you've lived in this country as long as I have, you'll come to be pretty broad-gauged in the matter of religion; a little goes a great way, and even that is hard to keep." How I thanked God for the dear old hymns that made us all one family, and caused one to cling closer than ever to the "little religion that is hard to keep."

6:30 P. M.—Safe and sound in the center and capital of Mormonism. All looks serene, so far. At Ogden we were the only ladies going to Utah, and hence had an escort of from five to eight gentlemen, each vieing with the other in showing a watchful but unobtrusive politeness and care for "the ladies who were alone."

On the restaurant counter of the depot at Ogden I observed an immense pile (not less than several hundred) of flasks of whisky; they struck me as being very suggestive! When Theodore (our porter, a light-colored, smart mulatto) came to carry off our baggage, he evidently had something on his mind, but could not quite get it off; perhaps a liberal fee stimulated his courage, for, with a bow

worthy of a French courtier or a monkey, he said, "Madame, I hope you will enjoy Salt Lake City. It is a good plan when a person starts on a journey like this for him to decide to leave his politics and religion behind him," and with this astounding advice he departed. Is the man, in a measure, right? Must what principle I have be so thoroughly unobtrusive? No aggressive Christian can do much on the other side of the Rocky Mountains (if he can anywhere). I have been warned against "a sour godliness." What next?

The Mormon Railroad is "pretty fair," and carried us at the rate of twenty miles an hour over a level country (not unlike the Grand Marias), that on this side skirts Salt Lake. Except for the heavy look of the water, and the genuine sea smell, one might think it an inland fresh water lake like our own St. Clair; but this is, indeed, *a sea*—a sullen, waveless sea. To me it looks and seems out of nature, here, so many thousands of miles away from the Atlantic and Pacific, for this thing to lie under the shelter of the great protecting mountains, whose snow-capped summits make no reflection in its turbid depths, and send forth its odors of the ocean. It was not like anything I had ever seen before, and awakened no enthusiasm.

In our car we had five of Brigham Young's daughters and two of his sons. I began at the tip of the feather in their hats, and took each one in and clinched her in my memory. Ostrich feathers (genuine), black silk velvet hats, lace garniture and veils, velvet or cloth jackets, very much trimmed double skirts, flounces, elaborate ribbon trimmings, broad neckties, and broader sashes, cloth boots, and kid or silk gloves. Each girl wore clothes that cost (out there) at least from $80 to $100. The young men were well dressed and booted. On the whole, if one has seven-

ty-five or a hundred boys and girls to provide for in this way, it will cost something in cash and taxes, and considerable in popularity. Every one of these young people had that same flat, false look that is the characteristic of their father's face, though some were fair haired, others brown or black. There was no chatter of girlish talk among them, though they seemed friendly to each other. After a while a man came up and spoke to them, and then they were all in a flutter, and prinked and smiled, and bowed and bobbed, and looked ready to swallow him. Whatever I may have to do with my politics and religion, I *will* take my womanhood into Utah. I gave them a side look out of dropped eyelids, and retired into a novel, as if their proceedings had been altogether too much for me, and the Misses Young were very quick to observe all this and subside; one even blushed. As to the man, when he passed my seat, I drew in my skirts and watched him anxiously, and the Misses Young saw this also. 10.30 P. M.—I have been to the theater, and if what I saw there was the "elevating influence of the drama," the Mormon will not get very exalted ideas of anything. The house itself is externally forlorn, internally, not unlike in plan to the Detroit Opera House, though on a much smaller scale. We were ushered into a gallery both low and dark, that did not admit of a comfortable survey of the house or the people therein, and were told that this was reserved for the Gentiles. Being called a Gentile by the Apostle Paul is one thing, but for that old reprobate, Brigham Young, to set respectable people apart in that invidious way did not comport with my views, and I at once expressed my desire to go down stairs among the Mormons. Mr. H., having some acquaintance with Mr. S., "a powerful bishop of the church," applied to him for permission to take his party into the dress circle.

It was promptly granted, and our location changed; a better view of the stage and the house was gained. As this was the first and only theater I had ever seen, of course I was curiously observant of both the stage and actors. The scenery was of the plainest and least tasteful description, and the stage properties, forlorn and poverty-stricken enough. Yet the actress was a "star"—Mrs. Bates, rather a pretty woman. She was supported by a company of raw recruits from the harems of the various Prophets and Presidents of this misguided people. The play was "Camille." Years ago, when play-goers were more fastidious than at present, I had read the original French version as it was brought out on the Parisian stage; and now I heard it stripped of all its pretty shades of dainty words and phrases —saw it in all the bald badness of a tainted taste—faugh! I wish no more such sensational, slippery stuff. On the right-hand side of the house were seated, in a private section, a moiety of Brigham Young's wives and families. Only one woman amongst them had a bright, intelligent face. Some of his sons were hanging about in the rear of this party, lounging in and out of the green-room of the theater, which evidently had a door of communication from that gallery. At the end of the building was a red-curtained box, in which President Young sat, and sparsely scattered through the house were about a hundred young girls and women, all handsomely dressed. Scarcely any men were to be seen. Several seats at the side and rear of us were entirely empty, and the same might have been said of three or four in front, save for the presence of a plain-looking woman directly before me, of perhaps forty years of age, who wore a last year's bonnet of brown silk, adorned with a shabby red flower or two. She sat so still that I absolutely forgot her entirely, and as the play went

on and Camille described with great fervor the manner in which she and her Armand would dwell in bliss somewhere —where she should do her own work—and laid excessive stress upon the fact that he would be devoted *only to her*, he would love *only her*, he would never leave *her*, etc.—I turned to Mr. H. and remarked carelessly, "*That* must be an edifying scene to the Mormon sisters." In an instant, like a flash of lightning, the little brown bonnet reversed its flowers, and glaring into my very face were a pair of flashing eyes, two hands raised and clinched like claws were within two inches of me. Whether the woman uttered a sound or not I cannot say, but she looked the growl of a tigress; such passion I never saw in a human face. I am too phlegmatic to flinch, but Mr. H. raised his arm to protect me, and in a second the back of her head was towards us again. Indeed, so quickly had all this transpired, that neither Bessie nor Mr. W. saw it, and but for the continuous quivering of the dingy fuchsias, I might have thought I had dozed off and dreamed the scene. She did not stir again during the whole hour we sat in the theater, but seemed absorbed in Mrs. Bates' prolonged hysterical agonies. As we rose to leave the house she gave me one thorough stare, and if her memory is good she will know me hereafter. Poor thing, how sore her heart must be, how morbidly sensitive her pride, how uncomfortable the flashing out of her inner life, and yet what a strong power of suppression. I would beg her pardon for my cruel words if that would do any good. Think what her life must have been, opposing itself to the brutal and brutalizing ideas of "revelations," as they call them, of polygamy. I had taunted her with her shame and her desolation, and she hated me. Could I blame her? "God pity her, for she's a woman still."

Sabbath Noon, April 28th.—This morning Mr. C. sent up his card with the morning paper announcing services in the Presbyterian Church, St. Mark's Mission (Episcopal), and the Methodist Church; also the Mormon performances in the Tabernacle. The programme for the day was soon arranged; I betook myself in the morning to the Presbyterian Church, while Bessie went to St. Mark's, where she described the congregation as numbering two hundred. The Presbyterian Church is not so large, and meeting "in an upper room," but there were enough of us gathered there to warrant the presence and blessing of our Lord and Saviour. Our friend Mr. C. was to fill the pulpit in the evening. For many days I had wondered what I should do with the fourth commandment when I went to the Tabernacle, and not being thoroughly satisfied I should break it (considering my motives), and being even less settled as to my keeping it, I gave up the question and arranged to go in the afternoon with my two ministerial friends and Bessie to the Tabernacle. Rev. Mr. W., the pastor I had heard in the morning, said that he was anxious that every one visiting Salt Lake City should see and know for themselves the doctrines and spirit of Mormonism. On my way home from the morning service I had met the tremendous tide of heathenism that was flowing out of the great colossal gathering place they call their Tabernacle, and having been comforted by the prayers and presence of God's people, had absolutely forgotten what was the main element of the city and country, and so asked innocently enough whether the Methodist Church had just been dismissed? The man to whom I had addressed the question looked at me with a smile of pleasant pity, and made answer: "Madam, these are the Latter Day Saints;" and then the multitude began to pour through the city thick and fast. Sturdy

looking men—almost all young—moved forward with a swinging stride utterly indescribable. One must see the walk of "a settler" to comprehend it; it is not exactly a hustle—it is too persistent for that—but it is not such a gait as one ever sees on our own avenues, or even in a regiment of men. In fact, it was more like the dash of the mountain streams of Salt Lake City—two-feet-wide little torrents of water, six or eight inches deep, sweeping along in a bustle through their stony beds and tearing forward with a stir and commotion that is quite enlivening. As the crowd passed me—for at once I set my face eastward and walked against this human current—I observed the men all by themselves, the women following behind; these latter were plain, common, countrified creatures, foreign in their aspect, plain but comfortable in their dress. They looked happy to think they owned one of the hundreds of wagons that filled the streets (it was immaterial to them whether they drove mules or oxen), for the sense and look of possession was strong in every face. Hundreds passed me, and thousands were crowding up behind; in short, I was compelled to turn and walk with them till I reached a street less crowded. It appears that this is a field day in the Mormon camp, and is the last of a series of convocations.

Sabbath Afternoon, 6 P. M.—Dear me, I feel as if I had been at a circus; as far as a comfortable conscience goes, I might much better have stayed at home and studied my Bible. At 2.30 we were en route for the Tabernacle, a building that looks like a stupendous mushroom sided in, but is measurably hidden from public view by an immense wall built around a large square, in which is also the foundation for "the Temple." We had front seats, or at least those well forward in the center of the house, which is a huge

barn of a place, having a large gallery running all around it. About a sixth of the space in front of us is occupied by the organ (a very magnificent affair, but not completed) and choir, consisting of nearly two hundred most indifferent voices as well as singers, and ranges of seats, more or less elevated, for the various ranks of dignitaries in this church! There is President Young's seat, then those of the Apostles, Elders, Bishops, etc. Vis-a-vis as we were, we had an excellent opportunity of studying the physiognomy of the leaders of these benighted creatures. First of all was old Orson Pratt, whose very hair seemed redolent of the hate and bigotry that is so ingrained in his nature; indeed, the faces of all these men were either wicked and devilish, or narrow, fanatical and self-righteous. The congregation consisted of at least thirteen thousand persons, two-thirds of whom were women; more than the half of them seemed common, rough, coarse field hands, but very few looked depraved. Then there were others who showed some refinement of face and life; these had a vicious look when they glanced at the pews reserved for "the Gentiles," of whom there were two or three hundred present. Every variety of feminine costume was to be seen, and almost every fashion ever invented of hat or bonnet. The majority wore hats or Shakers; a few slat sun bonnets from the rural districts showed their ugliness, and one sweet-faced English woman sat serene and sad within the enclosure of "a cottage bonnet," around the front of which on the inside were twined "as a border" a wreath of good-sized artificial roses. After all there was something so womanly and attractive about her quaint but well-preserved headgear, that my mind traveled back to the time when such were woman's ways and fashions, and forward to the lessening size of head dresses and the overpowering power of

hair, and so I forgot to attend to the first prayer, which went off like a sky rocket. This was followed by the singing of the hymn so dear to us all—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire."

Even the tune was our own; it was shocking. Again followed another prayer, to which I paid the strictest attention. Indeed, during the afternoon there were seven prayers, as they called them, and they were the oddest and most extraordinary mixture of religion, rant and blasphemy it is possible to conceive of in the English language. Scraps of the form of prayer of the English Church rattled out by one man in the midst of blasphemous thanksgiving for the release of Brigham Young, while another had all the fervor and form of expression of the Methodist religion, and a third pleaded his cause with God's covenant promises at his tongue's end. He struck me as being the worst of all, for I am convinced he knew better, and I am constrained to confess that I thought him a Scotch Presbyterian!

Below the dais on which the *elite* sat was a long table on which were placed the elements for communion service, a dozen or so silver cake baskets filled with bread, and as many ice pitchers filled with water. These were afterwards distributed among the congregation in a helter-skelter fashion that had not the slightest reverence or solemnity about it, and made one's blood fairly curdle with horror and dismay.

Then Brigham Young took the stand. He is a smooth-faced diplomatist, who keeps what he knows behind his flat, false face, and thus hides some of his villainy. There he stood, a large man dressed in the finest of broadcloth, but having tied round his neck over his coat a Magenta silk handkerchief, while he frequently and vociferously blew

his nose on a scarlet *mouchoir* of the same material. He leaned on the desk and said to his audience: "How are you? How do you do?" They answered, "Oh, first rate!" "All right!" "Bully!" He then congratulated himself and them upon his release from a kind of nominal imprisonment to which he had been subjected by the United States government, spoke in pleasant terms of the captain and company who had him in charge, and then went on with his usual (they tell me) reference to Joseph Smith, and their church being driven from Missouri, and thence drifted into a diplomatic tirade against all Gentiles, their religion, laws, etc. He is an old man. I was thankful to be assured that he is now seventy-two years of age, and trust God in His providence will soon remove him from the world and a position in which he has still more influence than any man in Utah, although his own people call him "Profit" Young. He is a very common person in his speech and manner, and ungrammatical expressions poured from his lips in a style that showed he was oblivious to any rules of the science of language. At last he closed by saying: "The choir will now sing an ann-thee-um." This was too much for my gravity, and I laughed such a jolly laugh that every one joined me. George A. Smith, a desperately ugly old Englishman, in a high frizzled wig, who is usually called "The Bully Bishop," then spoke for some time. It was a clap-trap kind of talk that would have been very indifferent stump speaking. His main point was the assurance that he knew when to stop. After three more speeches and a final "*Ann-thee-um*," the convocation was dismissed, and will not meet again until October. Although there were full thirteen thousand persons present, the egress from the house is so well planned that in ten minutes the building was emptied. We walked home in a pouring rain. I am

hour by hour more and more overwhelmed by a realizing sense of the heathenism of this portion of our country. That it should exist and flourish as it does is a disgrace, a horror, a desolating and disheartening thought. That Salt Lake, that treacherous, mysterious looking sea, should rise inch by inch and foot by foot, as it proves to do, is not to be wondered at when we remember the fate of the cities of the plain. Sodom and Gomorrah were swallowed up in their day, and so yet may this festering mass of corruption be swept from the face of the earth. 10 P. M.—At 7 the rain ceased, and the sun sank slowly behind the snow covered Wasatch Mountains, leaving an "afterglow" that was glorious to behold. It seemed as if beyond those hills was promise of an eternal day, a heavenly city, where there was no need of sun or moon, for the Lamb was the light thereof, the brightness and glory of that new Jerusalem for which we long. Never before had we seen such a wonderful irradiation. The sun in all his pomp and power had not the awe-inspiring force of this subtle and penetrating brilliancy of the heavens. In the evening Rev. Mr. C. preached extemporaneously, taking for his text the comfort and the sure support of an intelligent and enlightened faith in the Son of Righteousness. They were words fitly spoken, and "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Thus Christ, in his infinite love and watchful mercy, had sent the comforter to those of his people who had rallied round the banner of the cross, and a day star of hope has arisen in our hearts once more.

Monday Morning, April 29.—I felt every bone in my body aching with a special ache of its own ere I opened my eyes to see heavy flakes of snow falling thick and fast, filling the peach and plum blossoms like so many upturned cups in the gardens about our windows, covering deep and

white the ground and street, shutting out all hope of a drive to Camp Douglass (Gen. M. had called yesterday, and we were to see him again at the camp). The Mormon wives who inhabited the house next us scuttled in and out of doors in the preparation of breakfast. Our room was cold and cheerless, and we dressed slowly and rather sourly. On descending to the dining-room we found a good fire and more comfortable atmosphere. The big Mormon proprietor of the hotel, a pompous, swelling, disgusting looking man, who had three wives—one to superintend the kitchen, the next to look after the housemaids, and the third to be a fine lady—marched up and down past us as we stood near the stove, taking no more heed of two lone women than if we never existed. Whether it was the snow-ladened air, or my contempt for a Mormon, or the way I ached that made me fractious, I cannot say, but as he came up between the rows of tables for the third time, I approached him and said with gentle inquiry, "Is this the head waiter?" All at once his great double chin and bull neck flamed red like the wattles of an angry gobbler, and he replied, holding his voice as well as he could, "It is not." I bowed, looked discouraged, and inquired meekly, "Is there a head waiter?" This drove him desperate, and he made answer, "What do you wish, madam?" "Some one whose business it is to show some attention to a lady." "We all show attention to the ladies," he replied, with that puffy sort of condescension peculiar to pompous people. In one second my nostrils flared, my lips quivered, I drew my hands together, and my figure within itself as it were, and let every fibre of it express the disgust I genuinely felt, as I said, "Not such attention as I have been accustomed to. Will you show me to a seat?" Really, the man looked as if he would burst a blood-vessel, but by the time he had

placed us at the table, Bessie said he had turned as pale as death, and she expected to see him fall down in a fit. As Tony Weller said of the man who kept a pike, I "awenged" myself on human nature in *that* Mormon. No doubt he would have gladly sent the Danites (those wretches who execute the will of Brigham Young's inquisition) after me, but General M. called and took us over to Mr. M.'s, to see the specimens of ore taken from those wonderful silver and copper mines that promise such unlimited wealth to this Territory. Thus I was protected by the United States.

We also when the storm abated, went to see the museum, where there was one of the most extraordinary birds they called a barn owl. It looked and acted precisely like a stupid monkey, and would have made the fortune of Doré, or comforted the heart of Darwin.

6 P. M.—General M. conducted us to the cars, and at two P. M. we were en route for Ogden. As I looked about I saw in a seat near me a plain old lady, of sixty or more, who had such a bright face that I determined to cultivate her. Within three minutes we were engaged in an animated conversation on the subject of the Mormons and their abominable belief and practices. She told me she had been two hundred miles out of Salt Lake City to visit her only son, who was a Mormon. I had not the heart to ask the poor old dame how many daughters-in-law she had been forced to contend with. She had lived with him six months. She knew the rural districts. The women were not bad, but "the men beat natur'." Presently her husband approached us and said: "Now, mother, you just keep quiet; we'll get to Ogden presently, then you can say what you've a mind to. There's a man sitting right behind you with two wives along with him; you talk 'bout something else."

"Pa," replied the old lady gallantly, "it's no use talking any more to me. It's been, 'Ma, don't say a word,' 'Don't you let on to notice,' 'Keep a civil tongue,' 'I wouldn't say anything about it,' and all that, for six mortal months, and I *done it too;* but I'll tell this lady all I know if she wants to hear it. If the man with two wives behind me bursts hisself, you know it 'ill be true, every word of it." The old gentleman, seeing his good lady had taken the bit between her teeth, subsided with a sigh.

Such a history as she gave me would satisfy any reasonable person that the system and practices of the Mormon church were a stench in the nostrils of all decent people. This generation of women are not so badly demoralized, but the young girls coming on to the stage are thoroughly corrupt already, and as the old lady remarked, "If there ain't any women to the fore to keep the men and the children up to what they ought to be, I'd like to know who is going to do it, or what is to become of the hull lot." With this question we close our paragraph.

Tuesday, April 30th.—Yesterday we had our first experience in providing for ourselves. At the Ogden depot the Pullman palace cars cease and the Silver palace cars take their place. As an Irish friend might remark, they are "the same with a difference." Then too, it is somewhat difficult to get sections, but Bessie is quite wonderful, for when every man of our escort failed to make any impression upon the railway officials, she seized the tickets and purses, insisted upon being allowed the privilege of stepping inside of the office, and in ten minutes returned with the five best sections in the car secured to our party. Hats were raised and thanks tendered; the young woman was recognized as a power—an efficient agent. "She knew how to do business"—"Her head was level." She had

been so agreeable that it had never occurred to any person she could be useful. It was amusing to see, after this business escapade, how much she was consulted and referred to.

After getting ourselves settled and in order for another fifty hours of travel, we watched our fellow passengers with much interest. The first comer was a magnificent miner, a tall, square-shouldered fellow, six feet four at least. He might have been a son of Anak. His clothes fitted him superbly—Rasch & Bernart never turned out anything more artistic than the brown mixture that clothed this Colossus of Utah. His brown locks blew back from a very plain face, as he dashed into the cars cheering on a half dozen followers. Such a face and such a figure one always fancies as leading a forlorn hope—gallant, brilliant, brave, sanguine—the nerve of a conqueror and the dare of a Bohemian. In one hand he carried the inevitable portmanteau, in the other a long black whisky bottle; his six companions were all similarly equipped for the journey, except that one man in lieu of a hand-satchel and whisky bottle, had a high demijohn and whisky bottle. The party soon settled into their sections just adjoining ours, whipped out a pack of cards, and began, with great shouting and much good-natured swearing and laughter, to play "seven up." Young Mrs. F., a lovely woman from New York, the only lady besides ourselves on board, came down the car to bemoan with us our noisy, lawless neighbors. What should we do? My advice was to wait a little, and perhaps we could bring them into some sort of order, but how, no one knew. We certainly did not wish to *speak* to this whisky-drinking, gambling, swearing, lawless crew of wild men. But the angel over our right shoulder warned us to deal gently with them. At night after the berths were made up, and they were forced to go to bed, they passed their bottles and told

ridiculous stories, cracked senseless jokes, and seemed determined never to subside. The next morning our plan of action was decided upon. Bessie was to make the most of my pale face, grieve over it, etc., express the hope that I might get to San Francisco without being ill, and all that sort of thing, while I would be as pleasant as I could on the subject of our various trials. No sooner was the car in order again, than "seven up" was inaugurated for the day. Breakfast would not be reached for two hours, and all the miners exchanged bottles and took a round from the demijohn; the blasphemy began again; something definite must be done. I had been studying the scenery, which as yet was but a repetition of the sand hills of the two days out from Omaha, when all at once the big miner swore a most tremendous oath. I turned with a start that was genuine, and said silently, as far as expression could say: "My friend, whatever else you do, you *must not* dishonor God's name." Whether he blushed, or whether the whisky only came to the surface, I cannot say, but every time he broke the third commandment after that he looked to see if we objected to it. We did object; we appeared disturbed and distressed, until at last he reached a point of attention where he bit an oath in two, and then with a grave and courteous smile I made my countenance say, "I thank you, sir." By noon the big miner had thrown up the cards and walked up and down the aisle of the car, restless as a lion in a cage. He evidently wished to speak to us, but dared not. At last a guide book slipped off the seat, and slid and rattled into the middle of the car; he captured it on his way down, read the name in it before he turned about, and came back offering it shyly to me. I thanked him, and by my manner expressed, "I would be glad to say more, but am afraid you are not sufficiently respectable." The man felt and accepted

the doubt, and humbly said, "Are you from the States?" "Yes." After a few preliminaries about where, when, etc., he flushed very red, and inquired, "Did you sleep well last night?" "Oh, very well after the car quieted down." "Did I understand that you two ladies are traveling *alone?*" "Yes." Then swallowing a great lump in his throat he remarked, "We thought the gentlemen with you belonged to you some way." "No," I replied, "they are strangers; they have been most polite and kind, but we are alone all the same; it is a long journey." After this what became of the cards and whisky no one knew; but the men ceased to swear, and comported themselves in the most respectful and deferential manner. One was a geologist, another a civil engineer—an elderly old soul with a terrific impediment in his speech—the two looked so exactly alike in face, hair, beard and figure, that we could only distinguish them by their expression, and so called one "good Mr. Brown," and the other "vicious Mr. Brown." Then there was "little Mr. Miner" and "big Mr. Miner."

To-night the agent came for our names, and I found that at this point (Weston), the telegraph announces our presence in California, and to-morrow the papers will publish in San Francisco and Sacramento a full list of Pullman car passengers to arrive by the evening train. Thus far the scenery has been to me rather disappointing; the rarefied air of the Rocky Mountains gave a more impressive idea of height than one gained by looking from the car window or platform. To-morrow the scene is to change.

Wednesday.—This morning at five o'clock we were up and dressed, and all adjourned to the platform of the rear car, to view the Sierra Nevada Mountains. At this point we asked for an observation car, but although their time tables advertise them, the conductors announced that there was no

provision for one. The miners followed us out, and seemed to be anxious to see what impression *their* mountains made upon us; and so willing and anxious were they to tell us all they knew of the peaks and flats of the Sierras, that Mrs. F., Bessie and myself had not the heart to turn the cold shoulder upon them. What a comment it was upon a woman's influence. Never handsome, no longer young, not even old enough to be motherly; having given a steady rebuke to habits of speech so at variance with my own ideas, these rough men, who had "panned out more gold than you ever saw," had been touched to their hearts' core by the fact that they had behaved badly to ladies who were *alone*. That gallant, generous and manly impulse to protect a woman, had transformed these men into patient, painstaking, self-sacrificing natures, that seemed new even to themselves. Among this rough set I asked no greater right for my sex than to look to *them* for *protection*. A woman can measure the deference they must pay, and she will receive her full allowance. Indeed, one of the most absurd things happened in the night, and will bear telling. A Mrs. Jackson came on board after eleven at night, and finding that one of these miners was an acquaintance of hers, she sent word by the porter that she would be glad to have him exchange berths, as hers was not so pleasant. The man got up and made every arrangement for her comfort. After she retired, he found that the only position she was entitled to was *a single narrow* SEAT. That woman was a fraud.

For hours we sat on the platform wrapped in our heavy shawls and furs, watching the various beautiful hills and valleys, until we found the whole party quieted and subdued—indeed every heart intuitively

"Looked from Nature
Up to Nature's God."

This may be the highest Pantheism. We know it is not all the worship God orders us to pay, but in His works, standing face to face with Him and beholding His power our souls respond.

Until ten A. M. it has been bitterly cold, but as we begin to descend, the air grows warm, and the verdure is glorious. At two o'clock we reached Sacramento, and were hot as in the hottest day of summer. Here Rev. Mr. C. left us for a few days, and we solaced ourselves with strawberries. At eight o'clock we were in Oakland, which is the Brooklyn of San Francisco. Our train had picked up about six immense picnic parties, and we were a long time getting on board of the large ferry. May day is truly May day in this part of the country. As we crossed the bay the brightness of the great city shone over the water toward us, and the cool salt breeze subjected us once more to a change of temperature. The effect of the many lights gleaming from the depots, wharfs and hills of San Francisco, was most beautiful, sometimes forming a glowing crescent, at other, squares and parallels, and flashing like so many brilliant stars against the deep blue background of the night. But, oh, how weary we were; if I had been a foot shorter and weighed fifty pounds less, I should have invited "big Mr. Miner" to carry me on shore. As it was I summoned all my energy, and reached the coach of the Grand Hotel. At this point I parted with Bessie, Mr. W. and Mr. C. going with me. A half an hour more found me taking "mine ease in mine inn." Elegant apartments faded into insignificance before the more luxurious dressing-room, with hot, cold and shower baths awaiting me. By the time I had effected a radical renovation of skin and change of garments, I was prepared to enjoy the French chocolate, strawberries and cream sent to my room at ten P. M. Then my head

rested on a *genuine* pillow, and for eight hours I slept the sleep of the just.

San Francisco, Thursday, May 2.—The day has been bright with friends. Since breakfast I have received one perpetual and prolonged welcome from those who had preceded me to California. Ladies and gentlemen who knew me or mine ten, fifteen, twenty-five, and even thirty years ago, ignored the time and distance that had intervened, and talked to me of "Your father's house" and "Your husband's boyhood" as things of yesterday. Perhaps, had we been dwelling side by side all these years in old Detroit, we would have drifted far apart; as it was, friendship and memory bridged the past, and we stood nearer to each other for the very mountains that had separated us.

Friday, May 3.—This morning Bessie and her father came for me, and I saw some city wonders, such as the Bank of California, Chi Lung's and many other Chinese stores full of curious and undesirable stuff from the Celestial kingdom. But the most astonishing sight of all is California street at noon. There is an immense mining excitement just at this time. Every man in the city draws nigh this hour to the place where so much capital is changing hands—nay, where fortunes are lost or made. However, only the latter are reported; those who have been worsted in this little encounter of wits retire to the extremest seclusion of private life, and are seen no more for many a long day. One Michigan young man had made $300,000, and was tossing his gains hither and thither amongst his family. Provident, far-sighted sisters were laying in sewing machines and other comforts in adversity, foreseeing some day a change in the balance on the bank book. Having been instructed that the thing to do was to lunch at Solomon's restaurant, on California street, I allowed myself to be car-

ried in by the crowd. Lunch is the noon meal of California, and consists of a cup of tea. Every man drinks a cup of the beverage that cheers, even if they follow it in ten minutes with a glass that intoxicates. Then comes a salade, or dish of California oysters, and a piece of pie or cake. These same bivalves are the oddest cross between a clam and the smallest of small oysters; I cannot say they are nice. Sometimes shrimps are substituted for salade, and you pick the head and tail off and eat the inside of the insect without flinching; they taste like nuts, but owing to their legs and tenebræ generally, every one I swallowed was evidence of a victory over a squeamish and rebellious stomach. Such a "feed" as this lunch room presented, with all its hurrying, noisy crowd of hungry, hasty men, I never saw but once before, and that was when an Illinois brother stood at one end of a fenced-off corner of the field and called, "Pig! pig!! pig!!!" San Francisco has all the appliances of a great city. It is a great city; its harbor and natural position make it a great center of transfer. At the Grand Hotel the tables are filled with the representatives from the ends of the earth—England, Scotland, France, Russia, Japan, all the isles of the sea, Spain, Portugal, China, South America, in short, every country on the face of the globe, and every State of the United States sends a traveler to leave his record on the hotel register. In some respects the city looks like New York of a quarter of a century ago, but it has a climate of its own that one ought to desire never to disseminate. For instance, this morning I rose and dressed with a sense of chilliness that at home one would have counteracted by a good fire. In the hotel drawing room I tried to warm myself by the fire in the grate, but there was something (other than cold) that took the life out of any heat the glowing coals sent out.

In five minutes my bonnet and thick dress were on, and the street and the sunshine soon warmed me through and through. Down Montgomery street we sailed, with parasols up and summer in the breeze, but turning to go across the city a wind struck us like a squall—sun umbrellas collapsed, and we shivered in the wind for several blocks—the biting, cutting, sandy draft that swept over us, penetrated to the marrow of our bones, and when we emerged from the shadow of the houses into the sunlight it was as if one had passed through a tunnel. The sky is blue and beautiful and the sea breeze invigorating. Miles we walked without thinking of being fatigued, and though we were so chilled neither of us feel that we have taken cold. They tell me lungs and bronchial tubes give way after lengthened exposure to this sort of "variety."

Saturday, May 4.—This morning Mr. C. dashed into the breakfast room with word that "They were all ready to drive out to the Cliff House—would I join them?" It was a charming drive in a handsome open beach wagon, with plenty of robes, and we were swept over the ground by a gay pair of bays. All the way out to this celebrated resort we saw placards and painted boards announcing, "Homestead lots for sale," "Building lots for sale on time," etc., and all owned by various stock companies. Everything is a *stock* company, whether a mine, a mountain, or a marsh, and the companies are invariably sold out on a mortgage. If any one wanted a homestead on this sand-barren his ambition was not great; for my own part I found the idea of settling for life in such a windy wilderness very depressing. Three miles brought us to the bleakest of bleak look-outs, a square frame hotel on the top (or rather edge) of the cliff; here we went out on a balcony where the wind tore one's shawls, blew the sight out of

one's eyes, sent one's veil up into the air in a manner that added three feet to one's stature, kept one in fear and trembling that each minute every rag of skirt and canvas would be blown away and you be left clutching your skin to keep that on. Under these pleasant circumstances we watched "the sea-lions of San Francisco Bay" as they climbed upon the island of rocks that the Legislature of California has set apart for their especial sporting ground. They are ugly, slippery, ungainly looking, black or tan colored animals, that remind one of the "half horse half alligator" of the Mississippi river, and have huge flappers that are neither legs nor fins, but serve in the capacity of both; unlike seals they have no fur—only a black hide with here and there a few coarse short hairs upon it. The view of the bay is exceedingly fine, and it was funny to see the little fishing smacks scudding up and down, top-heavy with their huge lateen sails, and as indifferent to the hurricane that was blowing us about as the very sea-gulls themselves.

After a while the "breeze" subsided a little, the tide went out, and we took to the carriage again, and went down on to the beach for a longer drive. Mr. W. was told to "take the first road to the right when he turned, and that would give us a pleasant view of another portion of country," but the wet sand made such a delightful road-bed, and the outgoing water had left all so beautifully swept and garnished, that we missed our "first turning," and went on and on like the children in a fairy tale. At last we saw something like a road up which we passed, and drove through beds and fields of flowers—purple, blue, gold and scarlet flamed on the hill-sides, and we gathered and gathered and gathered, stopping now here, now there, till the carriage was full. After awhile we struck a little marshy sweep, green and fresh as a meadow—in fact to all

appearances it was like the Happy Valley that Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, lit upon so suddenly. Step by step the trace of our road became fainter and yet more faint. The Rev. Mr. C. looked at his watch—it was two o'clock; at four he must take the boat to go and preach at Vallejo; and where were we? No house in sight, only the glorious flower-covered hills and the green pastures of as still a spot of earth as one could desire to see, and the road gone. There was nothing for us but to let the horses find their own way, which in a very few moments they did, and once more we saw traces of wheels. After this we bowled forward till we observed that sure sign of habitation, a fence. An unfortunate cow had slid her head between the bars and in twenty minutes she would have been a strangled creature, had not Mr. W. stopped the horses and the two Mr. C.'s broken the board loose. For an hour and a half we spun over the ground, stimulated by the laudable desire to make up for the time lost in rescuing the cow and get Mr. C. to the Vallejo boat, which was *just* accomplished. At four we drove up to the Grand, as tired and pleased a party of pleasure seekers as any one would wish to see.

Sunday, May 5.—This morning Major N. and Miss W. came for me to go and hear Dr. Lyman, rector of Trinity church. The red wood of California, which works like pine but resembles black walnut in color, was employed externally and internally in the construction of the edifice, and the effect, though somewhat somber, was strikingly good. It was communion Sabbath, and the service quite irregular, but the sermon able, full of thought, and expressed with strength and clearness. Miss W. lunched with me, and then, wrapping myself up to meet the breeze of the harbor, we started for Angel Island. My young friend always suffered from sea-sickness in crossing the bay, and

this occasion was no exception; how the cockle-shell of a government steamer did toss about. Angel Island is the most lovely spot of its kind I ever saw; the rocks, and trees, and shrubs and turf are browner and greener than elsewhere, and the flowers are gorgeous. At General W.'s there is a huge hedge of geraniums fifteen feet high, and fuchsias and roses as immense as they are brilliant, while clumps of calla lilies, or lilies of the Nile, as we called them in old times, reared their tall stately heads on every side. But the flowers are *hardy* children, lacking sadly that delicacy and evanescent beauty that distinguishes them with us. A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but a California blossom makes but scant appeal to our sensibilities.

The views of the bay from this point are very fine. From the eastern side one looks out at the Golden Gate, and through that wondrous door sees the sea that runs round all the world, and heart and soul goes drifting through those mysterious portals out upon the wide expanse to where the heavens take you in; and thus you dream, till suddenly a mighty east wind strikes you a blow so pitiless and fierce that you wind your wraps about you and come down from that pleasant higher life to the petty miseries of existence. After sunset we gathered round the fire and spent the evening recalling the histories of old Detroit and her people; all the single men and women passed in review—how white their hair had grown, and all that sort of thing—and then the married folks, and their sons and daughters, and then the landmarks of our river and its shore, until the deepening night warned us to bed.

Monday, May 6.—Came back to my hotel this morning at ten o'clock. Saw that curious rock on which a fortress and its attendant men and works had been established—

Alcatray, they called it—and here, too, on soil brought far across the bay, the flowers bloomed and sought to creep into the mouths of idle cannon, but strict military rule pervades this adamantine resting place, and no such follies are permitted.

Tuesday, May 7.—Being advised to sit for photographs because of the atmosphere, we spent the morning at E. & C.'s, and for the first time in my life I have obtained a good likeness. From the photographers we went to the principal ladies' charity in the city, the Home Protection Society, which is conducted upon principles very nearly resembling those which govern the Reference Committee of our own Home of the Friendless. Such a task as it was to get up the hill! The wind is a perfect prize fighter, and throws dust, and sand, and grit into the eyes and nostrils in a manner not conducive to peace or happiness, nor admissible in the rulings of "the ring." On this occasion it knocked me into a coal-heaver's arms, and there, gasping and breathless, I anathematized "the breeze." As to the institution, it was Board meeting day, and everything was in the most scrupulous order. The ladies, as a rule, looked cross and exasperated: it may be the wind that does it, but as a general thing the lady strangers I met on all sides were quite a contrast to the gentlemen; I mean, of course, those of the California residents to whom I was "only a tourist." Two patient women (the wives of doctors) were an honorable and pleasant exception; with one of these I had a few moments' intelligent conversation as to the workings of their Home.

Wednesday, May 8.—Bessie, Mr. C., Mr. W. and myself left for the Geysers at four P. M. on the Vallejo boat, a fine steamer that plows "the bay." Through the enterprise of Mr. C. we were invited to go up into the wheel house,

Isabella G. D. Stewart

which we did, and sat there looking out with more comfort and pleasure than we had found anywhere else upon that broad expanse of water. We saw Goat Island, over which Congress has "muckled" for so many months, and all the isles and channels of this wonderful harbor, the captain and helmsman vieing with each other in giving us all the information in their power. Vallejo is a bright little town where the main depot of Napa Valley Railroad is placed. The cars swept us steadily through that lovely Napa Valley, the garden spot of California—vineyards, orchards, wheat fields, well-tilled earth, and comfortable, prosperous looking houses and farms were all that was to be seen, no break in the long line of luxuriant cultivation. At eight o'clock we reached Calitoga Springs, a very bright and gay resting place, from which one goes on to the Geysers or over to the Petrified Forests. It has a hotel, with a large number of cottages, every one of which was filled. We went off with a Mrs. S. and her daughter and our own young gentlemen, to one, and in ten minutes we were housekeeping in the most agreeable fashion. Six of us gathered into our little parlor, and felt more at home than we had done since we left "the States." The springs here are sulphurous in character, and spring from the earth at almost boiling heat. By the addition of a little salt and pepper to the water, they give you what they call chicken soup; it is an odd caricature of the genuine article—possibly the light lunch of the infernal regions, who knows? After we retired, the mellifluous music of the insect world, and the manner in which they presented their bills, and drew drafts, reminded me of the speech of an Irish man servant, who had gone with the children and myself on some picnic excursion. He used his hands and hat for some time to

ward off those insidious and nagging pests, until at last he broke forth, "These miskeeters *is hostile.*"

Thursday, May 9, at 7.30 A. M., Foss, the celebrated whip of these regions, was at the door with his various coaches, open C spring wagons, strong enough to bear the tremendous driving they get. An immense party (at least fifty) filled his vehicles to overflowing, and in ten minutes we were *en route.* How shall I describe the beauty of this drive, how give any idea of the sweep and dash of our coach train through the valleys of Russian River, Santa Rosa, and Petaluma, how tell of the crowning view of all these lovely hills and ravines? Language is so poor, my own gift so unsatisfactory, that I dare not attempt it. All one saw, when the train stopped and we looked back and down "upon the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," is something to be remembered, but even an artist could not record it. Up to this point we had climbed patiently; after this the descent began, and the manner in which our six horses took us round curves and corners at a 2.40 pace, would have shaken the nerves of anxious mortals. Here we began to see the bright silver thread of water that gleamed gaily at the bottom of a canon four or five hundred feet deep; in some places there was just one inch of road beyond our wheels, and the other side was a pitiless mass of rock. Following the edge of the canon, at the bottom of which flowed the bright stream, by one o'clock we came within sound of a fearful whistle. This was but a bit of iron pipe laid at the opening in the earth, from which a jet of hot air and vapor escaped. The thing moaned or shrieked just as the evil spirit within opened or shut this natural safety valve. Soon we were in sight of the little hotel which is tucked away under the shadow of a tremendous rocky steep, and which offered us lunch and a

comfortable bed for a nap ere we set out to see the Geysers. At five o'clock the guides come to take the party up the canon to where the Geysers proper, make their explosive appearance. The path from the hotel to the bright, gay little stream is very lovely; trees, shrubs and grass, brilliant as emeralds, lined the way. The bed and sides of this water course are studded with rocks in every picturesque form possible, and, having preceded the party by at least half an hour, I spent the time till their arrival drinking in the exquisite beauty of the scene. But soon the order "forward march" was issued, and seizing my climbing staff started with the rest up an extremely narrow canon, which was nothing more or less than a huge mass of rock cleft in twain to the depth of hundreds of feet. A minute, sluggish, yellow and green stream of water, odorous of sulphur, magnesia, and a thousand and one ill smelling mineral compounds, slid and stumbled among the filthy rocks over which we climbed. Sweeping down the canon came the pestiferous breath of devils and damned spirits, and my face evidently grew white and agonized by the heat and stench from which we suffered, for the guide came up to me and said, with anxious kindness, "Madam, there was a lady fainted in the canon yesterday." "I do not propose to faint; you need be under no apprehension," was my prompt reply. "She weighed full two hundred pounds, and we *carried* her back to the hotel; it was a tough job, but we can do it." And as I looked back upon the devious path by which we had come, I was struck with the herculean labor it must have been. The stones under our feet were burning hot, and the water boiling; where it touched your skirts or soles of your boots, it seemed to eat like some strong acid; and at various holes in the earth we stopped to look and listen. One was the Devil's Cauldron,

and it bubbled and thumped, and poured out steam and sulphur, till our climbing staffs grew burning hot where they had been thrust into the ground. The rocks on each side of us radiated the heat they had gathered from the sun. The path was always upward; and again the guide reminded me of the lady who had fainted. On the whole, I began to think that she was a wise woman, and took a rather sensible method of getting out of difficulty. Rest I must, so letting the remainder of the party file past me, I seated myself on a boulder, but soon discovered by an intolerable steam that rose within my skirts that I was over a point of escape for the vapors of the earth. On my own responsibility I named it the Devil's Register. Everything was supposed to belong to his Satanic majesty. We saw the Devil's Wash Pot, and he no more thinks of keeping it covered than your cook does her boiler on a Monday. We heard the clothes giving out that peculiar bubble and squeaking sound that evidently characterizes clothes on wash day in the infernal regions as well as on the face of the earth. Then came his Kettle and Pot, and Chimney, and Inkstand, and the Witches' Cauldron, and then a high projecting rock that was called his Pulpit, and to which we clambered and looked down upon the boiling, steaming, seething sides of the canon. The sight was horrible; it seemed a very "valley of death."

Our way homeward was by another path, leading us through pleasant woods and over sparkling streams, though even on this route we did not escape the presence of the possessions of the Prince of the Powers of Darkness; for we saw his Steamboat, and Rocking Chair, and Office, and Bath, heard constantly the wild shrieks of his whistles, and felt the whole earth beneath our feet shaken by the mighty throbs of the volcanic forces imprisoned within

it. Snakes sunned themselves and warmed their chilly scales about the craters of these semi-extinct volcanoes. Faugh, the old theories of "hell being the center of the earth." What is to prevent tremendous explosions in this region? Savans may know, but for my own part I should be continually anticipating "a grand blow-out."

Friday, May 10.—We were up betimes and retraced the road of yesterday, with the additional trips of the day before—that is to say, we traveled twenty-five miles by stage, forty-two by cars, and twenty-three by steamboat, and were *en voyage* from eight A. M. till eight P. M., reaching the Grand in time to find the D.'s had gone out for the evening. The clerk came and told me he had taken good care of them, giving them, according to promise, "the nicest of rooms," etc.; "would send the porter up with my bags and mail." This official, who was one of the best-hearted of Irishmen, soon appeared and led the way to an upper story—guests being invariably treated to the lowest flat first, and on each successive return promoted higher and higher. I followed John O'Brien with flying feet, and a heart "mighty" anxious for news from home. In less time than it takes to tell it he handed me my four letters, the topmost one of all being a telegram. Oh, the deadly look of that envelope! In one second I lived over the whole length of my journey, "three thousand miles;" and who was sick or dying? I could not open the thing; the light went out of my eyes and a sensation that "nothing made any matter" stole over my senses. In an instant the Irishman's strong, rough hand seized me by the shoulder, and with a pretty sharp shake he said: "I wouldn't, mem; yez haven't looked at it yit. Take it easy." And he continued to grip me with the pinch of a vise. Somehow the thing was opened and my dazed eyes read:

"Train delayed; have rooms ready.—A. H. D."

This interesting missive ought to have reached me Wednesday at two P. M., and with the proverbial speed of a telegram it had been presented Saturday night. After this there was neither "sleep to my eyes nor slumber to mine eyelids." For many a long hour surging back came all the memories of home—of helpless little children practically motherless, of duties left undone, all my sins of omission and commission—and sackcloth and ashes I knew would be every-day wear for some time to come. It may be but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, but I generally break my neck taking it.

Saturday, May 11.—Was so delighted to see the D.'s at last, but cannot get over the fright of last night—

> "For long, long after the storm had passed
> Rolls the turbid and turbulent billow."

This afternoon we went to Woodward Gardens, which is a very popular place of resort for San Francisco people and their children. The grounds are prettily laid out, and there is a large hall with a smooth floor where, in the absence of genuine ice, the young folks disport themselves with agility and ease upon parlor skates. Several large conservatories are here and there about the entrance gate, and through these we rambled with all the pleasure and delight that is always born of flowers. A rather indifferent art gallery shows that there is a taste for the beautiful, although as yet it is somewhat unformed. Then we went to "see the animals," and found a large collection of handsome, well-kept beasts, birds and reptiles that would have been a credit anywhere. The collection of monkeys was the largest and best it was ever my good fortune to see, and though they are such a funny travesty upon mankind they have a fascination of their own. The bears of California are quite a study, and every shade and variety are to be found here.

There is a miniature lake, very petite, for which some Yankee has constructed a circular boat. Crowds of children seize the oars and propel it around!—if one can use such a term—for hours at a time. At four we went to see the sea lions fed. A near view of this unwieldy, curious creature, that seems to be "neither fish, flesh, nor good herring," gave us an opportunity of observing the peculiarity of its furless skin, its frisky way of diving and swimming after its food, the peculiar facility with which it made legs of its fins and fins of its legs, which after all were only a kind of flapper; and finally, when the creature hoisted himself up on to the rocks, where he sat like a smooth, sleek, well fed London alderman, and surveyed the admiring audience with all the ease and intelligence of one accustomed to the best society, we joined with a couple of hundred people in giving him a hearty round of applause.

Sunday, May 12.—This morning Mrs. C. S. came for me to go with her to hear the Rev. Dr. Scott, an old time Presbyterian, who gallantly bears up against wind and tide the banner of the cross, and cheers his followers on in that "good fight" which makes every thorough Christian a warrior. It was communion season, and he blended with his showing of the love of Christ the duty of heart and hand service to that Divine Master. When one after another responded to their names as "having been admitted to the fellowship of this church upon the profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus," I saw among them elderly men who at last had come out publicly on the Lord's side—whose faces looked as if they were still blanched with the conflict against sin and Satan; men who would henceforth for all time in this world have the battle of righteous Lot to fight against the tide of iniquity that sets in upon a good man in a great city. After service Mrs. S. introduced me

to several persons, adding all the "forbears" of my God-loving, God-fearing ancestry, so that to the general politeness and hospitality that seems first nature in a Californian, was added a soul-warmth that seemed to say, "Oh, she belongs to us."

It was 12:30 P. M., and we would be just in time for Dr. Loomis' Chinese Sabbath School, so through their quarter we wended our way. They are a squalid set, reminding one forcibly of Anne Maloney's description:

"There stood a rale haythen Chineeser, a grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay box; if you'll belave me the craythers was that yellow it 'ud sicken you to see him, and sorra a stitch was on him but a black night gown over his trowsers, and the front of his head shaved claner than a copper biler, and a black tail a hangin' down from it behind, wid his two feet stood into the heathenestest shoes you ever sit your eyes on."

On the sidewalks were seated shoemakers, tailors, tinkers, confectioners, etc., all with their kits and in the full practice of their various avocations. When we entered the Sabbath School we found that May and June being considered the unpleasant season of San Francisco, a large number of the teachers had left the city. Not being averse to work I seated myself next to two young boys of twelve and thirteen, and proposed to induce them to learn A; but a Chinese youth of seventeen or eighteen, who sat in the seat back, whipped out his book and pencil, and thrusting it into my hand, said, "Teachee John, Missis." I accordingly taught John—all about a horse. He could spell quite well, and read after a fashion that promised better things; his pronunciation was good and accurate, except when he undertook to say the word kindly; "kang-ily," "kang-lee," was as near as he could get. Of course the essay on the

horse was the stupidest thing possible, and began, as all children's readers do, "The horse is an animal." "Do you know what animal means, John?" "Yes—dog, cat, robin, rabbit." The classification of the robin struck me as peculiar, but I did not interfere. When we reached the word "south" (for the horse was "raised at the South, in the State of Kentucky," according to this intelligent author), John Chinaman knew all the points of the compass and a great many more things besides. He saw I was not indigenous to the soil, and inquired, "Where you live?"

Presently Mr. Loomis called the school to order for the purpose of repeating the Lord's prayer, the commandments, and the singing of some hymns, and my amiable friend John, having sucked the juice of the cocoanut by his reading lesson, remarked, "Good-bye; got no time," and started for the door. All at once he wheeled about, gave an extra jerk to his slack trowsers, and said, "Tanke; you teached me wery blane;" and with this extraordinary recognition of my services he rushed off to another school round the corner, that "went in" at 1:20, where no doubt he had a second reading lesson, and once more shied the commandments.

"The Heathen Chinee is peculiar."

Monday, May 13.—This morning we were up betimes, and started for Los Angeles by a rather common, dirty side-wheel steamer. We found the McM.'s and Mrs. W. on board, so we made quite a Detroit party. The passengers consisted of all sorts and kinds of people jumbled together indiscriminately. One knot were conversing in German, another group murmuring Spanish, a third were discouraged Frenchmen; at the steerage end a few sputtering Chinese asserted their nationality, and a man and his wife from Georgia vainly endeavored to still the wails of

seven small children under six years of age; evidently they proposed to people the peninsula of Lower California. Col. L., a California pioneer who had been a waif on the stream of fortune, was being instructed in English grammar by an "educated" German. The Golden Gate was full in sight, and the sea-gulls following us through the sunshine with their waving wings, or floating after us in the wake of the vessel, made deck and sea seem alive and wide awake.

The day was glorious, and the bay full of ships from every clime under heaven. More than an hour we sat watching the sloping declivities that bound the harbor, and momentarily nearing the channel which swept out between two hills that are each crowned with a lighthouse. Land, sea, and the arch above us were lovely in their blue-green brightness; life was worth living, and even death lost his terrors as we strained our eyes out across the brilliant ocean. The tide was coming in, and the waters struggled, and dashed, and rushed over and over each other, and tossed the vessel from end to end as if it were on rockers. One's spirits rose, and with them courage, hope, enjoyment, gave zest to the beauty and novelty of the situation. We were crossing the bar; that barrier passed, the wide ocean would be our home for days to come. All at once a cross sea caught us; we no longer rocked up and down, we simply rolled from side to side. While this continued, people laughed with their teeth clenched; a white line added intensity to the expression of the lips. I felt as if I were in a swing, and the swing did not agree with me; I would shut my eyes and try to go to sleep. Mr. W. inquired, "Are you sleepy, Mrs. S.?" and I responded, "Very; I think I'll go and take a nap;" and rising, set forth to my state room. My head floated up into the clouds somewhere and my feet went entirely astray. Mr. W. sprang forward

and offered me his arm; I was considerably past taking it, or anything else, but made my way after a fashion to that haven of hope, my berth. On the wash stand of our room stood a bowl; it was the pole star of my destiny; towards that I steered. As I crossed the threshold I summoned all my energy, and with a gesture worthy of a tragedy queen in her last agonies I cried out to Mr. W., "Go away!" And he went away—that well young man—in an agony of mirth. Hours after, when he looked in upon my blanched cheeks and despairing eyes, and inquired whether I had "taken a pleasant nap?" he received a truthful response, "Thanks; very pleasant." About five million mischievous imps gleamed out of his pupils, and he bowed himself away amid the groans of the suffering ones who would not eat any dinner, and had already set their breakfast outside. After this I thought the view of the coast line was better from one's berth. I also read one sermon and a novel; the scenes of one became inextricably involved with the sentiments of the other, and vice versa. I slept "off and on." The groans of a collapsed old gentleman who was separated from me by a very thin board partition "made night hideous." The stewardess came in the morning and brought me a sea biscuit, and I disposed of it as the old woman did the corn whisky.

Tuesday at three P. M., when we reached Santa Barbara, I was very glad. It is not only a lovely town but also a lovely bay, in which there is not a ripple. My taste for the sea had "rather lost its edge," as they say out here. This little town is flooded with invalids, but I should fancy the sea fogs would make it too moist a climate for consumptives and rheumatic people.

Wednesday, May 15.—Breakfasted at six A. M., because we had reached San Pedro (a name but no town). Here we

went on board of a foolish little tug which spent two hours meandering about in such shallow water that we thought every moment we would run ashore. At Wulmington, —a mockery of a village—we took the cars to Los Angeles which place we reached at ten A. M. At the Pico House we found very handsome accommodations and a genuine breakfast; it was eaten with a relish that only the land can give. The hotel is built round a square in which a fountain plays and some neglected flowers bloom. Spanish seems to be the language of the house, although many Americans and English gentlemen interested in the mines are to be seen at the tables. The wool of Lower California is the staple commodity of all the section, and attracts hundreds of buyers, sellers and speculators.

Out of the window one sees the customs of a land not our own. Dashing down a street, that might be in Spain, come four mounted men; the heavy leather worked bridles, the high-pommeled saddles, the huge stirrup housings, give a foreign look to the shoeless horses; and the sombreros, and Spanish or Mexican cut to the clothes of the men, the red bronze of their complexions, and the black crisp curls, lead one to the inevitable conclusion that either they are foreigners or you are. The dust in the street is eighteen inches deep; the sidewalks are covered with a verandah; the sun beats down upon the adobe houses with their flat roofs; the Mexicans tie their horses to a long wooden bar in front of the little wooden church opposite, and the cow bell in its cupola clangs out a summons for something. It is a Spanish funeral, and we attend without a moment's delay. One fat and two lean old priests go through the rites of the Romish church in Spanish-Latin, or Latin-Spanish. The grieving donnas of the dead man's family weep honest tears on black-bordered handkerchiefs, and sit behind

English crape veils of established thickness; their dresses are made precisely alike (five deep folds and an over skirt); their brown wrists shine out between the sleeves and their single-buttoned gloves.

Suddenly there is a great stampede of the nondescript vehicles and horsemen at the door, the coffin is hurried out, and the funeral procession dashes off around the corner, the frantic bell clatters off in a paroxysm of claps, and I stand alone in the filthy little windowless room that is called a church. I would moralize, but what is the use? The Senor had been the rich owner of a sheep ranch, and his day was done. Evidently he was buried with more dispatch than he had practiced in life; but every one meant well, and that covers all the short comings of the age now-a-days.

Then I picked my way down a Spanish street under the long verandas and saw the butcher, the baker and the saddlemaker pursuing in a lazy way their various trades; looked curiously into the sitting room or parlor of one of these tradesmen and saw a white, book muslin pillow or two on the lounge, trimmed with cotton lace four inches deep; they were the only clean-looking things on the premises. Walking several blocks through the Spanish quarter, I made my way into one little shop where oranges and limes were for sale. There was a low miserable table across one end of the room, upon which was spread dried herbs, red peppers, onions and beans, all of which were so covered with dust that your imagination was obliged to aid your sight. In one corner four bricks were set around a glowing charcoal fire, on which bubbled and hissed two little tins that looked like old lobster cans. The woman proprietress of this not attractive *ménage* had been dried, and smoked, and dusted through successive cycles, but why the charcoal had not poisoned her to death no one knows. This being

the land of orange groves, we found oranges were but a dollar a dozen ; we did not invest in Spanish beans and red peppers—they may have been cheaper.

The American portion of the town presents a very different appearance ; there the stores and shops are kept almost exclusively by Jews, and are all well supplied with the latest fashions in dry goods, millinery and hair goods, carpets, mattings, etc. The grocery stores are excellent, the chocolates, teas, coffees, nuts, olives, limes, etc., being the very best.

Thursday, May 16.—This morning at nine o'clock our entire party set off in three coaches to visit two of the most celebrated orange groves and vineyards on the Peninsula. Two large boxes of luncheon had been prepared for us, and we were to make a day of it. As we drove out of the city we saw here and there a few orange trees grouped about the houses. Soon we forded a broad but shallow creek, where wagons with ox and mule teams were standing to cool ; and then began a long drive over low sand hills covered with a brown dried looking grass ; these are the sheep ranches that are this year making their owners so rich. No fences divide or define the limit of a man's possessions ; scarcely a house is ever in sight—just these brown barren hills. At last we came to one that had four four-feet-thick stone walls running down it ; of course this struck us as being very curious, and we stopped the coach to quiz the driver. "Those are not stone fences, madam ; they are sheep." And truly they were sheep grazing four abreast in these straight lines down the hillside. I felt very much about these poor creatures as Pat did when I reprimanded him for not keeping the cow in the paddock (where it was true the pasture was very short) : "And what cud she do there, mum?" was his pertinent reply ; "she cud

look at the fince, mum, and that's all she cud do." Yet these immense flocks live and thrive exceedingly upon this stubble. They bear lambs twice a year, and are shorn twice a year, and it's not counted much of a ranch if the proprietor does not clear from sixty to a hundred thousand dollars per annum. But it is a lonely, desolate life, that palls dreadfully upon all who undertake it. We met a young Frenchman who had been bookkeeper for an old Spanish ranchero. His pay was $1,200 in gold, and the board and lodgings of his wife and himself. "But," said the poor young fellow, "I could not stand it; I would rather have gone to State prison for half the money."

On we bowled over hill after hill, seeing ever in the distance the high summits of the Coast Range, whitened here and there with patches of snow. These mountains stand like a barrier of stone between the cold, keen sea breezes that would otherwise sweep over and desolate the whole peninsula of Lower California. They likewise water the narrow strip of fertile ground that, like the valley of the Nile, gives growth to the fruits that are so necessary to the support as well as wealth of the region, pouring down upon it during the night the heat which the mountainous steeps have gathered from the sun's scorching rays, and perfectly equalizing the temperature, so that the fruits of the tropics come to the richest perfection in a climate where the thermometer never falls below 40° Far. in winter, or rises above 80° in summer. As we drive onward, no signs of any respectable vegetation, save the eternal brown grass, is seen upon these constantly recurring sand hills, over which we struggle through powdery grit that follows our horses like a cloud; although occasionally huge cacti that looked like lost spirits of the world of flowers glared at us, and held up on miserable stalks or sticks, great knobs of greenish, slimy,

fiendish, vegetable *flesh*, all covered with vicious bristles. Here and there they burst into yellow and brown poisonous looking blossoms that oozed upon your hands a thick pestiferous gum, if you ventured to pick them, and infected your nostrils with a faint and sickening odor both deadly and disgusting. In the shadow, or rather under the protection of a sand hill, a large thicket of these horrid spectres had started into being, and led one to think of Tennyson's line:

"Into the Valley of Death."

Or of John Bunyan, who makes poor Christian to say: "About the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside; the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer, but when they were come almost even at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice: 'I will walk in the strength of the Lord God!' so they gave back and came no further."

It was more than passing strange that *flowers* should stir one's soul with such a sense of the presence of devils and damned spirits, and I longed for a dozen men with broad-axes in their hands to hew down and mash and mangle these unsightly growths. Ever since the miracle of the banished devils into the herds of swine, more or less of the curse has clung to the pig; and has the vegetable as well as the animal world its scape-goat? I wonder if Hawthorne was thinking of cacti when he wrote Rapacini's Daughter, for to love such a blossom would insure an unspeakable empoisonment. The very dust that was poured into the carriage like a Scotch mist disdained to rest upon these "blossoms!" and they shrank and withered in the heat into flabby masses of corruption, until out of sympathy for my aversion, Mrs. D. tossed them out upon the roadside. I left them *behind* me, it is true, but for half an hour I was haunted with the hope that they would be *trodden on* and *torn to pieces.*

About half-past ten or eleven o'clock we came suddenly, as it were, upon a picket fence—a low, shiftless concern, as compared with fences at home—but it spoke of protection, and entering a gate that was too forlorn for the premises of a third-rate Michigan farmer, we were, in a moment more, driving through groves of oranges, walnuts, figs and palms. Here everything spoke of cultivation. Not a weed raised its head, and for a mile each tree was set, as it were, into a square bit of earth with a little wall of mould about it to hold the water with which once a fortnight, in the fruit season, its roots are drenched. We saw this on one side of the road, and on the other, grape *trees*—for they did not appear in the least like vines. Fancy the leaves and short branches of the grape bursting out of a trunk the size of a ten-year-old apple tree, and forming a head almost as thick as that of an *enormous* cabbage.

A few moments after we turned in we were in sight of Mr. Rose's house, a large, low, double mansion with sheltering piazzas, over which scrambled and blossomed roses far too large for beauty. They answered to my brother's description of the middle-aged belles of London, as seeming "porter-fat." We sprang across a little rushing brook, and stepping under the eaves of the porch were almost within the square parlor of the house. Miss Rose, who had been at the piano, came forward and welcomed us (utter strangers that we were) in a pleasant, hospitable fashion; told us her father and mother had gone to San Francisco, where, we afterwards learned, he had lost considerable upon a horse of his, which was running in the spring races at Sacramento. The mother was getting the family supplies. The girl confessed that though very beautiful, their ranch was lonely, and then said that her father had only been cultivating it eleven years. She pointed with much pride

to portraits of her parents that hung upon the wall. How blind is human affection! I *know* that Mrs. Rose was a far brighter and better looking woman, than the brick-dust and brown representation of the female that looked out of that frame. And as for *Mr.* Rose, his never was a faithful portrait. Such a flat, stale, unprofitable looking man as that, never had sense enough to locate, to say nothing of putting in order, such a ranch as the one surrounding us.

Mr. Rose had been bankrupted in Texas in 1854, and fifteen years ago he had not credit enough to buy a sack of flour. This is considered the lowest condition of impecuniosity, and what Mrs. Rose did for bread for herself and four children while Mr. Rose went to get honest and honorable possession of this place is not stated. He was a much shrewder man than that picture would indicate, or he would never have had sense enough to look up such a stream of water as the one that now makes the wilderness to blossom such extravagant roses.

Twelve years ago he bought two thousand acres of land surrounding the "Mission San Gabriel." The mention of this mission takes us back to the devoted old Spanish missionaries, who, more than two centuries and a half ago (in 1615), made their way to this far-off spot—aye, more, who appreciated at once that all this country needed in material things to make it a paradise was water, and so devoted themselves to seeking and finding the right streams upon which to settle. They found one here, and built a conduit thousands of feet long, that to this day is strong and firm as the rocks themselves, and still conducts with its first integrity the rushing torrents of water, that combined so well with other advantages, to make Mr. Rose's fortune. Here, too, they built a great church, or mission, a huge oblong structure, with walls four feet thick, and a flat roof,

covered with tiles, which time and sunshine have warped into as many curls and twists as an autumn leaf. Within are no benches or seats of any kind; and stupendous doors, whose latches and hinges are a study, stand open day and night. A tawdry altar was at one end, and the pictures that for hundreds of miles I had dreamed of seeing, were startling. Art was years ago, and I had thought that if they sent their canvas saints such a long way surely they would send good ones; but alack and alas! they were pale, fantastic, lean-faced, hopeless looking nondescripts, that might be madonnas or men, and the winds had broken them loose from their black-painted frames so that they flapped and flared at you in a very unbecoming manner. One exhausted looking gentleman (or lady, it was hard telling which), was hung opposite the door, so that every little breath of wind would send a ripple over his face that rolled the eyes up in an agony of despair and set the mouth off into a broad grin. The effect was inexpressibly absurd, and I stood shaking with laughter, till I noticed just below a box, requesting "aid for the repair and preservation of this mission." Whatever my faith is (and I trust it is orthodox Presbyterian), I would have responded to this appeal if it had taken what they call out here "my bottom dollar." Grand old adventurers, they had planted the standard of the cross under the shadow of these mountains; they had taught lips unused to prayer how to ask God's mercy and pity through Jesus, His beloved; and in my heart I bridged the centuries and struck hands with these men, honoring them as faithful, self-sacrificing servants of the Highest. While we stood looking upon their graves, wildly overgrown with unfamiliar grasses, a couple of Greasers rode by and crossed themselves, and muttered a mechanical *pater noster*.

At last we tore ourselves away from this old ruin of a

mission and betook us to the orange groves. The trees are quite lofty in height, and from twenty-five to thirty feet in the spread. The trunks are not large, from eight to ten inches in diameter, but the branches make a thick, strong upward growth, dense and shining, that sets off in bold relief the large, round orange-colored fruit, which we gathered from the ladened limbs without the aid of steps or ladder.

I never could endure an orange; it is either a dry, pulpy, stale chip, or a sour, fermented affair that disappoints me in some way. Hence I was loath to taste the great yellow globe that I held in my hand; but a penknife soon severed the peel into sections, and then—well, *then*, I ate six in succession, and never mean to eat another unless I can get it ripe from the trees. The freshness, the dainty odor, the juice, the pulp, changing into a rich gelatinous sweet that melted away and slipped down your throat without eventually making the least impression on your stomach, are not to be described, simply experienced.

It was the very last of "the season," and John Chinaman duplicated himself on every side, and waved his solemn, sad, dispirited pig-tail with every orange he gathered. At a little distance the trees seemed to bear two kinds of fruit, here an orange and there a Celestial; but the boxes on the ground and the sharp, quick counting and filling that was carried on by American or English hands meant business. Several boxes were bought by our party at a cost of five dollars the hundred oranges, and we to transport them to Los Angeles. The Chinese laborers receive eighteen dollars "and find themselves." It is a mercy they can, as Mrs. Partington might say, for they are alike as two peas in a pod, and no intelligent mortal could find one if he once got mixed with his brethren. The Greaser, who is a

hybrid between the Spaniard and the native Indian of the Peninsula, gets a little higher pay, but the American skilled laborer receives forty dollars a month in gold.

The orange is a fruit of long growth; eleven months it takes to reach perfection, and these very trees from off which we gathered the well-ripened fruit were white with bud and blossom which will not reach maturity until March and April next.

The English walnut is cultivated with great success at this ranch, and makes most rapid growth; indeed it seems hard to realize that these trees are only eleven years from the graft. The fig trees interested me wonderfully, perhaps because their leaves formed the first garments of the race. If they were still the staple for the habiliments of the human family, I would agree to do the sewing for myself and five children in twenty minutes.

Our drivers warned us that we had yet to go to Wilson's, which is another superb orange grove and vineyard, and we accordingly bade good-bye to the very intelligent as well as polite foreman of Mr. Rose, and set out to see the results of a little different style of cultivation. Striking across country upon a road, that however gave no variety to the scenery, three miles of driving brought us to Wilson's. This celebrated ranch is far older than that of Rose, and has within its precincts a little lakelet upon which Oakland county would smile contemptuously, but such is the value of water that here it is worth far more than a gold mine. The house stands upon the roadside, and from it, too, we heard the sound of the piano. Here we were to lunch, and betaking ourselves to the lakeside through a vineyard that looked precisely like a young orchard, we explored with interest the contents of our tin lunch-boxes, while Mr. W. and Will picked half a bushel of oranges that were to serve as

dessert. Chicken, tongue, sandwiches and cake disappeared, and the oranges followed, but they were not the sweet, dainty things we had tasted at Mr. Rose's; still they were nice, very nice, and again the party averaged half a dozen apiece without inconvenience. Here we gathered huge bunches of jasmine, white, and yellow; and scarlet pomegranates, with an occasional flower that was entirely unfamiliar, and reveled in a gorgeous tropical luxuriance of foliage. Mr. Wilson also was absent from home, but his man of business took much pains and pride in showing us the wine cellars, they being the great curiosity of this ranch. He was an educated German who had been employed for some years in the wine pressing business of Kelley's Island. The vaults were filled with casks and tuns of ripening juice, that he told us were all sold to a New York house at a dollar the gallon. Reversing the Oriental custom of the best wine at the first of the feast, he presented me with the poorest. It was poor indeed—a sour, raw, and slightly bitter decoction that might have *some* but not many of the characteristics of claret. No doubt this is "doctored" into something quite different by the "New York house." From this he went to Hock, Port, Angelica, Sweet Catawba, etc., but everything tasted crude, and was not unlike the little book in the Apocalypse in its effect upon the stomach. In the center of the vault stood a stupendous cask containing four thousand nine hundred and some gallons—it would be shorter to say five thousand, but I suppose our guide was like the boy who killed ninety-nine blackbirds at one shot, and declined to make it even figures because he was too conscientious to tell an untruth *for one blackbird!* Be that as it may, it was large enough to have drowned our whole party comfortably—indeed there were many "tuns," in which a winey grave could have been

found. In some of these a slim mortal might have dropped through the bung-hole.

Ere long our drivers warned us that if we expected to be at Los Angeles in time to dress for dinner we "must be under way." The day had seemed too lovely to end—too peaceful amid those perfect trees to be brought to a termination by a coach and pair—and yet the immutable law of change ruled here as elsewhere, and by five o'clock we were rolling quietly forward toward Los Angeles. Suddenly off whizzed a wheel—the driver sprang from the box and unfastened his horses. The inmates of the coach got themselves out as best they could, and we all stood viewing the cause of the disaster in a stupid, appalled fashion. Without thinking of the proprieties or conventionalities of life (I always do forget them till afterwards), I stepped forward, relieved the driver of the reins, and left him free to help Mr. W. in seeing what could be done, which proved to be exactly nothing. Mr. McM. must have been provided with an eye in the back of his head, for though nearly half a mile ahead of us, he saw our mishap, and, laughing heartily at my attitude, returned to aid us. Mrs. W. and myself took places in his carriage, while Mrs. D. went back to join the remainder of our company. We had yet five miles to drive before we reached the city, and the fine, sandy dust, impalpable as powder, was just two feet deep all the way. A clear, fresh, pleasant breeze sprang up and sifted this upon us till we were glad to see Los Angeles in the distance. Once there, a bath and general brushing soon freshened us for a hearty dinner.

Friday, May 17.—Was positively tired out to-day, even feverish and ill, and kept my bed. Towards evening I bethought me of an old prescription given me by a friend: "When you feel just as bad as you can, get up and dress

yourself nicely, and then do something." I followed it with benefit and profit, for in the large parlor of the house, I fell in with a lady and a gentleman with whom I had a most agreeable conversation. He had "no style," as people say now-a-days, nor she either. A tall, slim, shambling looking man, with a Yankee twang, but good and expressive face. His wife was *without an over-skirt!!!* and had her hair brushed straight down over her ears and upon the sides of her face; but it was a sweet, expressive, thoughtful countenance—and when he offered me a seat by the open window, I declined it with great propriety. I sat quietly awaiting an advance from the lady. Of course it came, and then we drifted into the usual questions. The gentleman (as Mr. D. learned afterwards, was one of the first lawyers and jurists in San Francisco, etc.) had lived over twenty years in California. The climate of San Francisco did not agree with his wife; she had severe bronchial troubles, and he had bought her an orange ranch near San Diego, where, with her two daughters and one son, she passed almost her entire time. The sweet looking English woman on our boat had gone down to her as governess for these young girls; while she had come up by stage to Los Angeles to meet her husband, and spend three days with him during an interval of court, and was very curious to know of me all about the appearance of the new teacher, etc. He had spent some little time in Michigan years ago; was a cousin of the C.'s; had crossed Lake Erie in 1840 with my father, and had been led by him on that occasion, and always since, to pay marked attention to certain atmospheric phenomena. Here followed a long and most delightful analysis (for it was that) of the climate of Southern California, that I only regret I cannot reproduce on paper. "It was so different from ordinary lands that it had excep-

tionable experiences—for instance, grain planted upon hills, utterly unwatered, would give wonderful crops. Lands that to all appearances were waste, must yet produce the bread of the country. At San Diego much money had been spent in sinking artesian wells, but they were always a failure; some boulder, hundreds of feet below the surface, would blast all prospects of water. That there was ever at work a grand law of natural compensation, and Lower California was developing it in the most surprising manner." Then *she* took up the burden of the tale, and said that "the ranch life was sad and desolate (evidently she carried a divided heart—her husband so far away during so many months of the year); that in her case the climate was just what she needed, but that even books could not make her loneliness anything more than tolerable." At this juncture a telegram was brought Judge C., and she exclaimed, with terror in her voice, "It cannot be the children!" It proved to be *stocks*, and he told me much of the history of the stock speculations and excitement I had witnessed on our arrival in California.

Ere I was aware, bed-time had arrived, and Mr. D. had come to see if I had any need or want unsupplied. I told him of my pleasant evening, and in his droll way he inquired:

"See here, Mrs. S.; do *you* speak to everybody you meet?"

"No, sir; I do not."

"Well," said he, "how do you manage it? Everybody speaks to you."

"I am sure I cannot tell, except that wherever I am, I do my best to look agreeable, and when people speak to me to show that I am genuinely interested; hence I not only see the country, but the inhabitants thereof."

Saturday, May 18.—The morning has been devoted to a walk about Los Angeles. The view of the town from the high western hills is extremely pretty; rows of terrace houses clothe but do not adorn the steep ascent. On the hill-top lies the Protestant burial ground—a rather forsaken looking enclosure, with here and there a marble or painted pine slab, to mark the resting-place of some poor pilgrim

> "Who by the wayside fell and perished,
> Weary with the strife of life."

In such a spot as this, one realizes how the pioneers of a new country suffer wreck—William J., of ——, Duchess county, New York, aged 37 years; James S., of ——, Florida, in the 35th year of his age. Every State in the Union has here at least a representative, perhaps of its best blood and spirit. The usual brown, seedy, short grass, if you can call it such, fringes these desolate graves, and above them waves the plume-like pepper-tree, with all its flimsy, evanescent, feathery foliage. It seems as if one sharp wind would sweep away these little sandy mounds, and the trees that mark them, so that these unsung heroes would not even leave a grave behind them. What odds—suffice it, that the *good* men do, lives after them, Shakspeare to the contrary notwithstanding.

Perhaps the most striking object as you look down upon the town is a great red "Gas Works," that, like offenses,

> —— was rank,
> And smelt to Heaven.

An opera house, some Protestant churches, and a number of stores, mark the dividing line between the Spanish and the American portion of the town.

At half-past three we left Los Angeles, retracing our steps with about the same interest that marked the progress

of that King of France, who, with forty thousand men, marched up the hill, and then marched down again. And yet there is always something to see, even in low flat land where green grass grows. Here were nice looking people getting off at a little shed that was called a station, and going over this trackless sea of grass on mustang ponies or horses to some house or shelter far out of sight. They were probably well-to-do rancheros, but they did not look very light-hearted. The climate is delicious, but in a little time I am satisfied its monotony would stagnate all the "go" in my body and mind.

At half-past six P. M. we found the Orizaba waiting for the train. The captain had supper held back for our arrival, and an egotistical traveler could easily have flattered him or herself that all this was intended as individual courtesy.

Sunday, May 19.—How I miss my quiet home Sabbaths. This on the boat was as respectfully deferred to as one could expect, but there was no marked recognition; not even a hymn was sung, and on that quiet, lovely sea I longed to hear my mother's voice in

> "Sailor on the lonely billow,
> Far, far at sea."

At four P. M. the waves began to roll higher, and sensitive people took to their berths, where I remained, more frightened than hurt by sea-sickness, till we crossed the bar and entered the Golden Gate. Here the boundless ocean narrows into a bay, and San Francisco comes in sight. On Monday at half-past four we were once more at home at the "Grand." Our rooms were ready, the attendants glad to see us, and our letters on the table. As Mr. D. remarked, "This is something like, and it's a great pity our hotels in the States could not take a lesson or two; no hotel clerk to cock his eye and look contemptuously at you over

his ruffled sham front, to receive your order and deliver it again to a darkey, in a tone that rouses all the angry passions of your heart—I think his words were, *most infernal mad*—or if he is polite to a lady, it's a politeness two degrees more insufferable than his insolence."

The hotel table is not wonderful, but it is good enough; the building is charmingly ventilated, and their head people, clerks, waiters, etc., become personally acquainted with you without your being aware of it.

Tuesday, May 21.—The grand conundrum of a California trip is how to get to the Yosemite? What to take to the Yosemite? What to wear in the Yosemite? What route is to be preferred? Will you visit the Calaveras, or the Mariposa big trees, or both? Will you go and return one way? This is better. Will you go one way and return another? This is best. Will you take the public stage or a private coach? You *can* do this. You *cannot* do that. Mr. W. has talked, and talked, and talked. Little groups and knots of people stand round and talk. Have you been to Houseworth's (he has the agency of one route)? Have you seen Smith? or Robinson? or Jones? who have the management of three other routes. *Can* you get in? "Inspiration Point is blockaded with snow!" "Passengers have started in two weeks ago on the Coulterville road, and nothing has been heard of them since!" Shall you wear trowsers? Would you take two dresses? At last a definite answer to all these questions became imperative. Mr. D. called the party together and made a characteristic speech: "The big Injun of California is the Yosemite Valley, but how to see him is a question. If you go by Clark & Hatch's, you must ride twenty-five miles on horseback in one day; if you go by a certain other route, it is thirty miles in one day; if you take the Coulterville route,

you must stage it two days; if you go to the Calaveras trees, it will take another. You can get in on a new route by Jacksonville. It will cost from $100 to $150 any way; you may save ten dollars or more by going by stage; your expenses by coach are from three to five dollars a day, and take your time; somebody say something. Mrs. S., what do you wish to do?" Not being accustomed to public speaking, I said briefly, that we had no choice. "Come," said Mr. D., "that's pleasant; here are four women with no choice; I see how it will be—when we get into the toughest of it (and I tell you, to start with, it's a tough trip), you will all begin to say, 'I wish we had done so and so.' Now if you have any wish, express it, or forever after hold your tongues; don't lay back and have no choice; have a choice, and stick to it. Now, Mrs. S., will you make another remark?" Whereupon Mrs. S. did remark in this wise: "I have studiously ignored all unpleasant knowledge of this trip; my orders at home were not to venture upon it, if it was likely to prove rough; I do not know anything about it; I do not wish to know anything about it; in my opinion the way to take this trip is to take it *blind*. Mr. W. has thorned me with information, and now you are determined to do the same; I expect to be murdered, but I propose to *accompany you*. What earthly use is a brother-in-law if he cannot get one into the Yosemite Valley?" (Great applause.) This being everybody's else sentiment, Mr. D. forthwith engaged a carriage to meet us at Milton, and to-morrow morning we start.

The afternoon was devoted to seeing the Chinese stores, which are full of curious things of no earthly use; their charges are high and their wares not particularly to my taste. In point of variety at Vantine's in New York, you can get more beautiful and quite as characteristic goods.

This evening Dr. K. called.

Thursday, May 23.—We were rapped out of bed at six o'clock this morning, and after a hasty breakfast, *i. e.* gorging one's self with unchewed food, like any camel of the desert, were packed into the Grande coach and off again. Not, however, before I had waylaid the mail boy and secured my letters. I looked over his shoulder as he was sorting them on the table, and, seizing two, remarked, "Those are mine," and was away. Poor, astonished fellow! He made a little rush after me, and expressed a wish to be "sure it was all right," but his effort was futile, for we were under way and trailing through the uncleanly streets, damp and reeking with the night dews, to the Central Pacific depot. To get out of San Francisco invariably involves "crossing the bay. The Oakland ferry, a huge steamboat that takes its time, lay idly at the dock swallowing the tremendous crowd that poured into its mighty cabin. What a simple affair it was to identify the tourists, the rancheros, the miners; and we were quite interested until the boat swung loose and steamed out against the bitter, cutting wind.

Oakland is to San Francisco what Brooklyn is to New York, but struck us as appearing rather more inaccessible, inasmuch as after the ferry has disposed of you as the whale did of Jonah, you go nearly three miles by rail on pile made ground ere you reach the solid foundation that bears up the town. By eleven o'clock we were at Lathrop, where they told us we could get dinner, but being in no mood for that meal at that moment we let the golden opportunity slip. "Eat when anything is offered," is a safe rule to follow in this country. Here we changed cars for Stockton; there again we changed cars for Milton, where we would be met by a private carriage that would

take us forward. At Stockton Mr. D., who had donned a a wide-awake hat and looked generally equal to anything, was accosted by an individual in a white beaver "tile," with the nap brushed the wrong way. In a semi-genteel fashion he inquired, "Are you going to the big trees?" His question was promptly answered by another, "Do I look like a man going to the big trees?" A critical glance, and the white beaver replied frankly, "Well, I should say you did, and I've got the horses." But after all, a moment's conversation led to Mr. D.'s asserting, "You've missed it this time; I'm not your customer." After this we knew that there would be no difficulty when we reached Milton, for Mr. D.'s general "big tree air" was better than a guide book.

In the train, cards of invitation were circulated for a dinner at Peters, which proved to be the most palpable fraud ever perpetrated by the "Heathen Chinee." The food was execrable, and the Chinamen's long nails and disgusting pigtails make me shudder as I think of them. One wretch perched himself behind K.'s chair, and from time to time shrieked at her, "Kee, koh, kee, koh." He was not to be annihilated by a glance. Again and again these mystical syllables were fired into her ear or exploded at her as if they were a new kind of Chinese fire cracker or torpedo. At last Mr. D., coming out in a fresh character, that of "an interrupter," as Mrs. Partington would say, informed us that "That Chinaman was inquiring whether K. would have tea or coffee." She gave a superb toss to her head and replied, "Neither." But as that was not a word in his vocabulary, he persistently "Kee, kohed," until to get rid of him she replied, "Tea." Rushing away, he returned with a cup of the boiling liquid, in which his yellow thumb was plunged far above the first knuckle.

Here Mr. Dunning, a tall, thin, gentle looking Jehu, had marked Mr. D. for his own, and was on time at two P. M. with a long, three-seated beach wagon or covered rockaway, into which eight people and eight portmanteaus were stowed; and there was a change of misery. The road was like the little girl in the rhyme, who

> "When she was good was very good indeed,
> But when she was bad she was *horrid*,"

And it was bad the greater part of the way, and we were tired, and starved, and hot, and dusty. We limited our imagination to reaching Murphy's. Really I can not tell how the country looked, for every time I opened my eyes the stage gave a jolt that bumped the sight out of them and the hope out of my heart. Our four horses tugged us up a hill over loose and rattling stones that rolled down behind us, and then down a hill where infantile boulders went before and insisted upon being underneath our wheels at least ten times apiece. We were not acclimated to staging. Two hundred miles of this sort of thing was a ghastly future; but we held our peace and endured life from minute to minute, occasionally inquiring, "How many miles is it to Murphy's?" The reply was never encouraging.

As day declined another carriage came to meet us. It was some misunderstanding between the drivers, but Mr. W. and Will availed themselves of it, and jumping in, praised and bribed the young whip until he got them to the hotel a half hour before us. Night closed in upon us and we were still lurching our way forward. The country was barren, forsaken, forlorn. We knew every bone and muscle of our frame better than any anatomist, be he whom he may. With us anatomy was illustrated by aches.

As the moon rose Mr. Dunning gave a flourish of his whip, and making the thong stand out like a finger-post,

remarked, "There's Angels." He could not mean the heavenly visitants who are perpetually heading one off from mischief. Indeed, angels seemed to be a frequent and familiar name this way, to wit, Angel Island, Los Angeles. Angels—what angels? Oh, if we had only been angels, Saint Cecilia angels, that could have waved a pair of gull-like wings and wafted ourselves over the stones and boulders and hills generally, without the shaking and bumping and thumping that for the last five hours we had endured: what an improvement it would have been on stage locomotion! Alas, *we were not angels;* only stiff and sore mortals who were not content where we were comfortable.

All at once Mr. D.'s stern voice broke out:

"Then Abner Dean *of Angels* raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

"If Abner's there let's call." "How is he now?" "I've known him these four years." So had we all. This rhyme of the poet, the droll sally of our patient protector, wakened us to new life; it was better than a letter of introduction to Dunning himself. He told us how Bret Harte had lived among these hills and worked these mines and studied these miners; how "he was pretty generally correct in the main." The road ceased to be long and rough; it was like "the beguilements in the boats," in that exquisite story of Dickens', "The wreck of the Golden Mary," as we listen to verse after verse of this poet of the mines.

All at once we came to a toll-bar that seemed to have sprung suddenly out of the earth. A morbid desire to know the worst forced me to inquire once more:

"How far is it to Murphy's?"

"Four hundred" —

"Miles, of course! I expected it;" and I thought of that class of men "who keep a pike to awenge themselves on human nature."

"Four hundred yards, ma'am; don't be down-hearted" and he laughed a gurgling, jolly laugh that waked the horses and Dunning, who, bringing his long, snake-like lash to bear upon his four-in-hand, dashed them into the town with a flourish and crash and bang that brought people out of their stores and houses to see him rein up at Murphy's.

There stood Mr. W. and Will with a pair of steps ready to aid us in dismounting; our rooms were in order and our suppers under way. The hotel was a high brick store-looking edifice, with iron shutters for doors and windows. A nice, motherly, elderly woman came to my room and brought me hot water and fresh towels; and said this would be our worst day, every one was tired when he got there, but rested when he left.

The supper was delicious—no Chinamen in sight—and after it I stepped out on to the pavement and into the moonlight to take a view of the town. It is considered quite a place; may have four or five hundred inhabitants and a number of empty houses. A gentleman handed me a chair, and in a moment more inquired, "Are you not a sister of Dr. S. P. D.?" I bowed in acknowledgment, and found I was conversing with Mr. Jay H., of Houghton, Lake Superior, an old classmate of my brother's. If I only had Mr. Mansfield's voice and presence I might sing with equal expression, "Michigan, my Michigan." Her sons and daughters meet in every portion of the globe.

Friday, May 24.—What a sleep, what a rest, last night's was! How fresh and fair the day opened! We took life leisurely as compared with yesterday, and did not make

such an early start for the big trees as on many another occasion. Eight o'clock found us rolling out of the town and bumping over the gold diggings that channel and tunnel the turnpike. Presently we struck into another road, and then the beauty of earth, air and sky took full possession of us. Up one long slope after another, through sunny, green pasture lands, that were dotted here and there with zamias and wild oak bushes. Gradually all grew more dense and strong; the massive trunks and comparatively light foliage of the trees brought back the oak openings of Kalamazoo, as they were in my early girlhood; yet no signs of habitation save the road we followed.

Occasionally man, with his usual perverse desire to do wonders, had sawn down a tree, for what purpose none can tell, except it was to prove that he was monarch of all he surveyed; for the huge mass would lie as it fell, and in that dry, pure air there was but very little decay. One immense sugar pine not less than twenty-five feet in circumference had been sawn down with what they call a whip saw and then cut into sections. It was larger than any tree I had ever seen in my life, and Dunning rested his horses while we speculated upon its size. A drive of twenty miles brought us to a large hotel handsomely located and looking fresh and fair among the trees that surrounded it. Two, called the Twin Brothers, stood as sentinels on each side of the road, and challenged our approach. They were the veritable "big trees" of the country, but they stood so tall and stately that they did not strike one as being so huge.

It was twelve M., and we waited a few moments for dinner before setting out on our quest for the grove. The house was extremely comfortable, the dinner very nice and nicely served. Many a spot of much more pretension was not

nearly so acceptable a resting place. We had the mountain snow for ice and mountain mutton for meat, but the vegetables staged it as we had done. The gentlemen desiring to enjoy their cigars and the prospect, tilted their chairs on the piazza, but Mrs. D. and I strolled down to a large summer house that was built upon the stump of a big tree, which for some vandal reason had been cut down. The building was pavilion-shaped; its diameter twenty-four feet one and one-half inches, in height eighteen feet, and the stump stood five feet above the ground. We talked across this hall, we walked around it, we studied the floor which of course was the solid stump, and then went up a pair of steps and stood upon a section of this same tree which was still lying on the ground. It was like going up to the roof of some grand public building and looking down upon the houses around.

The gentlemen sent a guide for us, and we started for the grove, which is a quarter of a mile away. The ground was somewhat swampy, with here and there a little stream meandering through. When at length we came upon these mighty monsters of vegetation, and viewed them with an educated eye, between thirty and forty standing from two hundred and forty to three hundred and twenty-five feet above the ground, and measuring from forty to eighty feet in circumference, we took to hexameters.

"*This* is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Stand like Druids of old with voices sad and prophetic;
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
This is the forest primeval, but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman."

Had there indeed been human hearts in this wilderness? *Were* these forests "primeval?"

Dr. K. had said to me, less than forty-eight hours before, "Those big trees are the *greatest* wonder. The Yosemite Valley can be accounted for by an earthquake or a volcanic commotion, but the big trees have been growing century after century; with the Anno Domini they burst into being; steadfastly, silently, through eighteen centuries they have struck their roots into the earth and swelled their mighty trunks and lifted higher and higher their slender branches. Year by year they have added the little ring that marks their age, till now they number more than eighteen hundred birth-lines. I sometimes think they are *ante*-diluvians, for there is nothing in vegetation or in nature that is equal or like unto them."

With these words still ringing in my ears, I clambered up some thirty feet or more, and walked a block or so on the huge side of the Father of the Forest, as he lay prone upon the earth. Then I found another that one could ride through as if it were a tunnel, and we saw one measured with a cord, and found by actual present measurement that it was sixty-five feet in circumference. Then I had a fierce little debate with a cranky, troublesome elf who is forever contradicting me and upsetting all my poetic and æsthetic apprehensions of "the good, the true and the beautiful." He said to me:

"Do you believe that those trees are coeval with the creation?"

I thought of the flood, and Noah, and the extraordinary state of things that first raven found when he went out to seek his fortune, and I answered meekly enough:

"No, I do not."

Said the sprite (whose name is Common Sense):

"Do you believe that these trees burst into being when the rocks were rent at Calvary?"

"It would be a grand thought that these mute monsters had breasted the centuries to testify in their dumb way to eighteen hundred years of life."

"Would it be a *true* thought?"

Then I shook the wretch with not a little asperity, and said: "Hold your graceless tongue." But he went on:

"Are they such an exceptional species? Are there not *young* big trees growing very rapidly all through these forests? Are they not enough like the red wood of the country to be nearly identical in color and grain of timber? How do you think these trees compare as monstrosities with the squashes and cucumbers of a climate that has no season for rest in its vegetable growths? Ah, Mrs. S., don't believe any poetical trash; stick to facts, stick to facts."

And so I walked about viewing these wonderful redwoods as grand massive facts of mammoth vegetation, not antiquity.

Saturday, May 25.—Bade adieu to Murphy's at seven A. M. It was a comfortable resting-place—may we never do worse.

Staging is *staging*—no *one* need tell me after this that *he* went *by stage!!* from Carlisle, Penn., to New York City, or from Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., to Pittsfield, Mass. We have gone by stage too—the martyrs of to-day are just as sore (I think a little sorer) than those of half a century ago, and hills are hills all the world over; but the foot hills of the Sierras are, in the language of the country, "a touch beyond." Hour by hour we climb and climb; then for thirty minutes we will tear down hill at a rate that would warrant us in never expecting anything less pleasant than total annihilation; then we climb again, and zig-zag our way up a narrow little ledge of road, five feet broad, that clings to the side of the mountain; if we look over this small rim, we see a straight side, down, down, down, hun-

dreds and hundreds of feet. There are eight inches, be the same more or less, between us and "unmitigated smash;" but Dunning trims his wheels with the brake, and his steady, sure-footed four-horse team plod safely round every curve and angle, while we slowly and steadily mount higher and higher. The country is lovely, and very "various" in its scenery; sometimes we are shadowed in by dense high forests, then again we are gradually taking a down slope into lovely fruitful valleys, so peaceful and deliciously quiet, that I begin to dream once more that dream of my girlhood, which, I am sorry to say, I confided to the party—"A California Ranch." Mr. W. opens the conversation with—

"Mr. D., *there* would be a grand chance for Mrs. S.'s ranch."

"Yes," is the reply, "she was born to shine in solitude. News or friends' faces would never trespass here, and these roads be good discipline for Dr. S.; three miles an hour would break his spirit. Sentiment might grow monotonous with *some*, but not with her; it would not be much of an improvement *to me* on being dead and buried, but for a lady with a vocation for a ranch, of course, it is another thing."

And then my ideal life is so effectually ventilated by the common sense gibes of the whole party, that I am truly thankful when we come in sight of a house—a two-story frame building—there's no romance in that—that is inhabited by one man and one woman. She evidently is not a person who exerts herself; and takes no interest in our reaching Jacksonville. The road flats out here and there, and is so grown over with grass that we are not at all certain about our getting out of this Happy Valley. Dunning has never been on this route before, but he "guesses it's all right," and chirps to his leader, and adds to his voice

the persuasiveness of the lash, so that ere long we are at the ferry. A sharp turn of the road brings us in full sight of the Stanislaus, or as it is pronounced, "Stanislow." A ferryman's tiny little house nestles away under the edge of the hillside; a fig tree or two, shades it; grape vines grow here and there; the sun beats pitilessly on one's head, and the rushing rapid river shoots past like an arrow from a bow. It is ten o'clock, and the Scylla of this solitude informs us that we must wait an hour ere we can attempt to cross—that the river must fall four inches before it is safe; the melted snows of yesterday have raised the water and given such impetus to the stream, that we must wait; so we wander forth to sail boats and study the current. Dunning plays seven-up or poker, with the ferryman, and beats him to the tune of two dollars and a-half, just our ferriage. By this time our Scotch Scylla thinks we might as well try to go over. The ferry is a long, flat-bottomed boat, that is moved by means of a chain stretched across the river, upon which a pulley runs in such a way that the boat seems to get forward without much difficulty. I have seen the same sort of ferry on the upper Mississippi, but here it looked far more dangerous, and some one said, as the boat swept into the stream with us:

"Know the old ford on the Fork that nearly got Flanigan's leaders,
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water;
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and his nevey
Struck for that ford in the night, and the rain and the water all round us;
Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek *jest a bilin';*
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river;
I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey, *Chiquita;*
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the canon,
Lickity, lickity switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work, and afore I could yell to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and me standin',
And twelve hundred dollars of horseflesh a driftin' to thunder!"

At this point of the poem it looked very much as if we were going the way of Chiquita; the mad, angry torrent tugged at the boat and swept it endwise into the stream; the impetus of every yellow drop bade fair to make our fate that of the "Nevey:"

"Drownded, I reckon—leastways, he never kem back to deny it."

And yet there was a grand excitement in our peril. Every eye gleamed, and the whole party would have been swept under without a shriek. The very horses snuffed their danger, and Dunning stood ready at one carriage, and Mr. Hubbell at the other, to loosen them and give them a chance—but they did not need it; a few moments sufficed for the passage of the most dangerous part of the river, and in another ten minutes we were staging it once more.

At twelve M. reached Sonora, and lunched on very unpleasant bread and cheese and uncommonly solid pie. Here our horses were to be baited, and I went comfortably to bed and slept an hour, so that I was fresh for the gold diggings of Shaw's Flat, Columbia, Poverty Bar, and the Gold Springs Vineyards.

I do not know how to express the value of water in this climate, or to tell what it does. A single little stream, four or six feet broad and one or two deep, will make the wilderness blossom like the rose; a town grows up around it, and vines, vegetables and human beings flourish, wine cellars are built, and peace and prosperity reigns.

As to the gold diggers, theirs is a miserable existence; it is a surface work uncommonly like ditch digging, and while, of course, it was curious, it was very disenchanting.

At last we reached Jacksonville. I do not know why this should have been such a point of approach in our day's work, unless it was that just a little beyond it we crossed the Tuolumne River—"Two-wallow-me" is the unexpected

pronunciation of the name of this beautiful stream. The ferry was almost precisely like that on the Stanislaus, but the river is narrower and looks deeper. As we were waiting for the boat, I noticed a rather elderly looking miner, with steel-grey eyes, watching us very intently. There was an ease and grace in the man's manner entirely at variance with his checked shirt and boots to his hips. He was quick to see that I appreciated his best points, for as we passed and re-passed him in a rapid walk on the piers, he at last made bold to say:

"Are you going to the Valley?"

"We are."

"You will find it cold on the higher Sierras; the path-master has been down here and says the snow is still eight feet deep, and that the men who have been digging out the trail are all snow-blinded, while they have eight miles yet to do. He came down to get his blue goggles."

"Well, my friend," I made answer, "we are greatly obliged for your information, but we are going forward all the same. I never cross a bridge till I come to it."

The steel-grey eyes gleamed and flashed like merry lightning at us, and I bade him a smiling adieu, determined to keep this extraordinary statement to myself.

On the ferry, I noticed a miner who led on a forlorn white nag, and strapped to the back of the saddle was a pair of heavy hob-nailed boots, with legs long enough for a son of Anak.

Crossing the river is truly a new sensation; seeing the dash of the water, feeling the rapidity and force of the current, even the peculiar ferriage, in these days when a woman's journeying is invariably in "a first-class carriage of ease," had the freshness of agreeable novelty. But too soon we were out of the sight of water, and staging for-

ward through the silent forest—silent as death. The stillness is so subtle that it enters into one's soul, and gives a vague, mysterious awe to the motionless shadows of the over-arching trees. No birds sing, no wind blows, no squirrel or rabbit flies before us—no life, save the vegetable life of this rich soil, is presented to us in any shape; all is quiet, with a quietness that makes one think of those Sabbaths with their

"Sacred, high, eternal noon."

No one attempts to account for this utter absence of living creatures from these Sierras; in fact, from almost all California, but they *are* conspicuously absent. As the day began to decline, we again crossed the Tuolumne, this time upon a bridge, where the carriage stopped for some moments that we might have a satisfactory view of the falls, which are very fine. Then we began an ascent of fifteen hundred feet to the mile. At the base of this hill we stopped for breath, ere mounting so suddenly, and saw a pretty little farm house, and a large flock of goats of some peculiar variety; Dunning said "it was a speculation." Perhaps his history would be like that of Briggs, of Tuolumne, who

"Busted himself in White Pine, and
Blew out his brains down to Frisco."

That was the way with most of them.

The sun was sinking behind a huge cliff at the west of us, and its rays slanted in golden bars across the narrow road up which we were to climb. The air came with a chilly softness from the mountains, and the weary horses plodded step by step upward and onward. The men of the party said they would lighten the draught upon them, and so Mr. W., Will, and Dunning started off on foot, leaving Mr. D. to drive.

There came a grand inspiration into the hearts of us all; no words were spoken the weary day, for it had been a weary day, full of extremities and fatigues, and was drawing to a close. Nightfall was overtaking us; on the snow-capped hill glowed the glory of the sun's setting, the rarefied air sealed our lips with a kiss of silence, and the vista of the ever upward road seemed to end at the gray portals of a better world. How can I put here upon this blank, unsympathetic paper the thoughts that thrilled through every fiber of my brain. What cold, dead things words are; how empty their sound, how senseless their meaning as compared with the grand outreach of one's spirit after the infinite things of God.

"'Tis in the mountains that one feels his faith."

And there alone, with the world far beneath and below you and Heaven so near above, your heart breaks forth in the benedictus of the psalmist: "Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise Him in the heights, praise ye Him all His angels; praise ye Him all His hosts; praise ye Him sun and moon; praise Him all ye stars of light; praise Him ye heavens of heavens and ye waters that be above the heavens; let them praise the name of the Lord, *for He commanded and they were created;* praise ye the Lord; praise God in His sanctuary; praise Him in the firmament of His power; praise Him for His mighty acts; praise Him according to His excellent greatness; let everything that has breath praise the Lord; PRAISE YE THE LORD!"

Sunday, May 26.—The Psalms of David are a great resource in a mountainous country—and yet David never saw, and probably never dreamed of seeing, such wonderful scenery as last night thrilled my heart with ecstasy. Five hundred, eight hundred, twelve hundred feet, may give

some idea of height and depth to one who has all his life had a measuring-line in his hand; but to a woman who never gets beyond three feet making a yard, and twenty yards making a dress, these figures do not mean as much as they might; and the pictures these wonderful combinations of hill and valley produce are not to be painted with any tourist's pencil. Mr. D., who generally does his summing up in a sentence, remarked with great pertinence: "I might have sat at home in my library and read about 'foot-hills,' and thought I understood all about them, but it would have been a grand mistake—*I know now.*" For a foot-hill is not alone rocks, or verdure-covered earth massed higher and higher. No! a foot-hill is more—it is a mysterious mental preparation for the positive, comparative, and finally superlative exaltation of the mountain tops.

After reaching Kirkwood's, which is on the little piece of table land to which the fifteen hundred feet brought us, we looked out on the gathering gloom of the night, but there was mercifully no more to be seen, and we rode on in the darkness, thinking the thoughts that had no expression while we went forward in the mechanical fashion of all travelers.

Oak Flat is a mystery to us yet; whether it is an inhabited spot, or only a name by which they mark distance, I cannot tell; but Garrote was a hamlet, or a village, or a town, or perhaps a city, for through the black night shone stars that indicated "a light in the window" — but, alas! not for us. There was to be *a ball*, and the ball-room (twelve by sixteen feet), was illuminated by three feeble tallow candles. We were not invited, or I inevitably would have gone; for I longed to see whether the dwellers in this upper region ever lost the sense of the grand surroundings in which their lives were framed.

The hotel, which we reached between eight and nine o'clock, was a comfortable place, with a carpet and sewing machine, and a lounge in the parlor—a good supper in the dining-room, and a respectable and very clean bed, on the funniest little home-made bedstead. Pitchers, basins, towels, a strip of carpet and a chair, were enough for each seven-by-nine bed room. I confess I did not sleep very much, but it was no fault of the accommodations; for surging back upon me came the memory of those mountains in their mysterious veils of mist and cloud; for

> "My soul kept up too much light
> Under my eyelids, for the night,
> And thus I rose disquieted,
> With sweet sounds ringing through my head."

This, after all, is the true benefit of getting out of the narrow, deep rut of one's social surroundings, for it is a different mental atmosphere.

It was decided before we retired last night, that we might make a Sabbath day's journey, or, as Dunning expressed it, "Do a short day's work that would do for Sunday," and rest at a point comparatively near "the Valley."

From Garrote they telegraphed to Hutchings to have a saddle train meet us at the top of the mountain, and at half-past eight this morning we were again *en route*. We passed through Second Garrote, Sprague's Ranch, Big Gap, and at twelve M. reached Hardin's This house I remember; but the others were such indefinite, shabby, forlorn little make-believes of towns, villages, hamlets, etc., that like the thimble-rigger's little game, "Now you see it, and now you don't," you could never tell which tree the town was under.

Hardin's was a little frame house, belonging to an old bachelor, an educated Englishman, who having been crossed

in love, and tricked in business, retired years ago to this hermitage. Society followed him ; whole stage loads drew up at his door and declared they would repose in his sanctum, and must be fed. Mr. Hardin has tried in every way to get rid of this incubus from the outside world—for, as he is his own maid-of-all-work, it is inconvenient as well as unpleasant. Latterly in self-defense he had kept a keg of whisky (this is the national drink beyond the Rocky Mountains), and a box of soda crackers, which is the standard alimentation. But, Hardin, hearing that the road was to be open, had on our arrival, locked up his premises and fled. There was nothing for us to do but keep on until we reached Brunson's Meadows, which is situated in a little hollow of rich ground, around which the hills rise on every side. Before reaching this spot, which we did at three P. M., we passed the upper falls of the Tuolumne River, and again had one of those wonderful combinations of wood, water and hillside, that photograph themselves forever on one's mind.

Brunson's Meadow Hotel is rougher than that at Garrote. When the good woman of the house saw such an avalanche of guests pouring in upon her, she was like the father of the prodigal, and sent Chinamen and ranchmen flying in all directions to kill a fatted calf. The dogs joined with the men in their excited chase after the doomed animal—the cows were frantic with grief, and anything but mellifluous in their expression of it. The rocks took up and reproduced on every side the wild uproar, until a stronger significance than I ever dreamed of was given to the expressions: "The bulls of Bashan have beset me round about;" and "The cattle on a thousand hills" were within a stone's throw of each other. Then, too, thin air, pure and vibrating, intensified all sound, and for sixteen hours there was a

tumult that was calculated to drive you deaf or mad. The *rest* of the Sabbath—the quiet of the Sabbath evening was a myth, when so many cattle and hills combined against it.

We retired early, though not to sleep, and on my bed I noticed six of the thickest California blankets. "Oh!" said the landlady, "you will need them all before morning; about four it's cold up here." She was no false prophet, for the night chill penetrated to the marrow of your bones.

Monday Morning, May 27.—Left Brunson's Meadow at seven A. M., expecting to reach the Yosemite Valley by one P. M. The drive was delicious. I had forewarned the party of the "eight feet of snow," and they all looked upon the statement as a Munchausenism. We took wraps and rubbers and leggings enough, however, to keep us comfortable. On our way we stopped and saw many of the big trees of the Tuolumne Grove, and measured ordinary forest trees of other species; twenty-five and twenty-eight feet in circumference was a very common size. As we approached Tamarack Flat, the snow-flowers had sprung up in all their blood-red fungus beauty, along the whole snow-line. They were, to me, a very astonishing production of an extreme temperature of the soil; in thick, pulpy texture, in lambent richness of color, in delicate petals, yet firm hyacinthian spikes, they more resembled the exquisite cacti of the green-house than aught else. And yet they seemed so out of nature—as if the flower-world, through these peculiar fungi, expressed its passion; for these flowers were defrauded of their rights as flowers, and blushed hot frantic red because they could be no more than mushrooms.

Dunning, who has had much experience getting people in and out of "the Valley," told me an absurd story of Mrs. C—— S——, who is quite stout, decidedly elderly, and withal very "advanced" on the subject of her rights. She

gave wonderful reminiscences of her fine riding; but, when they got her to the top of the Mountain, and had lifted her into the saddle, she screamed to be taken down, for "the thing was all wrong." Twenty times did the indefatigable Dunning get that old dame ready to start; but no sooner was she on than she would be off again. His patience becoming exhausted, he deputed the task to a guide. They are men selected for their patience, and this one tried his best. "No, she would walk." "No, she would ride." "No, she would never walk." "No, she would never ride." Two hours and a-half, and then the guide marched off, and, seating himself on a rock, he surveyed the unfortunate and helpless female with unmitigated disgust, as, in pointed contempt, and a finger like a sign-post, he remarked:

"Look at that darned old fool. She 'can't ride,' and she 'can't walk,' and she wants to vote!!!"

About half-past nine we began crossing patches of snow; and just here I noticed the same old white horse, and the identical hob-nailed boots at the back of the saddle, that had crossed the Tuolumne river with us on the Jacksonville ferry; the rider wore blue goggles, and I knew he was the man who had reported the state of the bridle-path. Mr. D——, and the party generally, regarded the "eight feet of snow" a "canard;" and Dunning, who was as truthful as Sam Weller himself, had told us "not to believe a word of it, no matter if it was true." Mile by mile, as we rode along, we had frequent inquiries about "Mrs. S.'s snow." Now things were coming to a climax, and the identical originator of the story appeared on the scene. At once I became irrepressible. Dunning was called upon to halt, while the blue goggles were interrogated. He answered like a witness in the box. He "had told this story," and

"it was true;" the snow was eight feet deep, and there was yet eight miles of the trail to dig out. Within five minutes we were driving through patches of wall five feet high, and the man's assertion was well nigh confirmed. Yet this snow seemed but drifts, after all. Still the walls grew longer, and higher; and at ten A. M. our stage stuck fast between two snow-walls seven feet high. We could neither go forward nor backward. Everything had happened according to prediction; and yet it was not so very dreadful, for we climbed out of the door up on to the top of a snow-bank, and walked off, one by one, upon a surface as solid and almost as dry as the floor. Here we must await the saddle train from the Valley to meet us. Dunning got the California Mr. H——, and a stage-driver who was coming on behind, to help him, and they soon chopped a passage for our vehicle; but we walked on and sat down under some great sugar pines, whose cones furnished material for the loveliest fire; this I built up and cultivated, until the wind, which had veered to every point of the compass, discouraged me. Moreover, we did not need any more heat, and already began taking off our wrappings; for, in spite of the snow, the temperature was balmy and spring-like. At eleven o'clock K. and I concluded to take a little excursion. Less than a quarter of a mile brought us to some of the glorious mountain views of this magnificent region. We saw how the snow melted from beneath, and all that my brother S. had ever told me about "the locked forces" flashed into my mind, and the mystery of a month ago was the A, B, C, of an observer on the mountain top. Truly, seeing is believing—especially when one is up in the world 7,500 feet.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock waiting began to be monotonous. Had we been English people we would have

taken our hindrances more wisely and patiently ; but, being Americans, with all the imperious "drive" of our nation, we rebelled. After expressing our minds freely on the subject of keeping people in a state of starvation in such a latitude, Mr. W., who had grown very *ennuyé*, proposed the inevitable "game of cards." I returned to my fire, and with the aid of Mr. H., of Houghton, Michigan, dammed a little stream and flooded out the flame—from time to time glancing round the camp, and seeing perched on a huge rock "a euchre party"—in one of the stages "a poker party" (at which Dunning assisted, of course)—and, under the pine trees, two women who had forgotten everything but their childhood game of water and sand.

At one o'clock, a little New York boy, of eight or nine, with long gold curls and flashing eyes, dashed in among us and shouted "Here they are!" In a few moments his mother followed him at a smart canter, her own blonde hair flowing in golden ripples down her back. The indefatigable guide, Joe Ridgeway, before aiding her to dismount, produced from his various pockets many sunny strands and golden switches, which he parenthetically remarked, "She had took off in sections." Ten minutes more Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McG., of Detroit, stole softly and quietly into camp ; the latter, poor lady, was riding as in the days of "Good Queen Bess," and was altogether too weary to get herself off the poor little animal she bestrode. When the guides lifted her out of the saddle she collapsed in one limp mass upon the turf, and lay folded up in a little heap of exhausted nature that was rather disheartening. She made no moan—but she did say, "she was glad it was over, and did not think she would ever do it again." Think of it—here, on Tamarack Flat, were gathered no less than a dozen people from our own State.

This time I did not wait for Mr. Mansfield's voice, but chanted—

"Michigan, my Michigan."

To which K. and the echoes responded. When we looked over the horses sent out for us, we found for six ladies they had sent four side-saddles and two "Bloomers." K. and I being considered (and considering ourselves) *the* equestriennes of the party, accepted these latter nondescript monstrosities as our share. Mr. D., quietly and rather pathetically, bequeathed his wife (my little sister) to my care while he went off, *and I know* tried to recover his lost horsemanship. A quarter of a century is a long time to be out of the saddle, but a couple of miles made quite a cavalier of him. Mrs. D. did admirably; and, at the end of twenty minutes, when she found she was not dead—that her brains were not bespattering the snow—she, too, began to take heart. Just then I heard the tinkling of bells on a train of pack-mules, and, as we were in a very narrow gorge, drew Mrs. D. as quickly as I could into the hollow of a small rock. In a second, the little wretches dashed by, with their immense packs swinging in a top-heavy fashion on their backs, and looking each moment as if every one would upset, and tip over the four little legs that ran under it.

Very soon we came to where the snow began to be soft and crumbling, letting us in at every tenth step, and making it rather hard lines on the down-hill places. Now, what shall I say of myself? It is pleasanter always to give other people's experience than one's own, and yet—

Suffice it that the little white pony, "Peter," had a stifle joint that gave out unexpectedly in the most undesirable places; that he was so starved as to be willing and anxious to eat the dry needles of the sugar-pines that had fallen to

the ground; that the *Bloomer*-saddle was an abomination to which language is inadequate; the stirrups were too long, and then they were too short. I could have ridden barebacked, lady's fashion, with comfort and self-respect, but this method of locomotion, which politeness had forced upon me, became momentarily more and more annoying. Then, too, it was growing late in the day; we had tasted no food for over eight hours, and had miles yet to get to Gentry's—a house on the top of the Mountain. Step by step, and second by second, we kept on our way. Mr. D. rode up and overtook us. At last I urged my horse forward and reached Gentry's with the guide. "What have you got to eat?" was the first question. "Nothing, Madam." "But here you have six men hard at work finishing your house, and you *must* find them in food—give me salt pork." "We can give you a cup of tea and a soda cracker; that is all *they* have till the pack-mules come back." Tea! Oh, how I had always despised tea. I could not drink it. "Have you nothing else?" "Some whiskey, Madam, and a soda cracker." "Give me the whiskey." The French cook appeared at this point in the dialogue, and finding that I was on speaking terms with him, inquired whether I would have a "tody," which seemed the only English word he knew. Of course I answered, "Oui, et bien vite," and in five minutes cook and proprietor appeared—the former bearing a small glass, in which was two teaspoonfuls of snow-water, also a dilapidated sugar bowl, and the latter, an old champagne bottle, in which there was the very worst fluid I ever saw. This was a "tody"—quarter of an ounce of water, and liquor to suit yourself. I swallowed less whiskey than water, and ate two very miserable crackers, and then went out to make some better arrangements for a horse. Absolutely nothing

could be done about a saddle. Poor K. rode up at this point, and being got off her Bloomer, fainted sadly away.

Heigh ho! here we are eight terrible miles from the Yosemite Valley—starved and worn. Truly the sights of this wonderful region ought to be grand—*to pay.*

After the refreshment which Gentry's unfinished hotel afforded, we mounted and set forward on our pilgrimage. A few hundred feet from the "Mountain House" we came to a great table rock, smooth and polished as a floor; indeed, our horses' feet slipped and slid about upon it in a very unsteady manner. From this spot, named "The Stand-point of Silence," we looked down into the deep canons that severed and threaded these wonderful Sierras, and watched the

> "Shade by shade and light by light,
> Of all the grand progression, naught left out,
> As if God verily made you for yourselves,
> And would not interrupt your life with ours."

I am not very gregarious in my taste and habits, but if ever I go to the Yosemite again, I would prefer to take my views without the aid of spectators; as it is, these guides hurry us about as if we were a flock of sheep. Now we reverse the experience of the indomitable "Excelsior," and the clarion tongue must henceforth shout—"Downward."

My change of horses was like most horse trades, a losing operation; for the stifle-jointed "Peter" had at least three sound legs, and the occasional lapse of the fourth did give diversity to one's experience; but the miserable little red rat with white freckles that took his place was what the Irish describe as being "beyant the beyants," and was likely to ignominiously try my temper and empty stomach. Poor starved thing, as our descent began the creature wept and moaned as well as shook with terror; my weight (a hundred and fifty pounds), seemed more than his little straws of legs

could carry. The downward pitch at this point and for the next three miles is something tremendous, and my center of gravity was always out of line; the Bloomer saddle unsettled me at every step; I clutched the pommel, I set myself back, and then I set myself forward—my knees manifested a capacity for suffering that I never dreamed those joints enjoyed.

All this time my left foot was being scraped along the wall of rock that rose on that side of the trail, while there seemed but four inches of earth on the right between Mrs. S. and total physical annihilation. H., who had taken poor K.'s Bloomer saddle, tried it just five minutes, and then finding it unendurable, used her own feet and walked all the way down the mountain; how she did it I cannot tell. By the time we reached a certain point in the descent, I had my hands full; the large boulders that our horses had to climb over became more and more puzzling, and my Liliputian nag found greater and greater difficulty in getting a place for his tiny hoofs. At last, just as we were crawling along the edge of a precipice fifteen hundred feet deep, the little creature caught one hind leg in a cleft of the rock, and as the two were at least four feet higher up the country than his fore feet, things began to look complicated. The poor beast wept aloud and wailed like a month-old baby, then it swayed backwards and forwards and shivered with mortal terror. I must either plunge over with the horse when it plunged, or make a fool of myself, and as pride always was stronger with me than love of life, I concluded that the proper thing was to sit still. But oh, such an attitude as I was in; my right foot shot into space, and my left knee rasped against the wall of rock; the pony's hind legs high up in the air, and I at an angle of forty-five degrees with everything. Mr. Jay H. saw my

peril, and shouted: "Guide, Mrs. S. must be got off this horse, or he will be over—he is not safe." But the guide was in the rear, and he did not know the difference between Mrs. S. and Mrs. T., or U., or V., or W., but Mr. H.'s alarm brought me to the exercise of my wits. The party had all halted, I, by the accident to my horse, having completely blocked the way. In my girlhood I had often used the whip upon my bay mare, "Brisk," with marked success, and in my young motherhood I had applied the same slender weapon, and found it a great incentive to obedience where boys were concerned. Why should I hesitate? A good sharp cut or two might stimulate my pony to exertion. Down came the blows—three stinging welts—and the freckled-faced beast ceased to lament, and got its hind legs out of the cleft, or off of the mantel-piece, as it seemed. After this it was like the old woman's pig going through the stile, for when the stick began to beat the dog, and the dog began to bite the pig, that dance of the nursery rhyme bade fair to get home before night.

The stones of the mountain side radiated heat, my extra wraps for the eight feet of snow on Tamarack Flat oppressed and suffocated me; the two teaspoonfuls of whisky seemed to have set my blood on fire, and the reaction (because terror always comes afterwards with me) caused my head to reel and my senses to swim. At last we reached a little spot six feet broad, where I could allow the rest of the party to file past me, and I fell to the rear and joined H. and the guide. I tried to walk, as H. was doing, but my knees gave out completely—oh, how they did ache! The memory of the late Mrs. Emma Willard's glowing tribute to a former Governor of New York, came flashing through my mind, beginning as it did:

"DeWitt Clinton, that great man,
Fell down and broke his knee pan."

On the whole, it seemed as if any sort of a crack to mine might let out the bottled-up agony of the joint. At last I mounted again and went forward half a mile; racked to death with the pain in my knees, I could bear it no longer. I rested, I struggled with myself, I gasped and groaned, then I walked, but I was too faint and aching to make much headway. The guide warned us that it was half-past five—"we *must* cross the river before night; there was a Piute camp about a mile farther on; they owned a kettle, and might be able to give us some boiled bear or snails." Faugh! The seething internal commotion warned me that Piutes and snails would never go down. I put my feet into those terrible stirrups and vowed I would die before dismounting again. On and on, and on we went—the torture of the rack, the boot, the thumb-screws, beset me on every side. At last I had gotten far ahead of H. and the guide, and was in sight of the rushing, roaring river. Straining my nerve, I urged my steed to the water's edge, and flung myself out of that infamous, pestiferous abomination of a saddle. Pillowing my head on the roots of a manzineta tree, I lay watching the glorious water. Oh, the comfort I have always taken in water, from our dear old river banks, or by the still lakeside—yes, and "On old Long Island's sea-girt shore," listening to the booming of the sea-breakers. But this was another and different affair—a stream about the width of the "Rouge," perhaps four or five hundred feet broad, the waters coming down with a rush and a tumult, a hurry and sweep—as if they were a troop of white horses with manes and tails flying, eyes flashing, nostrils flaring—ever onward they streamed.

The rapids of Niagara give one some idea of this wild, swift, arrowy current, broken into hundreds of thousands of hills of foam, churned white by the rocks in the river

bed—oh, such a sight. When H. came up and saw me lying still and at rest by the water's edge, she exclaimed, "Oh, auntie, are you dead?" and I answered her, "Yes, child, I did mean to die, as soon as I got out of that saddle, but I forgot all about it." And so we sat down together, and bathed our heated brows, and studied the sunlight on the foam caps, and drank ever deeper and deeper draughts of beauty.

Alas, there is no rest. Joe Ridgeway urged us to get on, or we "could not cross the river before dark." But here the trail was on far more level ground; and using the pommel as the horn of a genuine lady's saddle, I went forward once more. The shadow of the nightfall came down even upon the flashing river, and my poor little pony hastened his steps, stimulated by the hope of ten pounds of barley. My eyes were on the stream, for "*the Valley*" seemed yet a mile or so away, on the other side of the Merced River, when suddenly, attracted by a deeper shadow upon the fresh green grass, I looked towards the left and saw what I can *never* forget. Towering in one stupendous mass of rock, of smoothly, squarely cut granite, was a fortress such as the Lord only could build; and on the other side of the narrow, rocky river, and opposite this wonderful bastion, were three towers fit only to surmount His temple. My face dropped into my hands, and prayers too deep for utterance came in broken snatches from my lips, "thank God," "thank God," "thank God," and then a passion of tears that shook every fibre of my heart. Oh, the power and the glory, the majesty and magnificence of those grand fair-faced rocks, how royally they stood there and said of their Maker, "Thy righteousness is like *the great mountains*, thy judgments are a great deep. O Lord, thou preservest man and beast; how excellent is thy loving-kindness. O God,

therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings;" and in the natural spontaneous response of mind and memory, my spirit made answer:

"Neither is there any rock like our God." How long I sat waiting in the shadow of the falling night, in the shadow of these "mountains of the Lord's house," I cannot tell. It will be forever a sacred season; as the burning bush to the leader of the hosts of Israel, so was the shadow of this great rock to my soul's life.

Only too soon, Joe Ridgeway and H. came up, and the former told us that this rock was called El Capitan, 3,300 feet high, and those on the opposite side were the Cathedral Towers, 2,660 feet above us.

After this wonderful sight and riding in this shadow, I seemed to lose all sense of responsibility or trouble or anxiety about "Mrs. S." Her knee-pans were nothing to me; if they ached, I knew nothing of it, I forgot the saddle and the freckled rat that carried it and me; I forgot that twelve hours without food; hunger and thirst had passed away. I forgot the shades of night and the river swollen so high that the bridge was far from safe; I forgot the poor Piutes who loomed up around their camp-fire, as we passed it; I forgot Black's Hotel; I wished for nothing more, absolutely nothing, except (there is always an exception) I would have liked a dry pocket handkerchief. When we rode over the bridge, which no longer bridged the river, and took a little boat to be rowed a quarter of a mile further, and then rode my small pony through a swampy swail, of some hundreds of feet, it was all a proceeding that did not even arouse my interest. Half a dozen guides had waited anxiously to get us across the Merced, and now I remember they were wild with bad whiskey, but at the time I did not observe it. It was black night by

this time, but nothing made any difference. Even when we rode up and dismounted upon the piazza of the hotel, and were welcomed by Mrs. W. and Mr. and Mrs. McM., of Detroit, it did not surprise me. Mr. D. came up and said, "Are you entirely used up?" and I answered him, "Used up? No, why should I be used up? I have got over being tired." But a half hour after, at a most excellent supper, my forgotten appetite returned. Before taking myself to rest that night, I paced the piazza and studied by the light of a most glorious moon, the fall and the flash of the Yosemite Falls; they were all I could see of "the Valley;" and their roar, which "left a sense of thunder," lulled me at last into such a sleep as only a tired traveler can enjoy.

Tuesday Morning, May 28, 1872.—Wakened very early and lay quietly resting and straightening my ideas, *realizing* that I was in "*the* valley," and feeling withal, as one often does when she reaches the goal of her ambition, very solitary. Suddenly I heard a tremendous crash, the house shook, the bed rocked, and for an instant it seemed as if there had been "a crush of worlds." But nothing followed; perhaps my next door neighbor snored more softly, and some girls on the other side nestled and rustled and murmured in their beds, and dropped away again into that soft morning slumber that is such a comfort. These paper partitions may shut out the sights, but not the sounds of one's vicinity. No one seemed further disturbed, and I still cogitated as to what had produced these extraordinary sensations.

At breakfast I made inquiry, and every one smiled broadly and suggested "dreams," and "nightmares," and "reminiscences of the day that was past." Mr. D. made no bones of calling it a sensational way of regarding the sounds of the valley; but when I *know* a thing, I *know it*,

and there has been no exaggeration of the circumstances; it might always remain a mystery, but it *did happen*. Oh, how stiff and sore and tired we all were when gathered at breakfast ; content afterwards to sit on the piazza and watch the Yosemite Falls, and the enterprising parties departing for the day's sight-seeing!

About eleven A. M. one or two gentlemen who had heard it stepped in and inquired into the sound and shake that had astonished me at daybreak. There were three or four probable solutions: First, it may have been a blast, there being no less than four parties out making new trails; second, a boulder might have been washed over the falls in front of us; third, a mass of rock from some of the walls of the Valley had possibly given away, and the fall of it produced the noise and shock; and fourth, an earthquake—"they were always around."

On the whole I was reminded of the college boy's song:

> "Some said it was a barn, and others said nay,
> It's only a meeting-house with the steeple blown away."

Lunch over, the guides brought the horses, and we set out for Bridal Veil Fall. After the 25th of May the streams of the valley are said to subside, but they were higher than ever to-day, and everything was afloat, water pouring over the rocks in floods that threatened to sweep away the very loose foundations upon which we stood ; and to get to the Bridal Fall involved a mile or two of trailing through swamps and streams up to your horse's girths. They, poor creatures, stumbled along over slippery stones, or through quaggy ground, with a patient perseverance that proved contagious. Sometimes our feet were in the water, at others tucked upon the horse's back, yet it was all pleasant and profitable, and decidedly new.

More than twenty years agone, I had forded streams and

sounded swamps—had wandered on horseback through the virgin forests of Michigan—and here this day, spite of the two young men and one young woman at home who called me mother (together with a baby or two besides), I drank once more of the fountain of youth. Sixteen—just sixteen years of age! The weary months and years of sickness and sorrow, pain and death, that had filled to overflowing two decades of my life, faded out of sight and memory, and the sweet, fresh, dewy dreams of my girlhood seemed to come true; the world *was* fair and beautiful, and I was glad to live and breathe and have my being; and thought,

> "As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
> Till over my eyes there began to move
> Something that felt like tears"—

Tears that seemed to wash away the cruel experiences of life and time—tears that left a dewy mist upon some barren and arid days—a soft, sweet atmosphere of peace and reconciliation, the mellow haze that softened all the past and made truly perfect the present; *the future* at that moment seemed nothing to me. The scenery that surrounded me was of its own kind so entirely, that I seemed to have been lifted out of the every-day world in which I had always lived, and set into a perfected existence, where the wildest imaginings of a girl's young, fresh heart were realized.

Only too soon the party called a halt, and we dismounted that we might draw nearer the falls. I had seen Niagara, and Minnehaha, and St. Anthony's, with many of the lesser lights in the way of waterfalls, but never such a one as this. Framed in on all sides by brown and rugged walls of rock, whose base was green with a greenness too radiant to be described, and above all, an arch of sky whose blue was a blue celestial—such brown, such green, such blue as only artists see in their night-visions—while falling in a soft spray of fleece and foam, floating out in cloudlets of mist

and vapor here and there, was a great white swaying curtain of infinitesimal water-drops from the mountain tops. In the Apocalypse, John the Divine, whose tranced eyes saw the heaven of heavens opened, and the glory of our God, tells us of the *white* robes of the redeemed; *this* mist, and spray, and radiance, might clothe the angelic host in seeming garments.

I do not think it crossed my mind that in this glorious mist I was growing very wet, and my "death of cold" was beyond my ken. In fact it did not make any matter. That great tall Mrs. S., with her flesh, and her blood, and her bones, and her aches, was a woman I had parted company with to my profit; at last I had got rid of her, and was free from my hideous double—free to stand (as I hope to stand if ever I reach heaven) in my soul.

There was a great rock on one side, and up to its top had clambered our California Mr. H. I had climbed to where my eyes were just above the wall, and could catch an occasional glimpse of the scene. Stretching my arms up to that cleverest of gentlemen, he seized my finger-tips, and I, executing a spring worthy of a reckless *coryphée* in a ballet, stood by his side—stood in the glories of the rainbows; hundreds and thousands of prisms glistened and gleamed, and settled or danced on the moss-covered rock. God's bow, which aforetime he had set in the clouds, was beneath me now—was on the very earth, and flashed in all its pristine promise at my feet. This was the climax, and an hour afterwards the drenched and dripping woman whose draggled hat, and clinging, soaking dress and boots made her the veriest Meg Merrilies in appearance and costume, carried home with her a heart so all aglow with beautiful pictures, that it seems to-day as if it would never grow old and dry and hard.

Truly I shall not forget Mr. H. That man had a sense of justice about him for which he should be canonized; he did not muddle his brain with "the woman question," but secured for me my *equal rights* to the glories of God in nature.

Wednesday, May 29.—To-day I was up betimes, and ready for a fresh start. Such a cloudless sky and such a clear atmosphere is of this land only. On our way we passed Hutching's Hotel, and met the Hubbells once more, who joined us for the day.

At this point the Valley narrows down to less than a mile in width, and then branches off into two pockets of land and water, one leading over some flat ground to Mirror Lake, the other upward to the Vernal and Nevada Falls. Here, too, the Merced River forks; the lesser stream is called the Tenaya, or North Fork—the other the South Fork, or Illilouette. At the angle where the Yosemite branches, there is a round column-like mass of rock called Washington Column, and beyond this another which terminates in a huge dome—Tocoya, or North Dome. On the face of this appears what are called the Royal Arches, formed by the breaking loose of huge masses of rock; the debris lies beneath us or at the foot. By actual measure this North Dome, which is a huge rounded mass of granite, stands 3,568 perpendicular feet above us, while on the other side the Glacier Rocks and Point and Sentinel Domes rise yet higher. To go into the geography or geology of this marvel of nature would not be possible for me, though it does certainly look to the eye of common sense as if the bottom of this portion of the universe had dropped suddenly down in some unexpected manner several thousand feet.

Our trail here was very rough. The debris of this tremen-

dous wall is comparatively trifling when one considers how the water and the ice split off here a bit and there a bit, but it makes it slow and patient work getting over or around the boulders and fragments.

Shut in and overshadowed as we were by the imposing grandeur of these great rocks, one's realization of the greatness of God and the littleness of man takes entire possession of a Christian heart. This is indeed a very "Valley of Humiliation," and perpetually one cries out, "What is man, O, Lord, that Thou art mindful of him?" Facing these massive walls, we were the merest pigmies—so powerless, so helpless. In my utter littleness I went seeking back to the days when a dear old wrinkled hand clasped mine, and remembered the dear old warning voice that was ever such a sheet-anchor to my restless spirit — "Learn to say intelligently, my daughter, 'I *know* in whom I have believed, and though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'" Then every quivering pulse grew calm and still, and unseen company went with me on my way. I was side by side with the spirit of a just man made perfect. All the beautiful nature of that wonderful day was to me but God. I saw Him in the shining water that sped onward in its course, in the green and tangled thicket through which we sought our path, and heard Him in the "still small voice" that whispered from every leaf on the hillside.

Although our trail was both narrow and steep, it looked upward on the one hand to a more steeply sloping mountain side, covered with pine, manzineta, and what in California is called, poison oak trees; while on the other there was a downward pitch, green and glorious with turf and tree and shrub, that plunged, as it were, into the madly-rushing stream of South Fork, which to-day was green — a keen and chill, but brilliant tone of color—flecked with

white, onward-whirling masses of foam and turbulent water. To see these mountain streams that are a miniature reproduction of the rapids of Niagara—to feel that if you once plunged into them they would grasp you with the fingers of a vise and sweep and hurl you to destruction—inspires one with a morbid desire "to give them a chance;" indeed, one grows so in sympathy with their dash and whirl that the idea of deputing to such energetic agents all one's volition is a sore temptation.

However, the patient feet of the Piute pony which bear me upward and onward, and do the drudgery of the journey, take no notice of impulse, but plod, plod, plod, hour after hour, till at length we reach a halting spot where fore and hind legs can stand upon level ground, and not at an angle of forty-five degrees. Here we dismount, and following a little foot trail, soon find ourselves upon a broad, flat bit of table land called Lady Franklin's Rest, and face to face with a cataract whose roar has echoed in your brain for long. What is the use of saying six hundred feet high?—dimensions do not give ideas—and who can describe Vernal Falls? The Bridal Veil is one thing, the Vernal something quite different, and the Nevada Fall, which is yet to come, we are told is as entirely distinct from either as it is possible to imagine.

As usual I was completely fascinated; down I sat on the damp, mossy turf of Lady Franklin's Rest, and looked, and watched and thought, until at last the history of the poor restless English woman for whom it was named came flashing through my mind. I remembered a dinner party years and years ago, "before I was married"—remembered how Lady Franklin's passionate anxiety for her husband's safety was there met by the distinguished people, who intelligently discussed her case with the sarcastic fact

that "she had been separated from him for ten years;" and then came all the sad quest—all the weary, disappointing search—till at last she felt it something gained to find the hidden "cache" that proved he must be dead. After that how restlessly the poor woman wandered, wandered, wandered, till she was old, and tired, and gray. I remembered her coming through Detroit some ten years after, and how differently then I had learned to view her separation from her husband. Whatever proud and stubborn impulse had overtaken her in her youth, remorse and repentance had come in later years. If her husband had wronged her, she forgave him grandly, and expiated her proud sin by her ceaseless search; and now, after all her turbulent, passionate, sad life, she had sat where I was sitting, and found her *rest*. Facing the mighty energies of Nature, facing the power and presence of God, there *is* rest that is worth braving seas and trailing over mountains to find. I should have been content to sit quietly where I was all day, and all night, too, but alas! I was a traveler! and the warning voice of Mr. D., saying, "Well, Mrs. S., do you think you are damp enough to go on?" recalled me to the fact that we must get forward. No one will ever convince me that Brother D. did not enjoy the day as much as I did, but it was a great safety-valve to him to make fun of *my* enthusiasm.

Again we mounted our ponies, and again we scaled our mountain, Joe Ridgeway wandering before us, as if all his surroundings were monotonous in the extreme, whatever ours might be. In an hour we reached the top of Vernal Falls, and walking out upon a huge rock that had the most marvelous natural parapet, stood leaning and looking down upon this volume of water that plunged past and shot over the rock within a foot of us. What a weary time the

Wandering Jew must have had through all the centuries of his career! Just when he fain would have stopped, came the imperious curse of his life, "March, march!" Are not we Americans more or less Wandering Jews? Is there not a driving impulse in our blood that keeps us perpetually on the move? Ten minutes sufficed to see a sight that should rightly have taken ten hours, and then up we went, up the zig-zagging trail, until we came in sight of a small house, perched upon a little flat of the mountain. Here we found a comfortable meal, and after that a lovely view of the surrounding Sierras. Here, too, if we had so arranged it, we could have remained all night; in that case I should have climbed to the topmost feather in "the cap of Liberty," the name for the summit of a dome that is very wonderful; but no, our days were "appointed," and we therefore went up to the foot of the Nevada Falls, and clambering out upon the huge limestone squares of rock, I perched myself, and concluded to rebel—to assert myself—to say *I would not stir;* the moon was to be up at midnight, and I would not be torn ruthlessly from everything that was inspiring. If I had been a man, I probably would not have enjoyed all this, as I had done; but if I had been a man, *I would have done as I pleased*, and sat all by myself hours and hours before, almost beneath, this nine hundred feet of falling water. As it was, I did sit there till the party was ready to return, then, I behaved "like a sensible woman" and returned also; but it was not from any innate goodness or submission in the heart, but because for forty years I had sacrificed my will and wish to some one in authority—to some one who decided what I ought to do, and what I ought to leave undone. I am an obedient woman — habit makes me such. Submission was ground into my nature with the ten commandments, but

there are times when it would not be very safe for me to be provided with woman's rights. I think the sex are a little too heady to be trusted with unlimited independences. If they had left me at the foot of Nevada Falls, Mr. D. might, and in all probability would, have found but a decimal fraction of me to carry back to my mourning friends. The visitor's book at this odd little mountain house was very curious, and everybody looked into it with interest. One gentleman (not of our party), observing the name of Mr. A. C. McG——, of Detroit, on two days, remarked, "Well, that man is the biggest fool that ever came to this forsaken place; *he's been here twice.*" If Mr. McG—— ever comes to the Yosemite Valley again, I will ask him to take me. He is a sight-seer after my own heart.

The day before we were there, some old gentleman—I thought him old because his hand had trembled in the writing—had added after his own name the words of the prophet Joel: "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children and their children another generation." In his family the tradition of this wonderful valley will go down like a heritage.

On our way back we were to stop at the top of the Vernal Falls, descend the ladders, and then walk by rather a circuitous track back to the Rest. We carried out this programme to the letter, Mr. W., Will and myself, of our party, and Mr. and Mrs. Jay H——, of the Hubbell party. On our way down the ladders we saw "an enchanted grotto," draped with fairy ferns, sweeping in delicate sprays and tufts from every little crack and crevice or shelf and chip of the rock. The shade and the moisture had the effect of producing such bracken (as the Scotch call it) as would have outshone the waterfalls with some enthusiastic

people; they were so beautiful that I dared not gather them—it was too like sacrilege.

Before we left this spot we tucked up our skirts, and, donning waterproof coats, set out on what was really a very perilous and rushing walk. A little ledge of earth, just wide enough to set your feet in, runs like a thread along the mountain side, the spray of the river and falls keeps the ground soft and boggy; you plunge into pockets of water where other travelers have gone before and left a saturated foot-print; the soft soil slips away, and you make another spring for a more solid resting place, hoping each foothold may prove more enduring than the last, ever glancing back upon the Vernal Falls that pour both water and spray behind you. It is a hard and very unsatisfactory pilgrimage, and in no wise profitable. However, it is done now; "the light of experience shines ever upon the past" —and not the future. The next tourist will learn for him or herself, as other people have done. I was utterly exhausted when I reached *terra firma*, and but for Mr. Hubbell's watchful eye might have suffered. When Mr. D. and K. came up, we had quite recuperated, and, dropping our dry skirts over our wet feet, made no sign or show of disappointment. After this our way was ever downward, and at six o'clock we were once more at our little hotel, where a hot foot bath and fresh clothes soon made us forget the only trying part of the day.

Thursday, May 30.—This morning about nine we set forth to explore the new trail, just now being blasted, to Glacier Pointe. We found it a bare, bald, bleak, zig-zag, steep ascent of three miles, at which point we came upon a minutely small tent, on one side of which was painted "Lodgings" and on the other "Refreshments." On the jut of a rock we opened our lunch boxes and partook with an appe-

tite born of the mountain air, of a lunch that would scarcely be called tempting at home. After taking many bird's-eye views of the Valley, we set ourselves to studying a very extraordinary stone called Agassiz' Pillar, which was as much like an exclamation point (!) as anything I can think of, except that the round ball upon which it rested was very much smaller than the column itself. This stood out on a cliff facing the sky, and threatened the valley in a most singular manner. No earthquake shock had shaken its center of gravity as yet, but it looked menacing for the future. Then we mounted our untethered steeds, and proceeded upwards. To-day we had a new guide who knew but little, and who did not bid fair ever to increase his store of knowledge. I followed close upon his horse's heels, until suddenly the trail which had been growing worse and worse now ceased entirely. We could not go forward, nor yet turn round to go back, and, calling to K. to dismount, I sprang to the ground, leaving my horse to turn himself round as best he could. Poor beast, he stood a very smart chance of somersaulting his way back to the valley without me. With me, we both would have executed much ground and lofty tumbling. Just here the blasting party, among whom were some bright, intelligent men, came down from somewhere up in the sky to meet us. They begged us to walk a few rods further, and "get a view worth having." Nothing loath, K. and I climbed on, until we stood upon a great plateau of snow and ice, and took a bird's eye view of a valley that I cannot bear to think of as small; to me it seemed a universe. The men were delighted to welcome us as the first ladies who had ever reached this eminence, and were extremely anxious to send their Chinamen down to make a cup of tea for us; but as we were not devoted to that beverage, and K. abso-

lately averse to "Chinesers," we thankfully declined. By this time our inefficient guide had somehow turned the horses homeward, and, descending from our icy pinnacle, we were soon in the saddle, and going down hill at an angle well calculated to try one's nerves. People talk about up hill work, but commend me to it in preference to *down* hill. At two P. M. we were at Black's, and as Mrs. D. and Mrs. H., who had not been well enough to go with us yesterday, had taken Joe Ridgeway and gone to Nevada Falls, we concluded to go over the swamps, which were pretty deep, to Mirror Lake. This little pocket, which is surrounded by rocks nearly 3,500 feet high, has in its center, and almost filling every particle of space, a lake fringed in with exquisite pine and hemlock growths, whose waters reflect the stupendous rocks as if they were a veritable mirror. The sight is very beautiful, and the rocks of the region certainly look quite different from what they do in other parts of the valley. Here, too, we found a house of "Restauration," took a sail—or rather row—in the boat, and catechised the only inhabitant of that region.

"Yes, he had engaged a man to live with him, but the second morning after his advent, and during the absence of the owner and proprietor of the house and boat, there had been a terrific fall of rock in that vicinity. The fellow said it shook him square out of bed and sounded like fifty cannons fired at once. The air was thick with the fine dust of the rock all the day, and he concluded to quit."

"Should think he would!" was Mr. D.'s response, in that laconic and serio-comic tone so peculiarly his own.

We all laughed and shouted, even the restauration man himself, who immediately invited Mr. D. to come again.

This day has not been like yesterday; nor indeed will there ever come another like that. Two such are not to be

had in one life. Yet as we turned homeward the sinking sun irradiated rocks and river and placid lake with a golden glory beautiful to remember.

Friday, May 31.—This is the first rainy day we have experienced in many weeks. The mountains are white with snow, and damp and drear with mist. The excessive rains and melting snows have kept the Valley to this date spongy and boggy as a morass, but to-day's rain bids fair to set it entirely afloat. There is no possibility of going off on any expedition, and so we have gathered ourselves under the bewitching influence of the radiated heat of the pine logs and cones, to be agreeable. There is a Philadelphia party here, "railroad magnates"—as Mrs. W. tersely described them—who are just the nicest people that one can find anywhere. The children prattled in the Thee and Thou language which was so familiar in my childhood, and the smooth-haired, gentle, patient, but far from characterless women, who mend their gloves and repair their rents, are a new field of enjoyment to me. The school-girl of the party, a bright young thing that is as genuine as human nature ever is, tells me, in an "aside," "You travel with people and then you know them; these women are just as good as women can be made."

Gradually into the general conversation there drifted a thought or two of Woman's rights. In the sheltered life I had led I could not bear to think or speak patiently on this question, but our Quaker friend said, gently: "You have good laws in Michigan—laws of protection, laws that provide for women; but in Pennsylvania it is far otherwise." And then she detailed some of those great moral wrongs that make my erratic sex go off in a tangent of sympathy and protest. "No," said Mrs. L. gravely and sadly, "I do not believe in *woman's* rights, but I believe in *equal* rights."

It was a distinction so nice and yet so sensible, that I found myself accepting her views in a twinkling.

About noon the rain fell more gently, and the Piutes of the Valley came upon the stage. Oh, such Indians! There is no romance in them. The veteran of the tribe might have been five feet high; his age was hard to guess, but I thought fifty years; his hair white as such an untidy wretch's could be, *i. e.*, yellow with smoke and grime, and his general appearance unprepossessing in the extreme; and yet he was the best of them. Mr. D. and the other gentlemen fastened a silver quarter in a split stick and let the various members of the tribe shoot arrows at it till they knocked it to the ground. It was always the old Piute who won the money. The younger ones leaned picturesquely against trees and stumps, and smoked unpicturesque cigars. After all I have used the wrong word, for though about their attitude and *abandon* there was a certain ease and grace, their costume was so far from national or artistic that picturesque is not the correct word. For instance, one small wretch of four feet in height wore a pair of pantaloons that were "of all things most miserable." The seams of the legs had ripped apart and the fronts and backs flew and flapped about in the storm like union jacks in a gale. His upper garment was a shirt—a "biled shirt," as the miners descriptively set such forth—that had originally buttoned in the back; at present it met nowhere, and had but one sleeve. His next neighbor was dressed in a long frock coat of that peculiar green that French and German artists rejoice in; from its velvet collar and general air I knew some knight of the brush had either flung it away or bestowed it upon this little mite of a Piute. It swept to the ground and in the rear draggled off like a lady's train. One or two were wrapped in what might have been originally

bright-colored blankets. I suppose these poor wretches are human—doubtless they have immortal souls—but I fancy the Apostle Paul would have classified them as "born without the law."

The evening was very social and pleasant; one of the Philadelphia gentlemen had been a warm friend of my father and an elder in the church of my brother. Two San Francisco ladies had known my sister-in-law well, and sent her kindly messages, and when I bade them good-night and good-bye I felt as if I were going out anew among strangers; indeed, the old joke that one of my brothers used to tell of another flashed through my mind with sympathetic force. The two had gone off on an Eastern and seashore trip. All was smooth and comfortable till after they reached New England. There they began to feel a certain lack of consideration that at last caused the elder to say to the younger, with some disgust: "Come, Will, let's go home, where people at least know who we are."

Saturday, June 1, 1872.—Mr. D. and Mr. W. had at last settled how we were to get out of the valley, which is a conundrum only second to how we were to get into it, and at seven o'clock our party were in the saddle and on the move. We were to go via Clark's Ranch. The day was not to say bright and fair, but it did not rain.

At eight o'clock we passed Bridal Veil Fall, and by ten o'clock, after a delightful ride on a very easy trail, reached Inspiration Point. During these hours the sun had been gradually taking his fiery coursers in hand, and as we reached the plateau of this celebrated point, we faced our horses about and looked back upon a vision of such glorious beauty as seldom meets the human eye. The rains and snows of yesterday had softened with a lovely haze every bleak, sharp rock of the mountain, and the sun breaking

brightly forth had begun to gather from every pinnacle and point, from every pine and cedar, soft, misty waves of vaporous light and dew.

On Cloud's Rest, the dark, stern, blue-gray thunderous masses that piled about and above this grand old dome grew suddenly diaphanous—the glorious beams of day shone through the soft, wave-like mists that draped its sides, and from a thousand places the misty gnomes of the mountains gathered their prismatic skirts about them and went trooping off like captives in the triumphal march of a conquerer. Oh! it was as if the twenty-first chapter of Revelations was made possible and patent to my unimaginative mind. All the outer world said "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

This little strip of earth and sky looked ready for that "glorious appearing" for which the prophets watched, for which the apostles waited, and for which some saints in all ages have longed and do still long. Oh, how grandly it brought home the lessons taught me in my father's life and death, for when his poor dumb lips had ceased to frame a word of speech, he forced a note of triumph, not because he had "fought the good fight," not that he "had finished his course," nor yet that he had "kept the faith," but because he was numbered among them "that love His appearing."

With every nerve of sense and spirit sensitivized and quivering in a rapture born of earth and heaven, I closed my eyes that the retina of memory might henceforth picture

how the world may look on the grand day for which we wait. I had seen its earthly glory and grandeur at its best. * * * After this it was over rocks and trees, through snow fields eight and ten feet deep, that our path lay. At noon we arrived at Perrygoy's, a nice eating house; for, no matter to what sublime heights your life may reach, you are always expected to come down and "take your dinner." When I left home I recalled father's great traveling maxim —make it a point to eat and sleep at the proper time, if possible—but eat and sleep. Hence the nice, fresh, well spread tables laden with good food were not objectionable. Here we met a party who had come from Clark's. A groom came forward and invited me to change horses with a lady somewhat more elderly than myself. He said her steed had been seized with the "blind staggers," and was not safe to ride into the valley. Of course I changed and took my chances on carrying the creature into Clark's. She got me there safe, it's true, but the next morning was so low that Joe Ridgway said, "*She has made her last trip.*"

About four in the afternoon, while Mrs. D. and I were coaxing our jaded beasts over the ground, and urging forward the small young pack mule that was wonderfully overwhelmed with baggage, and which had been driven by everybody and called "the baby," we missed K. I remembered having seen her as I crossed a certain stream. Mr. D. and Joe, the guide, rode back to ascertain if anything had happened. In crossing this very stream she had not noticed a tough and strong branch of a poison oak that jutted out over the water. This caught her in its remorseless grip and dragged her from her saddle. She was too weary and shocked to get up and re-mount, and so sat down until help came and she was made all right once more. The

result of this was that Mrs. D. and I rode gently forward through a pleasant forest, my horse growing step by step weaker. H. and Mr. W. had gone on at a more rapid rate. About five the party rallied once more, and we came into Clark's with some show of life and vigor. "Clark's" was a group of three long, low, one-story houses, with piazzas around the four sides. The inhabitants poured out like bees from a disturbed hive, each one shouting in a more or less minor key, "Here's a party from the Valley at last." One clever, nice looking old soul, of sixty or thereabouts, set her spectacles square upon her nose, and walking up to me, said: "We are to have your horses; is this a good one?" Fancy her feelings when I told her the creature was nearly dead. I gave this lady a card on which I wrote for her aid the route and days' journeys for a week.

We found forty people had been waiting at Clark's three days for horses to go into the Valley, and now there were but ten for them all.

Our fare was good and rooms pleasant, and the Mariposa Grove but seven miles away; but I began to feel wretchedly ill, and was not sorry the next morning to get started for a more settled region. Barbour had made a private arrangement with Dunning that his coach would carry us to the town of Mariposa. It was a large liberal red C spring affair that outshone our own conveyance, but in the long run did not prove one-half so good.

Next me, at breakfast, sat a weak-looking man with a straight nose, blue eyes, and horrid long flaxen curls, parted in the middle of his head, and straggling all over his blue coat collar and down his back. In the buttonhole of his coat he wore a maroon rosebud, and about his neck a maroon tie of exactly the same shade. His nether extremities were finished off with a pair of miner's boots reaching above the

knee. On the other side of him a rather pretty Boston-looking, Boston-acting Boston girl was dawdling over her breakfast and making eyes of admiration at this effeminate creature. The assumption of the man, and a clear, white, intellectual looking brow, made me curious to inquire who or what he was. "Joaquin (or as they pronounce it 'Waukeen') Miller, the poet of the Sierras." I was prepared at once to believe all that his wife had said or might say of such a figure-head. As for the Boston girl, I looked a little Western contempt at her. Dear me, I used to be a Western woman—*Michigan was West*—but here they talk of us as "You folks from the east." I cannot say I like it. The last I saw of the "Poet of the Sierras, Waukeen Miller," he was striding his seven-league boots in the direction of Mariposa Grove.

At half-past eight we were under way for civilization. About ten or eleven o'clock we saw, coming along a narrow strip of road, a procession of forlorn-looking vehicles that appeared more like a country funeral than anything else I could think of. Suddenly crash, smash, went something—the poor old wagon wheel, I think, for it tilted up against the face of a very hot rock, and stood still. At this juncture we flashed in all the glory of red and yellow paint and C springs upon the whilom proprietor of this two "horse shay." He was a "gentleman from Boston." There was a Boston cut to his breeches—an elderly, substantial air of having made money about him. *He* knew who he was, if we did not. He could evidently draw his check; but, alas for him, he had reached a point where that sort of ability no longer availed. Three Boston spinsters, looking sad, depressed, and terribly overcrowded, sat in the still tilting carry-all. The vehicles in the rear were all stopped; the rows of people looked on; no one manifested surprise,

neither did any one signify interest. "Mr. Boston's carriage stops the way," whispered I to Mr. D., who had been looking seriously on. That gentleman hid a smile behind his mustache, but there must have been a glint to his eye or a wrinkle to his nose that betrayed his amusement, for in a second more "Mr. Boston" took the rostrum. He rode a tilt straight at Mr. D. "Is this the way you do things in this abominable swindling country? I engaged passage for my party in your stage"—(Mr. D. visibly winced under the accusation of being a California stage proprietor, and we all attributed the mistake to the "wide-awake" San Francisco hat he was wearing)—"and we ought to have left Merced four days ago; not a vehicle to be had, and people pouring in there by the hundred; I could not stand it any longer. I went out and found these horses (poor spavined old wretches) and this carriage for these ladies, and we got up at four o'clock this morning and we have crawled to this infernal spot." "Yes," said Mr. D., *sotto voce*, "to us it is as hot as Tophet." "And there you sit as if you had nothing to do with it. Just have that stage of yours turn round and take these ladies to Clark's." "Thunder," said Mr. D. to us, "I think it's about time I should enlighten the man, and tell him he has waked up the wrong customer." But his natural good heart, combining with the entreaty of four women, who all felt that it must be an inexpressible relief under such aggravating circumstances to blow up somebody, "stimulated him to greater patience." Barbour, our driver, told Mr. Boston that ours was a "private carriage," but as they never painted "private carriages" red and yellow in Boston, nor built them to carry twelve and baggage, nor flourished the name of "Barbour & Drake" on the outside, he simply declined to receive the statement. At last one of the

return stages, that started when we did, came up. Mr. Boston's party got themselves into it, we backed up to a little broader piece of the road, and saw the whole melancholy procession of mournful pilgrims file past us. Further down the road we passed four young men on foot bravely struggling forward to the "Yosemite Valley." At one o'clock we were in Mariposa and found Dunning waiting for us. Oh, how glad we were to see him. How thankful for his shabby, easy old coach.

"Oh," said Dunning, as he noticed our satisfaction, "the way to make people contented is to starve them down to anything—book them for the Valley—send them to Merced—and after they have waited at the hotel at four dollars a day for three days, bring out your shabby old go-carts and call them 'a chance to get forward' — stop them over at Clark's at three dollars a day, till they are desperate enough to take any kind of a pony or mule that comes to hand, and then you never hear any more complaints."

At six o'clock this evening we reached Hornitas and found a nice comfortable supper of broiled chicken, baked potatoes, etc., etc. We had staged fifty-one miles over a not very interesting country, and I began to feel so ill that I determined not to return to San Francisco, but rest at Lathrop's, and then go to Sacramento.

About seven o'clock Dunning came in and told us that if we wished to get to San Francisco the next day we must go on to Merced that night, or at least get there before half-past six A. M. The moon was to rise at two A. M. Dunning was willing to get up at that hour and drive us. It was a matter of much importance for us, and we concluded to try it. We paid our hotel bills—the hostess left us a nice lunch in case we found no chance of breakfast anywhere, and at eight P. M. we retired. I slept soundly six hours;

rose, washed, dressed, and appeared at the door with the stage. All parties were prompt but the moon On we traveled into the darkness, groping our way over sandy plains, or loose, low hills of grit and gravel, until at length the day began to dawn faintly, and with soft tinges of light and color the sky behind us grew palely radiant. A shy rabbit or mousing owl glanced here and there across our path. The sun gave more and more glow to earth and air, and at four o'clock, with one swift bound, shot up above a hill-top and opened to us the gates of day. Dunning did not know the road, but, striking into a strip of sand from which the wheat had been mowed, he "guessed his way along." Indeed, this was the first California wheat field we had ever seen. On either side of us the tall ripe grain stood like a five-foot hedge. No barns, no houses—only miles and miles of unfenced wheat just ready for the mower. Here and there a patent steam threshing machine rusted its useless life away; either it had proved a failure or had been worn out by a single crop. At last we saw a pitiful, shabby looking house, and then, miles more of wheat. At half-past six Merced was in sight—that is to say, the huge hotel that has been erected at a cost of a million and a-half of money, and had been open but a day or two. "On time" we dismounted — travel-stained, dusty, but on the whole fresh from our morning ride of twenty-five miles. Half-a-dozen darkies sprang forward with long whisk brooms in their hands, and made us clean and tidy in three seconds; we had time to wash, eat a good breakfast, and take the train at seven A. M. After thirty miles of railroading I felt I had done all the traveling I could do that day, and at Lathrop's, a place characterized by a grizzly bear, insisted upon being left. It was a nice hotel, handsomely furnished. My meals were served in my room; but too

soon I found I was the only woman in the place. Oh, such fright and terror as one feels at this sort of solitude; but on Tuesday, June 4th, at nightfall, an English lady and her husband appeared. I had met them at Clark's; and after bidding a somewhat sentimental adieu to the grizzly bear, whose name was "Betsey," I left in their company on the 5th for Sacramento. I had "done the Valley," but had overdone Mrs. S., and wanted a long rest ere I took the homeward express.

Sacramento, Wednesday, June 5th.—As I stood at the window at Lathrop's, watching the express train over the Union Pacific, I saw handkerchiefs waving and heard cries of welcome from my old fellow-travelers, the F.'s, who had joined us at Salt Lake the 29th of April. We had exchanged visits in San Francisco, and they had begun, in this far-away land, to seem like old friends. They begged me to go with them to Sacramento, and as the English lady was also to leave, I gave up my trunk for which I had been waiting, and gathering up the light weights of satchel and dressing-case, was off, Mr. Speaker, the hotel keeper, promising to forward my heavier baggage without delay. At Sacramento I went to the Golden Eagle, a handsome hotel, kept with a Southern slackness that is oblivious to ants and other small vermin.

Thursday.—Was too sick and miserable, too feverish and forlorn, to do anything but call upon a physician, Dr. C., who had just returned from the meeting of the American Medical Association at Philadelphia. I had lived so many years in the atmosphere of "the profession," that I thought I would not "let on" I was a physician's wife. Dr. C. heard my simple statement, saw the irritating trouble of my ear, recognized it as something peculiar, and out of the common way, and called his brother, a physician from Phil-

adelphia. He was evidently a poor, tired man, over-worked and over-wearied; he wore a wig, had a clean-shaved face, and was "as cross as a badger" — in short, a medical autocrat of the old school. He made some suggestion to his brother that I understood, and to which I replied, "Oh, that has been thoroughly tried." He glanced at me, and said, "Then so and so" —which latter words were expressed in very large Latin. Fortunately I comprehended him, and again answered, "I have been all over that ground." He fastened an eye-glass into his eye, surveyed me with unconcealed disdain, gave a contemptuous and defiant snort, and left the room in a manner that said more plainly than words, "I'll not trouble *my* head with an old chronic like that."

His brother then gave the verdict of "want of assimilation;" added a harmless little prescription, and did show a kindly interest in a woman so utterly lonely. If the worst came to the worst, I could look back upon this gentleman with a feeling of trust and dependence. His brother might be more eminent, but he had been worn out in the service of mankind, and "chronic cases" were an abomination no longer to be endured. I went home to my hotel laughing at, as well as pitying, that poor, tired-out doctor.

Friday, June 7.—The R.'s called upon me and invited me to dine. They were old Pennsylvanians, with all the Lancaster county hospitality still in the ascendant. After dinner (which was at the usual California hour, six P. M., luncheon taking the place of our noonday meal), we drove about Sacramento, saw the great drawbridge over the river, which is a turbid running stream that in the spring pours a thick and furious flood of yellow water over half the city; went through the Chinese quarter, from thence to the race-course, where all the great races of the State take place; the

track seemed heavy, the very dust looking fat and oleaginous. On our way back we stopped at the Capitol, an immense structure of an old fashioned style of architecture, surmounted by a tremendous dome. Near this stand the governor's residence and the houses of other dignitaries and officials. A great park is laid out having these government buildings as its central point. All these have been erected at government expense, and have cost fearful sums of money. Never before had I realized the practical independence of California government.

Here was the foundation of a second great capital that might rival Washington itself. Here the great railroad interests of this huge State are bought and sold, log-rolled and bribed for, in a manner so shameless and unblushing that I fairly shudder to hear of it. In the winter Sacramento is the Washington of the Pacific slope; the governor of the State steps into the gubernatorial mansion, which is furnished with the greatest magnificence, just as the President takes possession of the White House.

From this State park we went to the cemetery and saw first the capital burial ground, a plat one hundred and fifty feet square; it has a number of graves in it, and in four corners stand four tall monuments, each marking the resting place of some legislator who has died a violent death; two had been killed in duels, one shot in the Senate chamber, and the fourth rushed into eternity in some equally lawless manner. They seem to have some crude idea of dignity and heroism in such a fierce and sudden ending.

Here, too, we saw a mausoleum that had cost many thousands of dollars, and was built by a woman whose marital relations were a great deal more complicated than those of the woman of Samaria. She had placed this heavy testimonial over the grave of her son, her only child, who had

died in the flower of his manhood, yet who had lived long enough to inherit the curse of the second commandment. And now she, poor creature, the richest woman in Sacramento, lay a dying—she, knowing all her sins and no Saviour, had well-nigh reached her end; the temporary husbands, and one or two who had some sort of marriage certificates, were fighting it out around her death-bed. She could make no will, and indeed only occasionally rallied her powers to "swear a prayer or two." Her death will add another twist to the already complicated titles of all Sacramento property. Lloyd Tevis, whom we met in the Valley, and who, unless his face belies him, is a double-distilled "schemer," expects to "clean out the town" with an old Spanish claim.

Saturday, June 8.—Went down to see the draw-bridge open; it is quite a wonderful performance. Met Dr. C——, who was going to Davisville on a hand car, a little bit of an affair, four by six feet, propelled by a couple of handles worked by men, and reminding me of the brakes of an old-fashioned hand fire engine. Exactly fifteen people crowded themselves upon this small platform. The last I saw of Dr. C——, he was going to visit some poor sick soul inaccessible by carriage, boat, or steam car, for he had two rivers and three swamps to cross before he reached his destination. Am too wretched to go out again to-day, and have sent a regret to the R——s for dinner.

Sabbath, June 9.—The weather has been exhaustingly hot, but the town is built as Los Angeles is, with those peculiar porches shading the sidewalks. I therefore went to church. Oh, the peace and comfort of a quiet corner in the sanctuary! It was a plain, comfortable looking building, with a fair congregation. The Sabbath school was well conducted, and the boys and girls interested and

attentive. I had in my class a bright intelligent fellow, whose red skin and black hair betokened Spanish, Moorish, or Mexican blood. Here they call them Indians, but they are the regular "greasers" of Lower California.

Monday, June 10.—Have just found my trunk, and learned that no baggage is ever delivered between San Francisco and Sacramento on a "through ticket," the fare being exactly the same to each city, although the former is so much further. I learn there is a great traffic in tickets, the way fare on the Union Pacific being so high that many miners and others buy tickets clear through, and sell them and re-sell them all the way to Omaha. Freights are equally extravagant, and many dodges are resorted to in evasion of the excessive tax. This is obnoxious to the citizens of the State on many accounts.

Tuesday, June 11.—Left Sacramento at 2.30 P. M. for home. Of our party only Mr. and Mrs. D., H—— and myself remained. Mr. W——, K—— and Will returned by sea. I felt far from well, and the idea of getting home as wretched as I left it, was not encouraging. About five o'clock we began to pass the most beautiful scenery on the road, but for some reason it had suffered a change; there was something wrong with the Sierras; they failed to impress one as they had a couple of months before. At last I asked my little sister, Mrs. D., "What in the world is the matter with these mountains?" Her answer was the true one: "The Yosemite has taken the life out of them." Those higher Sierras give one views and ideas, and a standard of criticism that nothing hereafter will come up to; they are the heavenly places of this poor old world of ours. Henceforth we must look back to them as the grand sights of our lives.

Wednesday, June 12th.—Was taken very sick indeed,

but after we left Cheyenne had still life enough to enjoy the wild flowers of the plains of Colorado—one mass of beautiful bloom. When the cars stopped, the gentlemen would get off and gather us the most exquisite blue flowers I ever saw. It was five hours' journey from Cheyenne to Denver. On this little piece of independent road there are no Pullman cars, and, ill as I was, I found myself compelled to keep a sitting posture. The California ladies on the car brought me pillows and were most kind, and I forced myself to look out of the window and see the rarely occasional towns that we passed. Greeley, for instance, was a little bit of a cluster of hastily-built houses on a level plain. A very unpretentious river ran through it, and but for the heavenly blue sky that stretched above, and the soft fresh summer breeze, redolent of plain and prairie, that swept over it, there would have been absolutely nothing to recommend the spot. When, at six P. M., we reached Denver, I was past caring for town or country, and was carried to the hotel and put to bed in a room seven by nine or six by seven. In two hours we were again *en route*, and from this time until we reached Kansas City, I can tell nothing of the journey except that it was one prolonged shake and jar. One instant the motion was from head to foot, the next from side to side, and the third a jolt that sent every quivering nerve into a convulsion of pain. Such nights, such days—such suffering—are not to be rehearsed. My dear little sister clung to me and watched over me with the tenderest anxiety. I knew I was not a pleasant traveling companion, but no one else would admit the fact. On Sabbath morning we reached Kansas City, and for twelve hours I lay *still* in my bed, and rallied enough with the day's rest to go on in the night train to St. Louis, at which spot I collapsed entirely, and for some days hovered on the verge of

prostrating fever. No one could have had kinder attention or more devoted care, and the best of medical advice. On Thursday, Dr. B. said: "Get out of this city; the sewerage, these low bottom-land miasmas, are poison to you; this deadly heat will sweep you into a more disastrous illness; get out of this city." So Mrs. D. and I started in the evening. Any one who has ever crossed the Mississippi river into or out of St. Louis, knows it was no light undertaking, but once under way we soon reached Detroit. * * * My journal has this date and entry:

Wednesday, June 26.—I am, really, home once more—home to the five children that could so ill have spared me—home to the kind friend who stood at the helm of my household all these months—home to the true and anxious heart that had followed me so faithfully through all my wanderings—home to the four walls that had been my first childhood home in Michigan thirty-four years ago, and which is now my children's home, where for years we have gathered them around a genuine hearth-stone—home to dear old Grosse Pointe, to the comfort and blessed peace of "Rest Cottage," my lakeside home, where "the green pastures and still waters" will once more "restore my soul." May I from hence "walk in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake," for now I am home to all the dear ones that love me and that I love—home to the very hillside where are garnered my dead.

Home, love and children, and some skill to grasp
From the rich world its opportunities;
What more could heart desire or full hands clasp;
Surely, my life, like some glad tune, will go,
That God has blessed me so.

CLOSE OF THE CALIFORNIA JOURNAL.

Dear ——:

As I have written up my California journal, I find that more than once, ill health is spoken of. In justice to the after effects of that journey (painful as at times it seemed to be in the progress of it), I can only say that *I have been thoroughly and entirely well ever since my return, for now more than a year*—a comfort to myself and my family. The tour could be taken in a much easier fashion than we took it; the Yosemite reached by a less trying but never by so beautiful a route; and if I had it to do over again I would show that I had profited by experience. As it is, I have every reason to speak well of this trip as a health restorer.

Ever Yours, I. G. D. S.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

Letters from Abroad.

These letters were published during Mrs. Stewart's absence from home. After her return, she was never able to procure the full text. Such as are available, however, are here given—although contrary to the original plan—for the reason that change of place and circumstance will, it is believed, enhance the general interest of the book, but chiefly because in them, as in none other of the papers, is shown, in some measure, her rare gift of domestic economy.

WÜRZBURG, May 20, 1875.

DEAR MARY—I suppose you think it gives a scant idea of England and English scenery, to say, as I practically did in my last letter, that we stepped on board the train at Chester and off at London!!—and might have made the flight in six hours, had we been so minded. But how does all this Old England look? is the great question. It was in May, when everything was green with a greenness not indigenous to Michigan—brilliant, glowing shades unknown to us; and yet

> "On English ground,
> You understand the letter,—ere the Fall
> *How Adam lived in a garden!!*—All the fields
> Are tied up fast with hedges, nosegay-like—
> The hills are crumpled plains—the plains parterres,
> The trees round, woolly, ready to be clipped,
> And if you seek for any wilderness
> You find, at best, a park,—a nature tamed
> And grown domestic like a barn door fowl,
> Which does not awe you with its claws and beak,
> Nor tempt you to an eyrie too high up,
> But which, in cackling, sets you thinking of
> Your eggs, to-morrow at breakfast, in the pause
> Of meditation."

The country really looks like a school-boy's Sunday face, all washed and shining, but not half as picturesque as if it

were reasonably dirty. Thus far I have not been impressed, especially as we reached London ahead of time in a pouring rain, and found that our apartments would not be ready for us till the next day. To be homeless and houseless in this great metropolis during "the season," is forlorn, but we fell back upon Mr. Burr, 11 Queen's Square, who was most obliging, and furnished us with quarters that were very comfortable. We found several families of friends there, and sat down to our first dinner in London—a party of fifteen Detroiters, notwithstanding we had divided our own party, and left Mrs. H. and Miss R. in Crown street. As for myself, I was in the condition of the elderly bachelor in an old friend's Valentine, who having set his heart on serenading his inamorata, at length was compelled to make the painful confession—

"I'm sick, and sore, and miserable,
And wet, and cold, and tired,
And now I cannot play upon
This banjo that I've hired."

But a night's rest set me so far right that the next day I drove to the National Gallery. I suppose that all Americans feel that one—perhaps *the* one grand thing to see in Europe—is paintings. We know only in part the great things that distinguish art and artists in this old world. Among the more modern artists, we have seen engravings from Landseer and Turner, and the lesser lights; but engravings, be they never so fine, are too apt to be like that showiest of plays with Hamlet left out. There had hung for years an exquisite bit of line engraving in a very noticeable spot on my drawing room walls; I had studied it till I loved it, and with it had felt an unspeakable admiration for Turner and his work. His life and his paintings were so entirely at variance, that long ago I dropped the

man and merged all my admiration in the artist, and, as I stood at the portal of what seemed to open to me a new world, I bowed my head and entered reverently.

The first room was filled with specimens of early art, *i. e.*, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, crude, sheepish-looking Virgins, with halos flaring around their faces, or even more forlorn-looking Saints. The Christ of this period was so utterly vague in execution, that one passed it with dismay that it could ever have entered into the imagination of man to conceive anything so unsatisfactory; and yet these were the initial steps that have led to such wondrous results in art. Each room in its order showed the advancement of conception and execution. But by some chance we came upon Landseer's paintings just a room before we should have done, and his "spick span new" dogs and horses, his bright shining back and fore grounds, unripened or rather unmellowed by age, were rather startling; they were *new* enough to suit the most fastidious on that point, but they were withal very charming; one old white dog *wagged* a stumpy tail at you, in a manner that would have tempted you to forswear yourself and make oath that you saw it vibrate. These have all been so generally engraved that Americans need scarcely to study the paintings, inasmuch as they have been well digested by all of us in black and white, and we are therefore the better prepared to enjoy them in colors.

The next room brought us into the Turner Gallery. Who has not seen an ideal fade as in old times those magic pictures of Daguerre would change from the brilliancy of lighted altars and glowing arches, to the sombre twilight shadows and darkness of departing day? At last I stood face to face with a genuine Turner—yes, with a hundred of them. Some were by Turner's own desire placed side by

side with two noble Claudes. They differed so, one being so utterly unlike another, that I became rather unsettled in my mind. Both were new to me. It was all a flash of color and a blaze of wonderful things. And so I wandered around the room till by some inexplicable fascination I seated myself before a very remarkable picture painted from Turner's conception of that most wonderful word-picture: "And it came to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first born in the land of Egypt, from the first born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first born of the captive that was in the dungeon, and all the first born of cattle." The power, the pathos, the judgment, aye, even the mercy of God, was manifest in this great and awful dawn; and I contented myself with drinking in the awe and mystery as well as power and majesty of this Eastern scene. After an hour or two I rose up and departed, a sadder and a wiser woman; and here, weeks afterwards, I record my conviction, that not all the brilliant effect of his most showy paintings, not all the more *spotty* blues, and greens, and yellows, of his various approaches to Venice, could satisfy my heart as did those two Claude Lorraines, and this one weird showing of how the Lord God had subdued the will of that Pharaoh from whom Moses and his people endured so much. I may as well tell you here that over and over again I went back to this room and tried to make myself *entirely* satisfied with Turner. His work fascinated me, but it was more as a lurid light, or pyrotechnic display would always hold me spell-bound till Fourth of July was over, and then left my eyes and heart as empty as if they had been fed on the east wind.

Claude Lorraine's and Salvator Rosa's pictures stay with me yet; but Turner's have vanished, save this one odd Eastern scene. Evidently he possessed extraordinary power,

but in his heart of hearts he must have lacked some great essential element in his work. It is not fashionable to say this, neither is it what I wished to think and believe, but as far as I know it, I feel that it is the truth of my own individual convictions.

The disenchantment was very bitter—perhaps intensified because I had looked forward with so much anticipation to the sight of this room, where I expected him to come out triumphantly superior to Claude Lorraine or any other artist of the past, Turner being almost of the present.

Sunday.—We went exactly where I had not intended to go. Every time I had seen the photographs of "Spurgeon," such hideous looking things as they were, I had mentally vowed I would never listen to that man. Every time I had read some rough exaggeration of his pulpit eloquence it clinched my dislike to Spurgeon! — always "Spurgeon" in the newspapers, and yet we all set out "to hear Spurgeon," as if he had been Edwin Booth or any other stage character. In my own case it was not curiosity to see or hear, but the acceptance of my pastor's recommendation to hear him that I might do him justice. I meant to do him justice by giving him no quarter if there was anything short of a pure and simple gospel in what he said. Our instructions were: "Take the tramway to the Elephant and Ca-a-stle, and when you get tha-a-ar, you will know right away where you are." And they were admirable, for as soon as we reached that celebrated drinking hole, we saw a tremendous stream of people setting in one direction, and we followed them. In two minutes we were in sight of this immense church, which externally and internally struck me as being a cross between Brigham Young's tabernacle and an opera house. Hundreds of persons were gathered on the outside waiting for the opening of the church doors. A nice, comfortable

lady asked us if we had tickets. I meekly replied, "No! we did not provide ourselves with them." Tickets! to go to church with. It was only of a piece with all I had believed of Spurgeon as a sensationalist. "In that case I will take your party in with me; it is the custom of the church members to enter by this lower side door. Two minutes before the time for service to begin, every member of the church is expected to be in his or her place, then the main doors are thrown open to the general public."

She was certainly kind, but I did not approve of her church ways; however, when once in and seated in this beehive of a house, where the preacher spoke from a queer, undignified platform in almost the center of the church, I began to take an interest in the thousand people who had not been smuggled in as we were. All in good time they came in with a rush, and in five minutes were duly seated in all sorts of extemporaneous corners, in pews and out of them. Then the great man of the church, the leader, the organizer, come forward. My dear, he is not good looking, but I am pretty short sighted, and so his appearance did not trouble me as much as I expected. Dr. S. said he was fairly well looking. His voice struck me as being husky and unsatisfactory, but all the party declared there was no fault to be found with his voice. The vast congregation settled and quieted, and became attentive. Ah, what an earnest and searching and beautiful prayer—not fluent, but slow; step by step he led this vast congregation to the mercy seat. Then a hymn sung by at least five thousand people; then a sermon that was well throughout, but delivered without notes.

The power and popularity of this man is a mystery to me, for his is the simplest form of speech; there is rare beauty of expression and thought, but one has to listen very

attentively to hear him, especially in a London congregation where everyone coughs as if he or she had an old fashioned consumption. It seemed to me as I looked over the vast audience, all evidently the plainer class of people, well-to-do, but withal quite different from the same persons in the United States, that it was because they were willing and anxious to hear *a simple* gospel of duty. He spoke like a master to his pupils, and they heard him gladly. There is the stirring of a mighty impulse to make one's every day life square with the teachings of the Scriptures; the commandments are the law of God, and there is a growing distrust of a religion of sentiment, which is not a religion of practice. The seventh commandment means exactly what it says, though I suppose there always will be a few fools who (as D. B. D. said years ago of the revivalist Maffitt)

"Adored the priest and thought they worshiped God."

But a minister with good sense and *good principles* knows how to suppress this sort of thing. I have very seldom in my life met one where both these qualifications were lacking, and I came home thinking how crude are one's views formed from newspaper reports.

I was tired after the walk of the morning, but when evening came it occurred to me that I would enjoy a service in Westminster Abbey, and the willing Doctor and J. set off with me. It was with a solemn, mysterious awe that I first entered that fane where are garnered so many of the great ones of the earth. From a child Westminster Abbey was a spot of all others which my imagination had sought unto, and I was to stand within its arches.

Entering the east nave, we saw a congregation already gathering. Evening was beginning to fall. No artificial light was as yet illuminating the space under the great

groined windows and arching roof. Each pillar cast its own lengthening shadow; the church was dark with a tangible decay; the stone floor cold and sweating with the exhalations of dead heroes; the seats?—well, the less said about them the better—crooked, ill made, dilapidated old chairs that stood in lines. J. was indignant—"they were horrid. At Lake Superior in a log shanty she had seen far better used for the worship of God."

Large numbers of people now began to gather in; again they were the common people, the plain "middle classes"—some were not even clean. While we were waiting, I picked up a leaflet lying upon one of the chairs, and as I read I wondered if I were awake. Of all the wonderful things!—surely I must be dreaming!!—but there it was!!!—a call earnest and faithful, committing all the established Church of England, to what? To *Temperance?* No, better than that—to *Total Abstinence.* And here were the names of all the greatest dignitaries of the three orders signed, and the 12th and last point in the selection of means and methods to advance the cause of total abstinence was "a dependence upon prayer to God for His blessing, and *recommending meetings for prayer.*"

I sat in a daze and heard the prayers intoned, and the service generally shrieked and squeaked and chanted by all kinds of singers. The great organ at last pealed forth its jubilate like a living thing, and did seem such a superior instrument to the human voice which flatted off the prayers of God, that I thought the worship would be performed with more dignity by an instrument of that cast than an actual *vox humana.* At length up into the little pepper-box of a pulpit came a fair, open-faced, fine looking man, who did the bravest thing a man could do; he acknowledged his sin and the sin of his church in their

careless, selfish neglect of the practice and precept of abstaining from that which would cause a brother to err.

Oh, Mary, such a temperance sermon I never heard; his taste was faultless, and yet his truths were something tremendous. I know it is not in my power to reproduce them; but he said, with shamefacedness and a genuine humility that will make his words heard in the Court of Heaven, that they, *i. e.*, himself and the Church of England, "had let this evil grow because no one desired to trench on the liberty of action of good men, and dictate to them how much or how little wine they might be trusted with, until this subtle agent of the arch enemy, with its swift and deadly virus, had poisoned the entire nation." If only those few women all over Michigan, Ohio and New York, who had prayed day by day, and night by night, could have heard this man stand there and say that he, in this Westminster Abbey, was authorized to pledge the highest honors in the Church of England to the principles and practice of total abstaining, they would have known more surely than ever that the God of Elijah heard and answered at this day; and they too, would, like Elijah of old, have seen the rising of the little cloud not larger than a man's hand, where they had least looked for it. What a pean of thanksgiving would have risen from those poor souls who had come out for the cause in its darkest days, in the very front of tacit opposition from fathers, brothers, husbands—aye, and pastors even; and who had patiently, and with that steady persistence which is power, gained even in the State of Michigan, *an inch!* As for myself, I sat trembling and afraid, and for the second time in my life recalled with a personal application our Saviour's blessing upon obedient faith; for more than once, like that headlong apostle, I have been prone to say, "Master, we have

toiled all the night and have taken nothing." And now, when the promise of this mighty draught was before my eyes, when my willing hands would gladly have lent their slender strength to aid the drawing of the seine, I could only sit trembling at the faithlessness of my own heart, and cry out as of old did Peter: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"

The preacher was the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, a son of the old Bishop of Winchester, but very unlike what I had been led to believe that gentleman to be, for he was a sermonizer (judging from this effort) of very great taste, tact and power. His voice was faultless in tone and emphasis, and he was not in the least English—that is to say, his pronunciation was pure, perfect, and as fine as one sometimes hears in the United States. I made some effort to get this sermon, but as yet it is not published by authority, and the London papers did not even make a mention of it. Journalism is so different on this side; they fill their papers with the veriest bosh, calculated to stultify the intellect, unless one had a decided taste for murder, and in that case the stultification would be of the moral perceptions. The religious intelligence which is a standard column in all American newspapers, is the recognition of a popular demand, but in England the routine of established usage never yields to any combined want of the populace. If the Earl of Stupid, or Lord Dunderhead, make a speech or give a dinner, and the Lord and Lady Knownothing and the Dowager Duchess of Dunceland are present, it is a good half column, and as these distinguished people are on the top of the wave, and make speeches and give dinners *ad libitum*, it renders the English journals intensely interesting and instructive.

I have since learned that the father of Mr. Wilberforce,

the old Bishop of Winchester, was far from holding extreme views on this temperance question, but an intimate friend of his had been led to consider it as only to be forwarded by total abstinence, and failing to convert the father, he had contented himself with bringing his arguments to bear upon the son. And thus the very man whom the old Bishop had "made a guy of," and whom he never spared a joke upon, had led his own son to come forward as a standard bearer of this great cause in a reluctant church, so that what glory had come to him from his descent, he had used to further a reform so necessary in this English nation. "I wonder the old Bishop does not turn in his grave," is what the popular voice says; but if he was "a just man made perfect," his soul has seen, and rejoiced in, the clearer light that shone upon his son's path of duty, than ever illuminated his own.

Oh, Mary, every day of my life in this foreign land leads me to the conviction that the strength, and power, and greatness of the English race on Albion's shore has been sapped of its foundation by this hideous habit of drink. Pray God, that we Americans may awake to our danger in time. England's greatness is of the past; she holds, of course, a certain commercial power, but to-day this is her breath of life. The *old* blood of her nobility has about run out. She is a nation of flunkies, reminding me constantly of the keen satire of Byron, who wrote for the collar of an Earl's pug—

> "I am his Highness' dog of Kew;
> Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

And the greatest leaders the nation knows this day, are the two men who have refused to be made peers.

I. G. D. S.

Kissingen, June 30, 1875.

Dear Mary—If I were to tell you all the wonderful sights I saw in London, you would grow uncommonly tired of the story. To describe the South Kensington Museum might take a week, and be thoroughly unsatisfactory in the end; to go into the Zoölogical gardens and give you any idea of the way the hippopotami roll around in their huge puddles, and eat the crackers and bread bestowed upon them by the sight-seers, or do justice to the birds and monkeys, the lions and bears, the anacondas and reptiles; or last of all, expatiate on the giraffes (with whom I always had a sympathy), camels, elephants, etc., etc., etc., would take another month; we will pass one day, however, with them.

While the rest of the party went to the British Museum, I betook myself through that portion of London which Dickens describes with such minute faithfulness in Bleak House. No guide book could have made me know my whereabouts one-half so well. From thence to see the Deaconesses' House, Islington. Some time when I have thoroughly thought out their work, and an improvement on it for the needs of the United States, I will reduce all to writing, and you shall have the benefit of it. But it is not well to handle hastily subjects of this sort.

The next day it was *pictures* again. "The Royal Academy!" Oh! such washed-out things as covered its walls. The portraits were the weakest milk-and-water productions, and, except that of a boy of twelve, and what must have been a bright likeness of Robert Browning, I saw nothing in them that was to be compared with some of Mr. Lewis Ives' that have hung in Smith's window—for instance, that head of Mr. Stanley, or his portrait of Jacob M. Howard. I do

not know how it is; these men "grind awfully," as they say here—that is to say, they study and work, and take pains enough to overturn all precedents, but by the time they are Royal Academicians there is not spontaneity enough left to produce anything worth remembering. They are very sharp on Doré, whose largest pictures they criticise with a certain amount of truth, but they could not come anywhere near him, and they know it. Indeed, his Gallery had some very wonderful things in it. The Dream of Pilate's Wife was so truly a dream that I recall it with accuracy; and his Christ in the Pretorium was a picture of great power. Doré, Frenchman as he is, has expressed in the Christ in each picture, a *Saviour*—a *man* of sorrow, and acquainted with grief, but a being who is not of the earth earthy. As He looks upon the wife of Pilate, there is that in the face that recalls the question of the Scribes and Pharisees: "Who can forgive sins but God alone?"

Poor Doré is said to be such a disappointed, sour and bitter man. His intellectual conception of Christ is by far the finest of them all, and the figure and face seems to me so clear an expression of Christ as God, that sooner or later I hope to hear that his heart as well as his mind acknowledges His mercy. Think how he must have studied on the attributes of that ideal, before he could have expressed them with such faithful power.

On Sabbath we went to hear Dr. Cummings. My ears are wonderfully sharp, therefore I heard him, but I fancy no one else did. His sermon was an exhortation, but for all practical purposes it might better have been expressed in pantomime. Oh, such a poky old church as it is. Here, they tell me, great numbers of the aristocracy attend. They may have been present, but I saw no person who, by face or bearing, expressed my ideas of the result of long cultiva-

tion. A number of coronoted coaches drove away from the church door after service, but in them I saw only the average face and expression. At last I begin to understand why, at the court of St. James, they always admired Mr. Dallas, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Fillmore, etc., for I see no such men either driving to Parliament or in Hyde Park. They were *Nature's* noblemen.

We were to have left London Monday morning, but were urged not to do so, because it was Whit-Monday, a holiday which closes all the offices, stores and banks, and on which all London goes out of town, and all the country pours into it. J. concluded to take the young people and go with them to the Crystal Palace, where the fountains were to play, and there were to be several exhibitions. Our good landlady recommended me not to go to any place of the kind with the children, as the London crowds were proverbially rude and rough. I therefore betook myself to the Strand and Whitehall, and watched the populace going hither and thither. Some of the sights haunt me yet. Truly, "a holiday of miserable men *is* sadder than the burial day of kings."

I could not become accustomed to it, and over and over again the refrain of the last offertory that I heard our friend Mr. Carter sing, came back to me:

"Turn not your face away from any poor man."

Oh! if all London worked their fingers to the bone for her poor, they could do nothing!—absolutely nothing, so long as the gin shops can keep them where they are. And yet *all* the poor do not drink. I saw, for instance, one family going pleasuring; the man had a rickety old hand-cart, so frail that I wondered how it kept together, and in it were three little children—the youngest, of perhaps three years, was so thin and gaunt and small, that she was no

larger than a delicate baby ten months old; the next oldest was five years, and she was the size of one a year and a-half; while the oldest, six years, did not weigh over twenty-four pounds.

Oh! such little, little things, so gaunt, and starved, and pale. Over them was tucked some old bagging, such as comes over cotton bales. They were as clean as London water, soot and weather would permit, and were clothed after some sort of a fashion out of the rags from a dust heap. There was a little attempt at making them fine, too, for the mother and eldest girl were walking on the pavement, while the poor man carefully pushed forward his frail cart, and would look from time to time at them and chirrup and smile in a way that would make your heart bleed. At last the wind from the Thames blew a feather in the little one's hat out of place, and the girl rushed into the road, set it straight, and patted the poor pallid cheek. Oh, Mary, if you could have seen that *feather*. It looked as if it had come from some worn-out old duster, so mangy, so forlorn, so wretched was it all. They seemed like a family who were *almost "clemed"* to death. That word *clemed* has no place in Worcester or Walker—it is a coinage of the poorest class, and means kept on such a small allowance of food that they suffer gradual starvation. But though it may not be *admitted* into the language, the fact is none the less real, and these poor wretches express it by the words "clemed to death." I followed them far with eyes and heart, and longed to have those weak, pallid little things in Jennie B.'s hands. She would have fed them, and clothed them, and *placed* them "with the nicest people in Michigan," and taken such solid comfort out of it as would have strengthened her to endure for the seventy and

seventh time those trying *casuals* that one cannot cure and so *must* endure, in your own Home of the Friendless.

In the evening, J. came home with our young people. What a time they had. Every one of them had been shocked and startled by the crowd—50,000!! at the Palace. They had seen a man in the depot give his wife a blow in the mouth that made her an object for the rest of the day. It was a merciful Providence that this American family did not interfere (as they were evidently inclined to), but in the course of the ten minutes' ride this harmonious couple patched up their difficulty, and went off arm in arm.

In short, we had all seen enough of London, and longed to get out of it, which we accomplished the next morning by eight o'clock. Eleven A. M. reached Dover, where we took the Dover and Calais boat, reaching the latter place at twelve M., and having been just sixty minutes crossing the channel. It was a bright and beautiful passage, but I was glad it lasted no longer, for I was beginning to grow *unsettled.* Here, all in an instant, we found ourselves in a foreign country, and at the ticket office, "no English need apply." Dr. S. said, "Come, explain to these people—I need two half-tickets for the children." Knowing how futile it was to study up a sentence, and then try to say it, I concluded I would take no thought, but wait for the inspiration of necessity. It was just the luckiest decision I ever came to, for if I had tried to recall what "tickets," and "fare," and "half-price" were in French, I never should have done it in the world. As it was, I walked up to the ticket man and said it all as quick as lightning, and as straight as possible the man gave me my tickets and change, and the agony was over. I had no difficulty henceforth with the French language—it spoke itself.

From Calais the country was low and flat, but fresh and

green. Hundreds of windmills spread their stiff arms to the wind, and the peasants were toiling at their spring sowing. Our party just filled a compartment, and we sailed along very comfortably until we reached the boundary line between France and Belgium. Here we, oblivious to the important point in our journey, suddenly found the language take a change. A man in semi-official dress of some sort presented himself at the window, and made a series of remarks. They were neither French nor English, and we very naturally and correctly concluded that they must be some sort of German. As B. had been studying that language for *three!* months, the whole family turned upon her and demanded, "What does he say?" Unfortunate child, she could not even guess, and her indignant brethren said, with marked contempt, "O! I thought you knew something of German." She had never made the slightest pretensions, but what little knowledge she really possessed vanished like "the baseless fabric of a dream" before such sharp criticism. A second time did the semi-official come and fire the same Dutch volley of incomprehensible sounds. He was red in the face and looked indignant, so fearing trouble, the Doctor and I went out to capture a Frenchman. It did not take long, and he was so polite and pleasant, and made such a trifle of the fact that it was "only the Douane," that it was "nothing," that if I had nothing but my hand-baggage I need not trouble myself; the trunks would be examined at Cologne, etc. But we returned to find our compartment swept and garnished. Neither children, friends or baggage anywhere in sight. We afterwards discovered them all—family and hand-bags, in a high state of disorder. The unfortunate man who found fair words in the German tongue, of no avail, had come a third time, in the last stages of exasperation, and having uttered a series

of emphatic sounds, seized a boy and a bag, a girl and a shawl, and dragged them into the custom officer's room. There, by dint of waiting impatiently for half an hour for nothing, they got themselves and their hand-bags released.

There did not seem to be any marked difference between the scenery in the little strip of France through which we ran, and the longer stretch in Belgium, as far as Brussels, all being a rather low, flat country, green but not fertile. Between five and six o'clock P. M. we were in Brussels, that second Paris—a city that, to every woman's mind, recalls the earliest and the latest dream of lace. But we were too tired to care anything for finery of any description, and longed to press forward to that "settled home" we hoped to find in Germany. The next day, however, we drove about and saw the principal points of interest. Went to the market, where we bought oranges, lemons and strawberries; thence to the Wirtz Gallery, where we found some very strange, and, in some respects, interesting pictures, but what genius the poor man had possessed was erratic to an uncomfortable degree. We were most pleasantly impressed with Brussels; the place itself really undid the impression that Charlotte Bronté had given of it in "The Professor." Still I can believe it capable of being anything but a charming spot, unless all other things were equal.

I had a number of wants. For instance, I wanted to go to Düsseldorf, and from thence to the great "Kaiserwerk," that was the origin of the cottage system of charity in Germany and throughout the world; but as is usual with my philanthropy, it had to stand aside and wait till I had fulfilled certain duties to a husband and five children!! What could I do with *them* at Kaiserwerk? So I gave it up for the present, and did eight hours' traveling straight through to Cologne, where we staid all night. In the morning saw

the old Cathedral, etc., but as it is not a sweet-scented city, Byron having characterized it as

"The body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne,"

we concluded to take the boat up the Rhine—"the *American* steamer," as it was called—and truly it was the most delightful of boats, all brass and black walnut. For about fifteen miles from Cologne, the river and the country did not strike me as being anything extraordinary, but from the moment we reached Bonn it was one fleeting panorama of beauty. If I could have had my own way, I would have sailed back the next day, and on the third taken the trip by easy stages, spending a week among its old castles, reading up its histories and its legends, and posting my memory, which seemed to be a tangled knot of odds and ends, of facts and fiction, Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine, Schiller's ballads, Roman history, D'Aubigne's Reformation, Charlemagne and Martin Luther, Longfellow and Goethe, till I did not know which came first and which last. I wonder if my historic reading is worse and more scrappy than any one's else.

There is an old chart of the Stream of Time that hangs in my library at home. If ever I get to that sacred spot again, I will *clinch* the centuries in my head as if they were so many German irregular verbs. There is no use in my trying to tell you how these great hills and this broad and beautiful river *looked*, for the Rhine is a clear case of the illustration of that proverb, "seeing is believing." As we stopped at Ehrenbreitstein, I recalled Bethune's description of it years ago. But fortresses and castles do not inspire me with new powers. In natural characteristics and outline, it was a strange combination of the Hudson River and the upper Mississippi, if you can fancy those great water courses with hillsides covered with vines, and bristling with castles

and fortresses, about every one of which lurked historic interests that would have deepened and intensified their power, could I but have *sorted* out and applied the knowledge I really had. J. was more fortunate in this respect, and recounted many legends for our benefit. Many points were strangely familiar to me, probably owing to the fact that so many fine points of view had been used by the photographer or traveling artist. And the pictures thus produced left very correct impressions. It was a fresh, clear, brilliant spring day, and there was a pretty strong wind sweeping us through the gorges. Thanks to steam, it did not impede our progress; though poor J. grew so chilled she was obliged to seat herself where she could be protected by glass. But it was the finest of French plate, and only made the river look more of a picture than ever. About eleven A. M. a waiter came to me and asked if I would take "*table-d'hôte.*" I had long before decided to take unhesitatingly pretty much what offered, but whether it would prove a dinner or simply a ceremony, I could not tell. In the end it turned out a cross between the two. *Table-d'hôte* is what we usually call a Russian dinner, served upon a prettily ornamented table covered with fruits and flowers; and consists of a hasty plate of soup, then boiled salmon, turbot or some other fish, or a mayonaisse of salmon, lobster or crab. The third course is invariably roast beef garnir, in which a mysterious looking bit of meat, that is neither rib nor sirloin, is cut into slices, and packed together on a dish, at one end of which is maccaroni, at the other beans—each side, fried potatoes and cauliflower. You take a spoon and a fork, and help yourself. The fourth course is spinach, boiled and chopped fine, and stewed into a thinnish paste. This is served with raw herring or raw ham in thin slices, or some-

times it is varied by beans cooked in the same way as their spinach, or Bologna sausage sliced thin. The fifth is the grand luxury of the dinner, and consists of either snipe, venison, pigeon, black cock, grouse, quail, or some sort of game. Sixth, invariably chicken, young grouse or young turkey (they all taste exactly alike), cut up into bits that make two mouthfuls; a "*compote*," or to be more comprehensible, a dish of stewed apples, plums, prunes, pears, cherries, peaches, currants, or any other fruit in season; a salad of lettuce, with oil and vinegar. Seventh course, a pudding or pastry, which, to quote Dr. S., "is incomprehensible and unexplainable to an American." They are not *bad*, but at the same time are not good. Eighth, fruit, which tastes of the ground in a most extraordinary manner. These eight courses are served in sixty minutes, half of which time is occupied in the necessary changes of plates and knives and forks.

No matter how good your *table-d'hôte* may have been, when all is said and done you feel like those "Wild asses that stood in high places and snuffed up the wind," and that is all that you have had for dinner. Still, it is an institution of the country, and taken as it was in this instance, in full view of the mighty river and its mighty hillsides, it was agreeable enough.

I. G. D. S.

Heidelberg, September 14, 1875.

Dear Mary—The day after the boys started for Heidelberg, the Doctor, Mamie, Robbie and myself set out for Kissingen; and if ever a woman shook the dust of a dirty Bavarian town gladly off her feet, I think I did that of Würzburg; though indeed it was not an easy operation, for there was the hotel bill, and the piano, and half-a-dozen

items that you could get no account of till the last moment, and if I could give you any idea of the complications of German currency, you would see that the simplest bill would grow to an inextricable confusion if you were hurried with it. For instance, premising that you have made a clear and definite agreement for your board, or music, or what you will, the first thing that you discover is, that in every instance there is a misunderstanding or a side issue; or a man who knows nothing about it comes for the money and insists upon the face of his account. In Germany, as indeed all over the continent, your letters of credit call for so many pounds sterling. Your banker calculates the worth of the amount you draw at the ruling rate of English gold, and pays you in florins, or gulden and kreutzer, or thalers and groschen, or mark and pfennige. A florin is the same as a gulden (but it takes you some time to find that out), and it takes sixty kreutzer to make either of these coins. The value in American gold of a florin is 41 cents; a mark is, in American gold, 24 cents. It takes 100 pfennige to make a *mark*. Your bills are sure to be made out in florins and kreutzer, and you have to pay them *with mark* and *pfennige*. As you go further north, after you have conquered this aggravation, your bills are rendered you in *thalers* and *groschen*, and these again you are obliged to pay with mark. When you consider that we did not know the language, how do you suppose one was ever to get at the solution of the mysteries of their currency? Dr. S. fell into the natural but stupendous error of believing that if he made an agreement with a man for 200 florins, and paid him the equivalent of that sum in mark, it would simplify matters greatly. So he would figure and calculate, and get his little piles of gold ready, and present them with the appropriate bills. This was always the signal for every-

body putting a brake on his or her temper, and a scene of confusion of ideas taking place that beggars description; the finale invariably being a volley of high but unintelligible Dutch, hurled into our ears, and the Doctor, with gleaming eyes, producing a handful of additional gold, and saying, in the plainest English, "There, my friend, take what you like, but get out of this, quick!" We were not the only persons who helplessly surrendered. It used to be my amusement in the breakfast room to see the bills rendered, to hear them discussed (I learned quite a little German by listening), and then observe the helpless look of meek desperation with which the money was counted out. The Germans themselves were not much better off than we were. The truth is, we none of us liked Würzburg, and we really felt happy to be *en route* to Kissingen, which is about an hour and a-half journey, only you change cars several times and wait around stations so that it takes nearly double that time.

Perhaps there is no German Spa that has the downright intrinsic value that the springs of Kissingen possess, and large numbers of English are always to be found there. These springs lie in a pretty little valley, through which runs a muddy river considerably smaller than the Rouge. Around them have sprung up hotels, shops, baths of every description, shaded streets, the cure-garden thick with trees, but with a large and handsome colonnade for wet days, of which there are a great many, etc. The railroad depot is a pretty, bright building, in which is the postoffice, situated about a quarter of a mile from the town. The first building we reached was a new stone hotel, just being finished. We stopped to dine in the garden here, and found ourselves so pleasantly served that we concluded to investigate the unfinished-looking house. The result was that we engaged

a lovely suite of rooms, newly furnished, in excellent taste, neat, dainty, having the prettiest little balcony, and French windows. Our breakfasts and suppers were served in our own saloon. We took *table-d'hôte* in a building at the end of the garden; the cook was good, always giving us a nice hot meal. The view from our apartment was charming; we were just far enough away from the town to be free from its disadvantages, but near enough to avail ourselves of its advantages.

Your first necessity, if you take what they call a "Cur," is to consult a physician. We had been interested in the book of a young practitioner there, and so called upon him. He said, with pleasant frankness, "People read my book, but take my father's advice;" but he was sensible and intelligent, and we went no further. The *regimen* at Kissingen is peculiar: rise at half-past five, be at the springs by six, drink half a glass of Rakotzky water; go to the bath house and secure a bath. This is quite a funny process. You take your place last in a line of people waiting for a ticket. After eight or ten or a dozen are served, your turn comes, and you depart with a bath ticket, and usually leave a dozen women behind you; and this procession lasts from one to two hours. If I was ahead I would manage to buy the Doctor's bath too, so that we could depart together. Then we walked for half an hour, and came back to drink another glass of the water; after which we walked another half hour, and returned to the hotel for breakfast. It was inexpressibly comical to see all the invalids come pouring and hurrying and scurrying down to the spring. Stout old parties who weighed several tons (to all appearances), dilapidated young men, gaunt single women. The waters cured obesity and catarrh; they swept and garnished the intestinal canal, and put the whole human family in training for the

invigorating influence of the mountain air of Switzerland. The English were here in large numbers—lords and ladies, poor gaunt-looking architects, swells and snobs, and nice middle people who were neither. During the two hours that we all walked, a melancholy band discoursed the stiffest of classical music. The hundreds of people paced up and down, stopping to buy some of the delicious Swiss breads which were sold at tables in the garden. My dear, if I could ever learn how those things were made, it would be an addition to our receipt book that would renew its fame. The peasants stand near the bread-women with earthen pots of wild strawberries, so that I usually took home for my small people something fresh and nice for their breakfast. You must know the *city authorities* regulate what you are to eat and drink, and if you are taking a "cur," the waiter or proprietor, or whoever you appeal to, tells you — "No;" "No butter," "No tea," "No potatoes," "No cherries," etc. — "Es ist nicht Curgemäss" — and nobody short of a "revolutionary" would after that try to set up an opinion of his or her own. When all the assembled wisdom of twenty-four M. D.'s has prohibited tea, you must give it up, of course The baths must also be taken at the temperature prescribed by your medical man, but I never had the least idea of what that temperature would be with a respectable thermometer, such as I always bathed my own babies by, for it took such an intricate calculation to find out what 24° Reaumur was with a Fahrenheit thermometer, that I thought ignorance bliss. The rule was like one of those in Robinson's arithmetic—multiply by $2\frac{1}{4}$ and add 32 for above zero; but as there was another style that occasionally turned up and was sometimes called a Celsius, and sometimes a Centigrade, and required you to multiply by $1\frac{4}{5}$ and add 32, I came to the conclusion that the temperature

was, if anything, worse than the money, and made up my mind never to struggle with it. Large numbers of Russians were at these springs, and the Germans were mostly of the middle class—comfortable, fairly well-to-do folk that made no pretensions, but were kindly and well disposed, aiding you in any way in their power, always bowing to you ceremoniously when you took your place at table, and rising and pleasantly bidding you adieu when you left.

Of the residents quite a number spoke some English, and in many of the stores you found persons who had passed some little time in the United States or England; but *the* shoemaker of the place was too devoted to his trade to interest himself in foreign languages, and his wife, who attended on the store, was too uncompromisingly German to do anything but sell shoes. In London I had ordered a pair of walking-boots, but they were not finished when we departed, and were to be sent; as yet they had not arrived, and a new pair became an absolute necessity. I mustered enough German to tell her that I wished her husband to make me a pair of shoes, and then selecting a pair of boots, I explained, "like these." Whereupon she insisted upon trying on this very pair. I resisted ineffectually; the boots went on, and *seemed* to fit; the Doctor applauded; the woman became more than ever set in her opinion that those were the shoes for me to buy. Every moment they pinched a sensitive toe more and more sharply. Resistance seemed useless; but to give it up was future martyrdom. All I could say was, "Nein!" "Nein!" "Nein!" while my perturbed lord and master murmured, "These are what you call a bird in the hand." "Do you not think you had better try them?" "Did you realize how worn your own boots were?"—and all this time the "stiefel" woman was pouring out torrents of an unknown tongue.

At last, in sheer desperation, I betook myself to the English language, in which I rejected the boots, and snubbed her for her officiousness. She clasped her hands, and iterated and reiterated, "Ach, Gott im Himmel!" as if *she* were the sufferer. I struck an attitude worthy of Lady Macbeth, though my bonnet-feathers were interfering with the boots on the ceiling, and hissed at her, "My boots shall be made to fit, or I will walk my way barefooted through this world, and saying your prayers will not alter my resolution." This brought matters to a climax. The husband appeared; the foot was measured; one willful woman had her way, but the "stiefel frau" was stifled for once. Under such circumstances, you can imagine how cheerful it is to do a day's shopping.

In Kissingen we had such nice church privileges. We think it hard to keep up our Grosse Pointe services on the Sabbath, but Archdeacon Dealtry had a positive gift in organizing and interesting all sorts of chance comers in the church work. He was a very plain, practical man, so bright and jolly, that you had to look twice before you found out how thoroughly good he was. He *never* took a "pious pose." In truth, you never thought of Mr. Dealtry *till afterwards*, and then, in the quiet of your own chamber, you realized how well he had done his Master's business. There were hosts of Presbyterians who went blundering through the service just as we did, and who afterwards felt and thought as kindly as ourselves of the pastor. Withal he had a very pleasant wife, and two sweet young daughters. They were to be in Kissingen but a couple of months, but they left their influence for long with the wayfarers who gathered there for ever so short a season. I carry with me always the hope of yet welcoming Mr. Dealtry to our own dear land. I know he would enjoy America

and Americans, but I suppose they will keep him at home and make a Bishop of him.

Imagine a month of days going on after the following fashion: From six A. M. till eight, drink the waters and walk, then walk and drink the waters; eight till nine, breakfast (on a cup of chocolate and a roll); nine till ten, emulate the digestive process of an anaconda; ten till eleven, bathe; eleven till one, listen to the violin and piano music in the Conversation Hall; one till two P. M., the inevitable *table-d'hôte*; two till four, walk to a castle-crowned hill, or by the river side, or through the paths in the fields, or take the road to Altenburg (which is very pretty), and there visit the salt springs that furnish us with our sea-bathing—indeed, the walks are infinite in number, if not in variety; return in time for the band-music in the garden, when everybody begins and drinks the waters again, this time in every variety of demi and full toilet. This question of dress, assumes year by year a more aggressive importance; and although Kissingen is a very different affair from Saratoga, it still manifests a certain effort at fashion and show. It is true if a German woman has *three* suits for the fashionable season she is uncommonly well provided for. Many of their dresses are expensive, but they lack all style; there is no cut to a train, no fit to a waist, no individuality to a bonnet. They wear light blue, or China pink, or lavender purple dresses, with an unconscious faith in fine colors, that is wonderful to the American eye; and silk blonde lace, or dotted net, with as much satisfaction as if it was Pointe d'Alencon or de Venice. Occasionally a very fine costume would appear in the garden. I recall one in particular—a light but peculiar blue dress, with three plaits to a sailor waist, a sailor collar, and all the facings a cream white, a white chip hat, with long cavalier

plume in blue. This sounds very flat, but I *never* saw anything so perfect. There was a careless grace and fitness that bespoke one of Worth's highest "inspirations." She looked like no one else. You were scarcely conscious of cut or make, but that woman, in that dress, would make her posterity, in the year 2000, envy their grandmother her taste.

At seven P. M. we returned home and drank a cup of milk in lieu of tea, comforting ourselves with an omelet or beefsteak, after which I read aloud for an hour or two—indeed, have conducted Dr. S. through quite a course of light literature. I think, in twenty years, he never read but one novel. This kind of change from thirty-three years of such persistence of practice and reading of medicine alone, had its trials, but in the end it will be a great gain, for, I think, one's brains are as much benefited as one's fields, by being allowed to lie fallow. Indeed, we left Kissingen with regret, and the value of its wonderful waters were markedly apparent in the Doctor. Quite a little of his old bright color came back to his cheeks, his nervous system took an entirely different tone, the sense of hurry began to leave him, and for the first time he realized the *tension* at which he had lived so long. Oh! Mary, I may often have spoken deprecatingly and contemptuously of the slowness of German and English life. I have thought of our own bright, active, energetic business men, with their superior wit and wisdom, and especially "*go ahead*," but I am satisfied that there is *too much drive* to our best American men. I remember once saying to an overworked lawyer, who began at seven A. M. and dropped work at eleven P. M.: "Do you not think you are burning the candle of your life at both ends?" He smiled, and answered a little sadly, "It will be all there is of the candle." Is not this a mental

suicide? Here it has taken an intelligent medical man three months *to begin* to rest. Think of the fearful impetus with which he must have lived and worked, and how unconscious all this time he was of the overstrain. Now, in my thankfulness that this knowledge has not come too late, I am humble enough to learn any lesson from my more phlegmatic neighbors that inculcates rest and recuperated energies. And I am not alone, every day I encounter here and there some overstrained, irritable man, who cannot rest even when the opportunity has come, but he is always an American. I. G. D. S.

DRESDEN, November 20, 1875.

DEAR MARY—Traveling is all very well, and sight-seeing more or less delightful; but ever since the primal mother of mankind felt that she had nothing to wear, there comes a time when one must stop and get the outer rind reconstructed; and if I am to tell you *all* I have seen and suffered in achieving this purpose, I might as well open early upon the question of shopping.

We left home suddenly before the spring styles had reached Detroit; and indeed, to get a dress that is satisfactory is always such a struggle, that I procrastinate worse on that point than on any other, and sometimes go from season to season absolutely shabby. During the summer of 1874 we were building the Home of the Friendless, and I consequently wore that season what I chanced to have, so that by the spring of 1875 I was in a shocking state of destitution, but I said to myself: "When I reach London, or Paris, or Brussels, I will get what I need *easy* enough; what is the use of worrying when one has so much to do and think of that is of so much greater importance." So I

left home with the hopeful spirit that inspires the Irish emigrant to believe that the streets of New York are paved with gold.

In London we were too busy to shop much, and there seemed nothing there to suit my requirements. "Store clothes," that is to say, ready-made suits, are not adaptable to a person of my exceptional feet and inches—and then, too, I abominate them. Still I looked a little, and found a rather pretty traveling suit of debiege that I possibly might have taken had it come within half a foot of the ground. It cost six guineas, which is $30 in gold, or $35 in currency; it was sewed in a most hap-hazard manner, and had no more fit to it than any of those "made-to-sell" things have. We bought two-button gloves for four shillings and sixpence per pair—*the* finest French gloves; this in currency was $1.35, and was reasonable enough; but they proved an ugly fit, and ripped with a persistence that was exasperating. In Brussels, we paid five francs, or about $1.20, for gloves that tore abominably. There they had some pretty suits at about English prices, but if *I* needed one I must wait a week at least, and as we were all anxious to reach that "settled home" which has always been the *ignis fatuus* of our travels, I determined to risk getting something to wear in Germany, or ordering from Paris. In Würzburg their best dressmakers did such slovenly work, and did *cut* their clothes in such a shiftless, forlorn fashion, that what little vanity I had came to the surface, and stimulated me to put some patches on a two year old summer silk, and look like a lady who had seen better days. In the meantime B. and J. had gone to Munich, and I wrote to them they *must* buy me something; but they replied I had better see what I could do in Kissingen—it was a mild Saratoga, and I might there be able to get *something*. Material was reasonable

enough there of certain kinds, but the best goods came from England and France, and cost as much as with us. I then wrote to Carter's in Paris and in Thune, and found a traveling dress would cost me there three hundred francs, or $70 in currency. The duties are very high between France and Germany, and the expressage in advance of the "United States" or "American Express" at home. To take all the chances of ordering under these circumstances was more than I chose to risk. In Kissengen I found one or two ready-made dresses that were tolerable, but were not available for me, and the private dressmaking was simply horrid. During all this time I grew shabbier and shabbier, and more and more Ishmaelitish. I bound and re-bound the skirts of my black silk and old grey, and again wrote to Munich that I *must*, for the respectability of my country, have something to wear; whereupon J. and M. and B. set forth, and selected the best establishment in Munich for their purchases. They ordered a pretty and not very expensive dress that was to cost $30 currency, and I waited to receive it that I might go to Heidelberg. At the end of three weeks they said they could not undertake to get the dress done before the middle of the next month, which would be three weeks later! They then went to a rival *modiste*, and got the promise of dresses within a fortnight, for me and for themselves. The end of it was, that about the 19th of July we all met in Heidelberg and arrayed ourselves in our German suits. M.'s looked rather graceful and pretty, but was not up in quality to one she would have worn at home, and it seemed to stretch out of shape beyond any dress I ever saw. J.'s was such a funny dress that we did nothing but laugh at her; every time the slightest breeze blew she seemed to inflate like a new balloon, and we lived in constant apprehension of seeing her sail skyward. B.'s had a

very pretty drape to the skirt, but the waist fitted abominably. As for my own, the *modiste* evidently imagined, in spite of the pattern sent, that I was as broad as I was long; it was taken in and taken in and taken in, till I began to think I also was "taken in" every time, especially as each "reef in the waist" cost me a thaler. Then we found all this sewing had been done with a single-thread sewing machine, and when the hems began to run out of the ruffles and the braids off the skirts, not even the arrowy Rhine could have flown swifter. In fact, Dr. S. looked at us all in such a discouraged spirit every time we appeared in our new clothes, that we were inspired to struggle still longer with our old ones.

Before I left home, so many said to me, "You can live so cheap abroad." Mrs. M., who had spent some time in Europe, was a shrewd observer, and had force of character enough to see and admit the truth, said (as I may have remarked in a former letter): "Yes, you can live cheap in Europe—so you can on Croghan street if you want to;" which means simply this—that bread and meat, tea, coffee and sugar, rent and fuel, all cost just as much in Germany as in Detroit; but that if you live in accordance with the habits of the country, and take but a "brödchen" (a roll) and cup of coffee for your breakfast, and buy three groschen's worth (about ten cents) of cold ham from the butcher's for your tea, and occupy three or four rooms where at home the family has spread itself over sixteen or twenty, and have four dinner portions sent for six persons, and keep a family of five or six warm twenty-four hours with one small hod of coal put into a queer porcelain concern in the corner that looks like a family monument, and should have inscribed upon it, "Sacred to the memory of departed fires," you *can* do it for a comparatively small sum

of money; but if you buy such a roast of beef as you do at home, and other things in proportion, you will inevitably pay more than in Detroit, and as much as in New York.

I do not say that dry goods are cheap at home, but I can truly say, that all over the United States you buy a very superior class of goods to what you can here. In the matter of gloves, I clung to a pair of undressed kids I bought at Newcomb & Endicott's for $1.50, till they outlasted two pairs of gloves that cost me 87½ cents currency. I have of late worn Swiss undressed kids at 87½c that have done good service, but that is a mere chance. I was always dainty about gloves, but I assure you at any of our reliable stores you can buy a better glove for a dollar than, with one exception, I have ever been able to buy here. Good cotton goods—such, as a class, as New York Mills and Wamsutta—cost 30 cents currency. I had hoped to buy some napiary at a low price, but find I must pay for a really nice napkin from $10 to $13 currency. This is not alone my experience. Miss J. W., writing from Geneva, says: "B. is right—better freeze than buy such a sealskin sacque as you describe those in Dresden; they are no better here. In London or Paris you can get what you want, but no place else—I will wait." Miss H. D., from the south of France, says: "We have not nearly as nice a choice of fancy work as at home, and it costs just as much."

No, Mary, when I consider the tariff of the United States on all articles of luxury, and then consider *the superior quality of the goods sold by our merchants*, I feel that in years gone by I have misjudged them. From the advertisements in the New York and Detroit papers, it is evident you are paying no more *now* than the inside figure here. Unless I find an astonishing change in prices in Paris I shall buy very little on this side of the Atlantic, really preferring

to trust our own honest dealers, than leaving myself at the mercy of shopkeepers, who "see you are an American," and charge accordingly, they having had much experience with that careless, free-handed people. I hear occasionally of some lady who goes home with $15,000 worth of laces for her own use, and then am not surprised that the custom-house regulations become more and more stringent. I only can account for women shoppers in this way by the theory, that at home, they had become so accustomed to our ruinous credit system, as to neither realize what they spend nor what they pay. A woman who lets her dry goods bill *run* until she has made a permanent heartache between herself and her husband, is scarcely as much to blame as the man who has too little confidence in his wife to trust her with money, and so puts in her way the temptation of misusing his credit, she believing, as he himself does, that large wealth is just within his grasp. Report after report comes to us here of "tight times" and "innumerable failures" at home, and I begin to be ashamed, under these circumstances, to hear that "the Americans are the best dressed people in the world." I think when I get home I shall wear my Munich dress entirely out, and lay its remains up in lavender, that in future I may remember the *moderation* of the German nation. They may not be as well dressed as we are, but they are quite as comfortable, and much more content than the women of America. They wear a cloak or dress, or bonnet, till it is worn out, and what is more, they wear it *in the fashion in which it was first made.* From the highest to the lowest they look comfortable, and common and respectable, and in good enough taste, too. To be sure, the young ladies wear blues and greens and purples, that make B.'s blood run cold, but to me this introduction of a bright color here and there is

no detriment, especially where there is no sunshine to refract it.

In September my winter trunk came from London, and I can assure you I am now wearing my last year's bonnet, furs, dresses, etc., without a stitch of change, and am as well dressed as any one in this vicinity, and much better than most. There is such a pretty young German girl in our house who buys a piece of tarletan for which she pays about two dollars, and makes her own dresses for the ball; and as she has great beauty as well as taste, she always has a very sweet and distinguished air. We have not thought her a person who amounted to much, and yet when you consider that at eighteen years of age she plays the piano exquisitely, reads and speaks English well, makes all her own and her mother's dresses and cloaks, makes the desserts for a family of twelve (I ache to give her a lesson or two in the use of eggs, flour and sugar, for she needs it), and goes into a reasonable amount of society, she practically amounts to a great deal. It is true it takes her two hours to apprehend a joke, and much longer to comprehend a principle, and when she has mastered both she lays them carefully but gladly aside, as things that were too much for her; but she may outgrow this peculiarity sooner than an American girl can grow into habits of industry and method.

We hear so much about work, and a woman's right to work, and all that. It's true enough, her avenues of labor might be increased; but here, as well as in the United States, all *skilled* labor commands its price. A first rate teacher commands good, though not large, pay; in music, with an established reputation and a fair clientelle, he gets from $1.25 to $4 a lesson. Education is far from cheap—in fact nothing is cheap!! If ever the currency question of the United States is on a settled and permanent basis,

and one dollar in American money will represent one dollar in gold coin, then the products of Europe will not strike travelers as being cheap, unless our tariff is of a kind to tempt people to smuggle. I have no respect for the judgment of Congressmen who seek to protect home manufactures by excessive duties—for instance, in the matter of carpets we pay 60 per cent. duty for an English carpet, and a wise woman can afford to; for the weaving, the wool, the dyeing, the taste, and last but far from least the durability, make one English carpet out-look and out-wear three of our American-made Brussels carpets; and yet one must either pay this enormous tax, or buy the American article. Carpets cost on this side for the best Brussels, $1.45 to $1.60 in currency. There is no reason why in the United States an equally good article should not be produced for the same price, except the haste to be rich, which seems to curse every manufacturing enterprise in our country. Now, I hear that the market is over-flooded with home manufactures, and the bonded warehouses bursting with foreign importation that must be accepted or returned at a loss. If it is best for the nation that we should wear homespun, let them make us good homespun at a fairly remunerative price, and let us don it with pride and pleasure for the country's sake. The carnival of dress that came in with poor Mrs. Lincoln, should be over, ought to be over, and sooner or later must be over. There is neither sense nor principle in our mad race after fashion and style, and especially change and show—aye, and even comfort; there is such a thing as trying to be too comfortable. A young American lady said to me: "I never was ashamed of my country-women till I saw them in Paris. There in the evening at the Pension, every woman appeared with her day's shopping, and the conversation was in this wise: 'Oh, it ought to have a

plastron in the back!' 'What a shame!' 'This bill is a perfect fraud—the dress was only to cost 800 francs, and this is for 1000, all just because I changed my mind about the tie-back.' 'What do you think of my lace?' A wise old party in the corner whispers with a shrug, 'Showy.' And then the hats came out; every one knew a Virot—'Cheapest thing he had was about $30 currency.'" And so it kept up for the three months she was at Mme. M.'s. "Now," said Miss M., "there are three of us; we have $4,000 a year between us; I do see so many *beautiful* things that I want, I have a real love for photographs, and they run away with so many dollars, that I could not but look at my fellow country-women and groan. Two-thirds of them were about as well off as we were; a few had $2,500 or $2,000; they could stay in Europe as long as that lasted, and they seemed to think there was no end of such sums. We have been abroad two years and a-half; have studied and traveled leisurely, and seen thoroughly; have bought many photographs, some Geneva jewelry, a few nice corals, and have lived comfortably in good pensions and hotels; sometimes have kept house. It has taken calculation, but we have never been shabby, and rarely very fashionable. We will go home benefited and profited in body and mind by our years of stay and travel, but we have eschewed the temptation of clothes, which, I confess, has sometimes been very strong."

Mary, dear, I was not ashamed of my country-woman in this instance! As to gentlemen's clothes they *are* cheaper; but oh, they do not look nearly so nice; and when we get back, if homespun is the country's wear, I certainly would like to have an American cut; indeed, the sign of "American Tailor" is to be found in nearly every town where Americans and English congregate.

P. S.—I have just read this over to the family, who approve, but bid me tell Aunty how poor the shoes are. One American pair is calculated to outwear three that are German made. At D.'s I used to buy German, and at N. & E.'s, English stockings. As I was making some last purchases for the children on their voyage, the young clerk showed me something for myself; "Oh no, thank you," I replied, "we are going to the land of stockings." Mr. E., who was standing near me, gave me such a queer, odd little smile, and dropped his hands, as if to say, "What is the use—Mrs. S. never would credit my advice as being disinterested—she is pretty well calculated to live and learn." Many a time since I have thought of that withheld advice. When I have inquired for a certain make of German stockings they never had that style — "these are much better." At last I lost my temper, and said to the merchant, "*The very best* goods that are made in Europe go to America; I can buy better things of your own manufacture there than here." The man replied very frankly: "Certainly—why not? The Americans like their own styles, and will buy the best; these are much better, and so cheap." Is a thing that will not wear, ever cheap? Here I expected to learn lessons in the most advanced domestic economy, but as yet I have seen many weak joints in that harness. First rate economy means, to my mind, first rate calculation; do not fill your stomach with poor food because it is cheap; do not starve because the good things are dear. See what wonderful things you can do with a soup bone that costs you a quarter. You can have the best of soup for two days, and marrow-bones on toast, and hash, or a la mode stew or croquets enough for one dinner. If butter is too dear to eat at three meals a day, have oatmeal and milk for one. Now, this sort of calculation I have not yet seen; everything is

kept under lock and key, but not, in my judgment, used to the best advantage. With the resources one has at home, if we only gave our minds to domestic matters, we could do wonderful things, for the freshness and originality and bright wit of an American woman is far superior to that of other nations, who have worn the ruts of their life-road very deep.

I honestly believe that a large proportion of our American women have high principle. *They do not* willingly or designedly ruin their husbands, and when they are ruined, are the first to come to the front and bear patiently the brunt of misfortune. If men would but make women their *true* partners in the struggle for existence or advancement, women would be more thoroughly the helpmeets of their husbands than they are. Failures and frauds would be less common. Who envies Miss Tweed to-day her $25,000 trousseau and $100,000 wedding cheque from her dear papa, or the $150,000 worth of presents from Mr. Jim Fisk, and all that set? Or who grudges poor, fast, foolish Ralstone his bitter ending?

Thousands of men, more or less, like these two, had better have taken the advice of my dear old friend Mr. L., of Milwaukee, whose brother, a man worth in 1857, more than half a million, came to him to report his fearfully embarrassed condition, and said, "I am sick, perhaps dying; what is the best thing for me to do?" He replied, "The best thing is *to tell Annie*." "Tell Annie! no, never! Why should I tell Annie till I am obliged to? No, I will not tell Annie." "Well," said Mr. L., "I will help you with all my might if you will tell your wife; we were never very good friends, it is true, but there is a streak of good in Annie, and if you want my help you must tell Annie." And Annie was told, and the next day Mr. L.

found this cold, stiff woman not only ready for any sacrifice, but only *too* anxious to put down the carriage and dismiss the servants. In the end the gentleman only lost $200,000, but after that he never hesitated to "tell Annie."

I. G. D. S.

PARIS, March 20, 1876.

DEAR MARY—Since I last wrote you on the subject of shopping, I have had the privilege of seeing Paris at its spring flood-tide of "bargains," and so can now tell you how things are managed in that great mart of elegance. You remember in your last letter you said, "Perhaps your views of shopping may change when you have once been to the *Bon Marché*." We reached Paris the last week in February in very reduced circumstances as to strength, flesh, or outward adornments, and once there, I collapsed and went to bed for a couple of days. After that I rose and attempted to do a little work in the way of making purchases and struggling with dressmakers. Of these latter, Worth has a world-wide reputation; he dresses the actresses, singers, and stage people generally, and any foolish private lady who goes to him must pay three prices for everything he makes for her. Withal, he gives himself great airs, I am told, and dictates in a manner that would not be to my taste. In Jules Verne's dramatized "Trip to the Moon," I hear, he has done some wonders in arraying four ballet dancers as little birds, with pink vests and pink muffs and blue wings that folded into delicious little coat-tails; but as I saw these artistic costumes only in a photograph, I tell you about them on hearsay. Hentenaar is said to have the most "*chic*," or as we say, "style," and is even more autocratic than Worth. Kingsbury adapts himself better

to the American taste and *temper*, but all these people decline to touch anything for less than a thousand francs ($200), and will not give their "*mind*" to a limited order.

Then comes the *Mesdames*, or women dressmakers, who rule the *monde*. I called on one or two of these, and at twelve M. they received me in an elaborate toilet, with faces rouged and powdered and painted in a most superior and life-like manner. One of these saw from the glint of my eye that I was not to be awed out of my old fogy notions, and remarked, "Is Madame desirous of something *in her own style* that we can execute for her?"

Eventually I found a very satisfactory dressmaker, or rather two or three of them, and really had beautiful work done, but at prices as high and higher than those of the United States. They have their various models furnished them by some great mysterious head-center of fashion, and work these out with such minor changes as they may suggest to their bright work-women.

Paris teems with dressmakers and milliners, the latter asking from fifty to two hundred francs, so that $40 was rather high, but $30 the average price for particularly nice bonnets of any sort.

One day a sharp little clerk in the *Magasines du Louvre*, desirous of securing the business of our party, said to us: "If you will wait till this day week, I can sell you this silk for three francs less a metre." Woman-like, we waited, and he was true to his word. The spring openings of the great stores all take place on that day, and all the goods are more or less reduced in price. It was a wonderful sight to see these great stores—the *Magasine du Louvre*, the *Bon Marché*, *Printemps*, *Le Pauvre Diable*, *Magasine de la Paix*, *Au Petit St. Thomas*, and a dozen lesser lights —crowded with eager purchasers.

The *Bon Marché* has a world-wide reputation, and is a wonderful store, or rather establishment; in it you can buy *almost* anything in the way of clothing that you may desire. It covers an entire square, and has three or four places of ingress and egress; the ceilings are a little low, but each department seems fairly lighted, and you can go from counter to counter on the first floor, finding neckties, stockings, handkerchiefs, gloves, every species of woolen stuffs, silks, cottons, linens, muslins, curtains, rugs, bonnets, fancy goods, and a thousand and one other accessories, such as linings, trimmings, etc. Then you ascend the stairs, and there are ready-made dresses, underclothing, laces, corsets, children's clothes, shawls, parasols, umbrellas, etc.—even furs are kept here. The prices may be one or two per cent. less than the *Magasine du Louvre*, but the generality of goods is not quite as finished and perfect in all respects as in the higher priced store. The trained shopper seeks an "occasion" or bargain, and by watching her time and chance she finds many. The fact that for one whole week a fourteen-franc silk is sold for ten, struck me as being very curious. Every thread of it goes up again to the original price on Saturday evening.

It had always been a theory and a hope with me, that in Paris we could get all that was fine and perfect in gloves. Imagine my astonishment when in the *Magasine de Louvre*, the very best great store in Paris, the gloves fell short of my expectations. They were cheap enough, a three-button glove costing one dollar and ten cents currency, but they had all manner of little defects. The head glove-clerk was an extremely intelligent young Frenchman who understood fitting a glove to perfection. When a pair were handsomely adjusted, I turned and said, "Yes, a very pretty fit; but the glove is not perfect." "Oh yes, Madame, it has no

imperfection—*c'est sans defaut.*" "Now," I said, "look at this, and this, and this," pointing to a little starting of a seam, a slight difference in the texture of the skin used for the thumb and that used for the hand, and a few scarcely perceptible failures; "this is *not* a perfect glove, and at home I would not take it." "That is all very true," he made answer, "these are *not* such gloves as you buy; see what a price you pay for them over there—two dollars and a-half for a pair of gloves, and these cost but one dollar." "I did not ask you for a cheap glove, but for your very best." "Indeed, Madame, these are our very best—the very best that nine hundred and ninety-nine persons in a thousand ever think of using; but you are right—they are not the *perfect* glove you have been in the habit of buying; the truth is, the VERY *best* gloves made all go to the United States. You do not care what you pay, and you will have it *perfect* in America; but no Frenchman or German is going to wear gloves that cost so much; these are nice and handsome and good enough. I will tell you where you can order a better; it will take four weeks to have your order filled, and they will cost you two dollars currency."

Then I said to myself, maybe you are more nice than wise; if these are good enough for all France, suppose you try and put up with them.

In Paris the one thing that set me wild was the display of precious stones in the galleries of the Palais Royal. Such diamonds, such wonderfully carved and cut and polished gems, that recalled that breast plate of Aaron the high priest—"A sardius, a topaz, a carbuncle, an emerald, a sapphire, a diamond, a ligure, an agate and an amethyst, a beryl, an onyx and a jasper."

There was an opal and diamond necklace in one of the windows that for six weeks won my daily admiration. Had

I been rich I certainly would have bought it *to look at.* I often thought it was old Hebrew blood within me that stirred and wakened at the sight of precious stones and old pictures.

In Geneva a jeweler was showing me various beautiful stones, and said: "But you seem to know all their names and colors and differences; have you ever studied the subject?" "Only in the Book of Revelations," I replied. He laughed such a merry, pleasant laugh, and produced such topaz and amethyst, that even while I write my heart and memory glows with the reflex of their magnificent colors.

I cannot tell you how nice people were in this respect, for I never deluded any one into being polite to a prospective purchaser. I frustrated all that sort of hope at the beginning of an interview, bought promptly what I had to buy, and stated that any inquiry I made afterwards was simply to gratify an interest or curiosity. In this connection I ought to make mention of a whole morning spent in the *Compagnie des Indes*, 80 Rue Richelieu. I bought what I desired, paid for the same, and then said: "Lace in all its different varieties is very interesting to the American. What little we know we learn by instinct and chance comparison more than any other way. We are very much obliged to you for your politeness in showing us so much." "Oh, Madame," said the gentleman, "you see we are not busy to-day, and if it interests you and you would spend another hour or so we would esteem it a great pleasure to have you see a great deal more of our lace systematically." And if you will believe it, he began with the poorest, thinnest real thread, and went up. He showed us the difference between Chantilly and Brussels lace; the increase of thickness of the fineness; the beginning and perfection of the shading of the flowers. And then came Point

d'Aguille and Point d'Alencon and Point d'Venise, so that for two hours B. and I went through a course of instruction that I shall never forget. At last I said: "There is no end to this, and I cannot tax you any further." "Ah," he replied, "now you must stay to see what we have for the American Exposition." He produced about twenty-five inches of lace half a yard deep, and I do positively assure you it was as pretty as a picture—a picture of the loveliest flowers and leaves—the very ghost of flowers—not ghastly, dead things, but spirits, phantoms, shadows, that were living, sentient, soul-like things without any thick corporeal frame. Of course you wonder "what it cost?" Just $2,500 in gold; 25 by 18 inches of woman's work—and it was worth the money.

One day after I had shopped for pretty much everything, the Doctor came in and asked me to go with him and interview a wonderful old gentleman who constructed *fac-similes* of "morbid anatomy" — tremendous eyes and ears, and lungs and brains. Here my French was put to a pretty stiff test, but Madame, his wife, came in, and although she did not speak a word of English, I was able, with her help, to get out of a difficulty about a throat and a larynx. The old gentleman had exhausted his own brain on the wonderful fac-simile of a brain, which was his last work, and he stood there a helpless wreck; but the patience with which Madame aided him, and the gentle pity of her appeal to him, the sweet and tender way in which she called him "*mon ami*," made even buying ears and eyes, and larynxes, agreeable.

One thing I constantly noticed on the continent, and even more in England, and that was the fact that everything was in style in the way of household decoration and adornment; no one hesitates or feels shabby in using a thing that

has long been "*passé*" in our own hurrying country. It is true, when one buys a new thing, she naturally endeavors to have it in a new pattern, but old things are always respectable. In Paris one could live handsomely and dress very nicely for a less sum than in any other great city in the world; nothing is wasted—the merest bone, or the old gilt trimming on an officer's epaulet, is made to do some service till it is reduced at last to its original elements.

Some other time I will tell you of the beauty and cleanliness of Paris, but just now must confine myself to its shopping privileges. Here you can buy *everything;* but articles of luxury, taste and artistic skill are those that do most abound.

The fans are something exquisite—lace and pearl and tortoise shell, and painted silk or ostrich feathers. Their cost is from $30 to $60 currency. Bronze and imitation bronze is a specialty. Clocks and marbles, oxidized silver ornaments, porcelain in a thousand lovely shapes and designs abound. But the goblin tapestry made even me actually long for no end of money—it was all my fancy painted it, *and more.* Oh, I know how I could make one small library *perfect* with $10,000 (which would not include the books). If I lived in Paris the "old curiosity shops" would keep me poor and half starved. J. and B. had no sympathy with this taste of mine, but M. R. and I were of one mind, and when we had a day out together we reveled in impossible plans. Dr. S. laid down the law on several important points. He said: "No, I will not take home 'a Kerry cow,' or an 'Alderney;' no 'donkey,' no 'Shetland pony,' no 'Dutch clock,' no unsightly old wood boxes with impossible 'dragons on them,' no chairs that are only to look at because the sea-sick 'cherubs thereon spout' foaming bile; no 'Portland vases,' no vermin infected 'Vene-

tian cabinets,' no 'scenes of the middle ages,' no 'lace' that may have been exhumed from the grave, or rotted itself to a fashionable color on a basswood 'Virgin Mary.'" So you see I was not allowed to exercise my taste in any out-of-the-way direction. Mame R. and I used to go off by ourselves to these wonderful bric-a-brac establishments, and clasp each other's hands and sigh over the tyranny of unfeeling husbands and aunts, and sacrifice our feelings unlimitedly, while J. and B. and the Doctor shot all sorts of criticisms at us when we described a few of the things we had *not* bought.

The one-hundredth part of what I saw to buy in Paris would "swamp" the *Messenger*, and it is such a trial *not* to tell you about them; but I might as well stop first as last, for I only got the necessaries of life after all.

We spent a few days in London, where I visited some of their handsomest stores, but neither in Germany, England, Belgium nor France did I see after all, any establishment that for satisfactory elegance, equaled A. T. Stewart's great store on the corner of Broadway and Tenth street, New York.

One pouring London day I went off to Paternoster Row to buy some Bibles, and I did have such a nice time. Five years ago my children gave me a reference-index Bible with the quaint rubric of the middle ages. My brother G. said, "Now use red ink to line your special passages so that it will be black and red throughout." Oh, the comfort I have had out of that soft-covered volume. The old question used to be, "Do you read the Bible?" Yes, I read my Bible; I had read it all my life; we read it through every two years at home, so that twenty times that blessed volume had been poured through my mind, and the most of it—may God forgive me—had gone in at one ear and out at the other;

it was a mere mechanical process. But a dozen years ago I began to "*search* the Scriptures," and with the aid of my index and concordance I can track out now any grand principle of life or doctrine—any sweet and tender, or patiently heroic history; oh, I can find *anything*. And so I had four or five friends to whom I meant to carry a Bible—the custom house could get no duty on *that*. I went to Bagster's and to Eyre & Spottiswoode's, and bought exactly what I wanted; and this is what J. O. says since she has used it: "It is a significant and comforting sign of the times that God's word, pure and simple, is growing to be the great aliment of the Christian mind of this century. Bagster's and Eyre's Bibles contain only the helps to searching the Scriptures—the whole Scriptures." Dr. Pitcher said to me years ago, when I was mourning the death of an old friend, whose wee baby was left motherless in the world—"Yes, she was a good woman, and there are a great many other good women who never think of obeying God's law. If she had read the rules of health and life that God gave to Moses, and obeyed them, her goodness would have been more apparent to me, and she would have been living now." What are the teachings of Dr. E. H. Clarke to the teachers and parents of this land but a practical application of the Levitical law? And it will not be the faith alone, but the faith and practice of God's precepts that will yet govern us.

I saw how these books were bought. The man said: "Americans think them so cheap that we sell large numbers to the United States." They cost about $8 in London, but with us $14 is asked, and now that I am home, I only wish I had brought forty Bibles, but am very well satisfied that I did not break my heart because I could not have "a tapestried chamber" or a "Kerry cow."

I. G. D. S.

DETROIT, July 20, 1876.

DEAR MARY—As several of your friends were sarcastic enough to express a wish to know what I found that was "entirely" satisfactory in Europe, and as I did find a number of places, things and people that were so, I will begin to make mention of them with Heidelberg, which is rarely "beautiful for situation" — in fact it has always been the headquarters of romance. Longfellow, in his sentimental little prose poem, "Hyperion" (old fashioned and out of date now), gives some very pretty descriptions, almost as accurate, of this German town, as Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" is of Rome. As for G. P. R. James, his "solitary horseman" appears, reappears and disappears constantly, in his novel called "Heidelberg;" and greater and lesser literary lights than these write tenderly of the castle and hamlet of Heidelberg, that in the thirteenth century was raised to the dignity of a town.

From this time it became for five centuries the capital of the Palatinate of the Rhine, till the Elector Palatin, Philip, was driven to such a state of distraction and desperation by the disputes between Protestants and Romanists, that he took himself and his court off to Mannheim.

I think it was in 1518 that Luther held his celebrated disputation in the Augustine Monastery, under Friedrich II., who favored the Reformation. The first Protestant worship was held in the Church of the Holy Ghost; this must have been about 1550, at which time the Emperor, by way of keeping things fair and square, had a wall built across the middle of the church, and gave one end to the Protestants and the other to the Romanists.

In 1875 the Protestant end was our place of worship, the

Established Church of Scotland having provided a minister and held service there for several years.

As for the church edifice, it was rather a spooky, pokerish place at the best, but this astonishing wall of division gave one an impression of worshiping God from the bottom of a well. I think the damp, cold, dismal, forlorn church edifice would have proved too much for the small members of the family, had it not been for the astounding appearance of the organ-blower on a kind of treadmill, who sailed majestically up into a little square aperture, and then as suddenly went off like a man in a fit every time the bellows was inflated. What he did when out of sight, or why he did it, we never knew, but I shall always feel grateful to him, he was such a comfort to Robbie, who otherwise would have been woefully tried by the religious services.

We Americans think a hundred years great things, but the centuries seem to run so fast in that old world, that I was perpetually swept away by the flood-tide of general history, and after some time concentrated my ideas in the Thirty Years' war, which was the culmination of all that went before, and the cause of much that has followed after. The moral sentiment of Germany and the present status of women were greatly influenced, there can be no doubt, by a fight enduring so many years—thirty years swarmed over by a soldiery who knew no moral law, no civil law, and not very much military law.

The town of Heidelberg is at the base of a short but high range of mountains, which form the most effective of backgrounds, as they are covered with the loveliest of forest growth. It does not exceed half a mile in width and two in length, being bounded laterally by the River Neckar on the one side, and these mountain-hills on the other. All who have seen Turner's picture of this beautiful

town, and afterwards the place itself, realize that he gave the effects rather than the facts of its situation, for he twists the River Neckar as nature never twisted it, and puts the bridge where it suits himself and his enchanting lights and shade, instead of where it actually spans the river.

The streets of the city are for the main part narrow, sewerless affairs, with high old German houses, made not only endurable, but picturesque, with luxuriant growing ivy, and curious gable windows.

The great promenade of the town is what is called the "Anlage," a wide street with houses on one side, but on the other what is practically a small park two hundred feet wide and three-quarters of a mile long. This park has winding walks, beautiful shrubbery, trees and flowers, and what at times seemed to me better than all, the nicest of seats. Oh, how I wish we could introduce the French and German custom of living in the open air. It was our habit to take book or knitting or embroidery with us, or even a German-exercise grammar, and sitting out on the Anlage, perform whatever task we might have in hand. It was not necessary, as in dear old Detroit, to go into a store and buy something simply that one might get a seat.

We had it in heart to introduce this innovation on Jefferson avenue, but are assured that the seats will only become the rendezvous for ragamuffins, loafers, vagabonds, drunken men, and the irrepressible small boy, or what the city locals call "little vags" of the period. It is evident we are too free to be comfortable.

The crowning glory of Heidelberg is its castle, the oldest part of which was built towards the end of the thirteenth century. To reach it involves a half mile walk, in which you rise three hundred and thirteen feet. There are various modes of access to it, however, the least pleasant but

most expeditious being by a very narrow street, lined with old, dingy, and in some instances dilapidated houses, and spanned at one place by the old city gate, a square, substantial tower, which gives shelter to several dozen families, and smells past description. Another and more beautiful way, but much more difficult of ascent, has a shaded path, walled on one side by the rocks, and green with tree and hedge on the other—just the place for a pair of sentimental lovers; but anything so indecorous as a lover is tabooed in "Deutschland." It is therefore not as useful as it is ornamental.

There is yet another passage, but fearfully trying to the spinal column, called the Roman stairs. I climbed them once, and came near going to a better country, leaving my remains to be labeled and filed away with the verdict, "Want of breath, the cause of death." This brings us to the Elizabethan gate, built by the Elector Frederick V., in honor of his consort, Elizabeth of England, who by the bye was the daughter of James I. of England, and granddaughter of Mary, Queen of Scots. This Elizabeth must have been a good deal of a woman, for the castle being in her time two centuries old, was naturally in need of repair. She added largely to it, and very thoroughly restored the old building, doing wonders in the way of garden-making, forming great plateaus of ground out of the very hillside itself, and then planting them with the trees of all countries. It was to the heirs of this line that the English succession fell after the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty in the direct line.

The gardens and castle, with their historic record, have been a shrine to the English tourists. After a walk of five minutes from the Elizabethan gate to the Courtyard gate, we entered through another archway opening into a large court, always thronged during summer with carriages of

tourists or sight-seers. At the right hand is a great old-fashioned draw-well, and alongside of this a portion of the building had been used for stables; from these stables to the front of the castle runs a dilapidated wing of the castle about five hundred feet in length. This is four stories high, and beautifully ornamented with carved figures and rich architectural designs. In this section we see the remains of the great old chimney which fills the entire corner of a room used as the kitchen, and is twelve feet across the front. Here a whole ox was spitted and roasted for the knights' table, and around the angles of this chimney scullions and gentlemen alike toasted themselves. The rooms for the main part had evidently been comfortable, and a great household could have distributed itself with a rough and ready ease, that, according to all romance-writers, was very delightful and not entirely inelegant.

On the left of the entrance is the Ruprecht building, built in 1300, and the old chapel; forming almost a right angle with this is the Frederick building, built in 1600. Facing the court on this building are four rows of statues of sixteen kings or emperors, together with genii, cornucopias and birds, as well as the Goddess of Justice with sword and balance; in case people were not satisfied with the way she used her scales, she relieved herself of further botheration by cutting their heads off. In this building is the new chapel; also the great *tun*, that is 24 feet high and 20 feet long, and would hold about twenty-five hundred bottles of wine, had it not become rather earlier in the day a huge rats' nest. Here, too, we have quite a collection of antiques, including portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots, James I., his daughter Elizabeth, and a direct line from her to old George I. of England.

But the glory of the castle is the balcony, which you

reach by going through a long archway, that in these times would be called a tunnel. It is a wide rampart with a stone wall and coping, three feet and a-half or four feet high, with a sentry-tower at each end. From this there is a charming view over town and river, and low-lying lands beyond. Twice this Heidelberg castle has been burnt, and old Melac in 1688 tried to blow up a tower twelve feet thick, but after exhausting his skill, gunpowder and satanic temper for a period of two weeks, only succeeded in dislodging about a third of it. Over this dismantled ruin the friendly ivy has crept for many a long year, until now it is the most lovely of all the views of the castle. Words fail to give any adequate idea of the castle and its surrounding grounds, and it is universally conceded to be the finest ruin on the continent.

As we returned from our tenth visit I could not refrain from making a long observation of the "Zum Ritter Haus," which is in the Hauptstrasse of the town, the oldest building in Heidelberg. It was the great hostelry of the knights, who came to pay their homage to the court. It is a quaint, gabled, much-decorated old house, with a certain dignity of decay, that leads one to think wistfully of days when simplicity reigned.

In Heidelberg one can spend a great deal of satisfactory time. There nature is beautiful, history is attractive, the ruins of age are seldom mouldy; woods and water—forest or vine-clad hillside—mountains or far reaching plain—music, and the clear, keen mountain air—odd stone shrines, such as "Luther's Pulpit," or the "Königstuhl," and the "Riesenstein," or springs like the "Wolfs-Brunnen," or the "Prince's Fountain"—hedge or wall—all are redolent of pleasant thoughts and sweet imaginings; and I shall ever tenderly remember dear old Heidelberg in all its glow of summer and autumn.

I. G. D. S.

A Song for the Union.

England's heavy chains oppressed us,
And her foot had held us down,
Till the People, full of fury,
Raised the shout, "Resist the Crown!"
All the Nation heard the watchword—
Every town sent up the cry,
Answering, like a solemn echo,
"We will conquer or will die!"
Then were seen
The brave Thirteen,
Fighting for our liberty.

All New England's heroes wakened,
With the courage wrongs inspire—
Nerved themselves to stand the struggle,
Dare and brave old England's ire,
While from every hill and valley,
Thronging came an answering band,
Poorly clad, half armed, but heroes,
And for Freedom took their stand:
Then were seen
The brave Thirteen,
Winning us a free-born land.

Victory crowned their gallant struggle—
God alone they owned as King—
And they stood, a free born people,
Sheltered by the Almighty's wing,
While their statesmen and their heroes,
To a compact set their hand—
"All our strength lies in our UNION;
To the world as ONE we'll stand!"
The Old Thirteen,
Since then have been,
Honored and blest in every land.

Oh ! the contrast time now shows us !
Scarce a hundred years have passed,
And the smothered mutterings warn us
This will be the Union's last.
Last ! VIRGINIA, you who gave us
Our dear Father, Statesman, Chief,
Can YOU let the life he fought for—
A great Nation's—be so brief ?
Strife between
The Old Thirteen !
Never let that sight be seen !

GEORGIA ! whose chivalric soldiers
Proved the worth of gentle blood,
When the enemy struck so boldly,
And o'erswept you like a flood—
Will you turn your steel against those
Who, when in your direst need,
Came to strengthen those proud spirits ?
Georgians, DARE you say, "Secede" ?
Blood between
That Old Thirteen,
Brothers both in word and deed !

Thy records, CAROLINA, point
Where the first for Freedom fell ;
By the mother who thus bore you,
Will YOU bid us all farewell ?
Wild and willful, proud, impatient,
Haughty sister, have you known
Through your turbulent life we loved you
For a beauty of your own—
Loved you truly,
Even unduly,
And could never have you gone ?

By the memories of the KEYSTONE—
By the JERSEYS' blood-stained snows—
By old EMPIRE'S glorious battles—
By the record of our foes;
By Schuyler, Knox, old Putnam, Greene—
By Marion's men, and Harry Lee,
Let us forget all party strife,
And only know that we are FREE!
The world has seen
What we *have* been—
Oh! still preserve the Old Thirteen!

With what blindness are we smitten,
Brother thus opposing brother—
In the Nation's past 'tis written,
Freedom is our glorious mother!
You can count her pangs of travail
In the banner waving o'er us;
History tells the wreck and carnage
That o'erspread her when she bore us.
Shall love languish,
When her anguish
Beacon-like, still floats before us?

Palsied be the lips that frame it—
Helpless fall that foeman's arm;
Turn his fiercest strength to weakness,
Who would do a brother harm!
And, O God! wilt thou take vengeance
On who e'er, by word or deed,
Broadcast o'er our noble country,
Sowed disunion's fruitful seed?
Curse the tongue
Of old or young,
Who shouts the battle-cry, "Secede!"

God, our Lord, be thou our support—
Thou our stay in this dark hour ;
Guide us through these angry mazes
By Thine over-seeing power ;
Blast the rage of party sections ;
Cause such war and strife to cease ;
Give us—greatest gift to nations—
Give us Union, Love, and Peace !
The Old Thirteen
On Thee shall lean—
Lord, let their mutual love increase !

Cast to the breeze that banner still,
With not one single star erased,
With not one single stripe effaced ;
Shout, with a hearty, brave good will—
" Let nought our happy land dissever—
The Union ONE, and one FOREVER ! ! "
Wake the wide echoes with the pean—
The UNION, and the OLD THIRTEEN !

A REQUIEM AND A WELCOME

FOR

THE YEARS 1865–1866.

The Old and the New Year.

WEARY and slow tolls the bell,
In the knell
Of the passing year,
While the bier,
With its bearers all,
And its snowy pall,
Bends o'er the yawning grave
Of Time's Slave.
Let a sepulchre vast
Garner the dying past;
Heap a cairn upon her breast,
For now she enters rest.
Out of the midnight gloom,
Around her yawning tomb,
Shadowy spectres rise;
And with wild, wistful eyes
Look their last
On the Dead Past.
Viewless are the troop who come,
With white lips and dumb,
To lament the war-worn year,
And drop a hallowed tear
O'er the mother who there lies—
She who garnered all the sighs
Of the wounded and the slain,
On the land and on the main.

They welcome, while they weep,
Her last sleep;
'Tis the dead who thus bewail
The Nation's grail.

* * * * *

MERRILY ring the chimes
Of these altered times.
Weep no more.
One life is o'er,
But in its parting throes,
The dear old year bestows
A smiling heir,
Far more fair.
With her life the birth-pang 's o'er,
And the child that victory bore
Is named Peace.
Oh precious Peace!

* * * * *

Rosy, dimpled, azure-eyed,
She is both our love and pride;
May she clasp unto her breast
All the golden hopeful West,
And kiss, with her baby mouth,
All the sore hearts of the South.
May the mothers of a race
Worthy of fame's highest place,
Give her woman's tenderest care,
May they comfort her despair;
May the thousand sundered ties,
All the bitter thoughts that rise,
All the sin of this wild strife
Rest, wiped out with last year's life;
And when this young year shall close,
When we knell to its repose,
The fair soul of our white Dove,
Let Time's offspring then be Love.

Extract from Mrs. Stewart's Will.

"In the name of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and with entire reliance upon His faithful promise (Isaiah: xliii, 1–3), I, Isabella Graham Duffield Stewart, of the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan, wife of Dr. Morse Stewart, do make and publish this my last will and testament:

"I give and bequeath to my beloved husband the great old Bible given me by my father, leaving with it my prayer that he may find therein comfort and strength meet for his day. To my five children, each and every one, I leave the heritage of the second commandment. They are heirs of grace, joint heirs of immortality, and I charge them as with my dying breath that they keep unbroken the long entail of a God-fearing, God-loving, God-serving ancestry, and in their turn transmit the blessings of the covenant to their children after them.

"My three sons and my two daughters I commit to the tender mercies of a covenant-keeping God, asking only for them that He will bring them soul and body when He makes up His jewels, and thus render them fully and forever blessed."

* * * * * * * *

In Memoriam.

The following lines, pasted on a fly-leaf of her Bible, bearing date November 3d, 1871 (the day of her mother's death), may fittingly close this memorial:

"Gone home! Gone home! She lingers here no longer
A restless pilgrim, walking painfully,
With homesick longings daily growing stronger,
And yearning visions of the joys to be.

"Gone home! Gone home! Her earnest, active spirit,
Her very playfulness, her heart of love!
The heavenly mansion now she doth inherit
Which Christ made ready ere she went above.

"Gone home! Gone home! The door through which she vanished
Closed with a jar, and left us here alone.
We stand without, in tears, forlorn and banished,
Longing to follow where one loved has gone.

"Gone home! Gone home! O human-hearted Saviour
Give us a balm to soothe our heavy woe;
And, if thou wilt, in tender, pitying favor,
Hasten the time when we may rise and go."

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